Theod. H. Broadhead.

Theod. H. Broadhead.

Frontispiece to Spanish Rhodomontades

Ye Moors, Ye Nations of y^e Threefold Gaul;
Unite your utmost Strength, I'll stand ye All.

Bourdeilles (P. de) etc.

[*Never before Translated*]

Spanish Rhodomontades.

As also Historical and Ocular Proofs of a

TRUE HEROISM

AND A

SUPERIOR BRAVERY,

SHEWN

By the *Spaniards* in their Wars with the *French*, *Germans*, *Dutch*, and other Nations, whom they almost always worsted and got the Better of, except the *English*, who as constantly Beat Them.

Written in *Spanish*, *French*, and other Languages

By PETER DE BOURDEILLE, Lord of BRANTOME, Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber to *Charles* IX. and *Henry* II. Kings of *France*, for the Entertainment of MARGARET, Queen of *France* and *Navarre*; and interspersed, not only with many Secret, and hitherto Unpublish'd, Occurrences, but curious Maxims of State and War; as also Bright Thoughts, Witty Sayings, Beautiful Turns, Surprising Answers, and Jocose Allusions of the *Spaniards*. With the Characters and Elogiums of Many Emperors, Kings, Princes, Lords, and Ladies, not a Few.

To which is added,

A Remarkable Discourse on Fine Retreats made by the Generals of the Armies of divers Nations, in the Author's own Time, such as *Philibert de Chalon*, Prince of *Orange*; the Duke *de Guise*; the Marquess *de Pescayra*, and Others no less Famous.

BY Mr. OZELL.

LONDON:

Printed by, and for, J. CHRICHLEY, at the *London-Gazette*, *Charing-Cross*. M. DCC. XLI.

THE TRANSLATOR TO THE READER.

THE Hiſtorical and Biographical Memoirs of the laſt and the preceding Century; with other uſeful and entertaining Pieces, written in *French*, *Spaniſh*, and other Languages, by *Peter de Bourdeille*, Lord of *Brantome*, having been lately tranſmited to us from *Holland*, we were encouraged by good Judges, to go upon a Tranſlation of the ſame, as a Work that could not fail of being acceptable to the Publick on numberleſs Accounts: And as the Order of Time, in which theſe Pieces were written, can't, with any Certainty, be fixed, we hope it will not, at *this Time*, be thought impertinent if we begin with the SPANISH RHODOMONTADES, *&c.*

After acquainting the Reader, that the Whole will be accompanied with Notes Hiſtorical and Critical, 1*ſt*, By the Author himſelf and M. *de Clerembaud*. 2*dly*, By the late M. *du Chat*, Annotator of *Rabelais*. 3*dly*, By the *Dutch* Editor of this Compleat and Correct Edition. 4*thly*, By the Tranſlators themſelves, there remains nothing farther to ſay, but (what is well known to all the *Literati*) that Seigneur *de Brantome* was a Perſon highly eſteemed for his Birth, good Qualities, Courage, Learning and Wit; and perfectly well qualified to write the Hiſtory of his own Times, as he had

ſerved ſeveral Kings of *France* ſucceſſively, both at Court and in the Wars, for a long Series of Years.

Furthermore, this Active, Able, Penetrating and Refined Courtier (who died, very old, in 1614, not 1600, as *Collier*, *Morery*, and other Dictionaries, by Miſtake, go on to aſſert) hath ſo naturally, and in ſuch ſtrong Colours, painted out and diſplayed the Lives, Manners, Tempers, Complexion, Inclinations, Genius, Character; in a Word, the good and bad Qualities of the moſt Eminent Perſonages of his own Time, both Men and Women, as well *French* as Foreigners, that while one reads *Him*, we ſeem to hear and ſee *Them* ſtill ſpeaking and acting, not only in the Privacy of their Cabinet, but in their publick Proceedings and Expeditions; nor have *Tacitus* or *Suetonius*, in a more genuine and lively Manner, repreſented the Virtues and Vices of the Great-Ones of *Their* Age. And what renders Seigneur *Brantome*'s Works more valuable, is, his delivering the Truths he communicates, upon his own Knowledge; for which Reaſon the Great Monſ. *Bayle* frequently quotes him; and Monſ. *Caſtelnau*, and abundance of other Hiſtorians, refer to him as to an Oracle. The *French* Edition, from whence This is tranſlated, is the more valuable, as it contains ſeveral Lives never before publiſhed, with other Pieces, till now kept up by his Family in Manuſcript, particularly the Volume called, *Rhodomontades des Eſpaignols*, as alſo that of the Letters from the then Kings and Queens of *France* to the Author and his Brother, and their Anſwers.

N. B. That nothing may go unexplained, the Author's Coat of Arms in the Title Page are the two Fore-feet, or Paws, of a Griffin, which has belonged to the Family ever ſince Heraldry began. The Reaſon of his having theſe Arms given him, will be ſhewn in his Life, which is very curious.

TO

TO THE

QUEEN,

MARGARET of FRANCE,

DUTCHESS of VALOIS,

MY MOST

SOVEREIGN LADY.

MADAM,

I Now present to YOUR MAJESTY the Book of *Spanish Rhodomontades, Witty Sayings, and Extraordinary Adventures*, which I long since designed to dedicate to You, and lately promised You, when I had the Honour to pay my most awful Respects to YOUR MAJESTY at *Usson.**

I have put them all in their own Language, without amusing myself to translate them; not only because You commanded me so to do, but because You speak and understand the Language full as well as the late Queen of *Spain*, Your Sister, did: For, the

* A Castle in *Auvergne*, where she was then a Prisoner. See more of this Lady hereafter.

the Excellency of Your Underſtanding is equal to every Thing, and ignorant of Nothing, which I have been lately more convinced of than ever.

Tranſlating the Book into *French* would have been ſuperfluous to You, but not to Others, who are Novices in the *Spaniſh*, and who would have been greatly pleaſed to have had the Aſſiſtance of a ſmall Tranſlation of the Paſſages it contains; for many there are who fancy they both *ſpeak* and *underſtand Spaniſh* very well, but find themſelves much at a Loſs when they are put to the Proof of either. But I did not write this Book for Them, but for You.

If it ſhould pleaſe YOUR MAJESTY to cauſe the Book to be read to You (for I can't ſuppoſe it worthy the Peruſal of Your own bright Eyes) I flatter myſelf it will afford you ſome Entertainment, as it contains a Mixture of Things Serious and Comical. I humbly deſire YOUR MAJESTY not to communicate it to any Perſon, much leſs to publiſh it; * for if it pleaſes You, I ſhall be exceedingly rejoiced, it being my whole Deſire to pleaſe You, and none but You: If it ſhould fall out otherwiſe, and You find it not to Your Taſte, or any thing in it amiſs, I hope thus much from Your generous Goodneſs, that You will cover my Faults, and conceal my Imperfections, conſidering I intended well, when I undertook this Work, in order to give You ſome Diverſion, and help a little to beguile Your Cares. This, if I chance to ſucceed in, I ſhall be the more emboldened to lay before You the other Pieces entire, of which this is but a Sample; for I have not ſo much exhauſted the Subject, as not to have a good Reſerve of Matter ſtill left, not only concerning the *Spaniards*, but the Brave *Frenchmen* Your own Subjects,

MADAM,

* Accordingly this Piece, and that which will be annexed to it, *viz. The Hiſtory of Duels*, were never made publick till very lately, when the Manuſcript Copies were communicated to the Editor by the *Brantome* Family.

DEDICATION.

MADAM, who, in Famous Exploits and Fine Sayings, have ever gone beyond all other Nations in the World.

Be pleaſed, therefore, MADAM, to accept the following Sheets, which are offered to You with my warmeſt Good-wiſhes, the very Quinteſſence of my Soul, and the utmoſt of my Ability; tho', as ſays the *Spaniard*,

Es lo Poco que puedo por lo Mucho que deſſeo, y le plaze dar tal Luſtre, que, cobierto del Nombre y Bondad de S. M. ſalga ſin Verguença a ſus Pies.

It is but little in compariſon of what I could wiſh it were: But be pleaſed, MADAM, to beſtow Luſtre upon it by accepting it; ſo that being covered with YOUR MAJESTY's Name and Favour, it may, with the more Confidence, proſtrate itſelf at Your Feet.

To conclude, MADAM, I moſt humbly kiſs Your Hands, and beſeech You to hold me always in the Quality of

Your moſt humble

Moſt obedient Subject, and

Moſt zealouſly-affected Servant,

BOURDEILLE.

A COLLECTION

OF

Spanish Rhodomontades, Witty Conceits, Devices, Tales, Fights, Jests, News, Remarkable Sayings and Doings; and the Elogiums of several Emperors, Kings, Princes, Lords, Grand and Ordinary Captains, Gentlemen, Adventurers, Soldiers and Others.

TOGETHER

With several Queens, Princesses, Illustrious, Virtuous, Generous and other Ladies, Wise and Otherwise, of all Sizes and Degrees, High, Low and Middling; Good, Bad and Indifferent; Common and Uncommon.

BY

PETER DE BOURDEILLE, Lord of *Brantome*, Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber to Our Two last Kings *Charles* IX. and *Henry* II.

To the ſame PRINCESS

MADAME MARGARET,

OF

FRANCE,

THE

Only ſurviving Daughter and Siſter of our laſt and late departed Kings of the *Valois* Race, now Queen of *France* and *Navarre*, the moſt Beautiful, moſt Amible, moſt Noble; the Greateſt, moſt Generous, moſt Magnanimous, and moſt Accompliſhed Princeſs in the World.

MADAM,

YOUR MAJESTY having ſometimes indulged me the Honour of Converſing with You, as freely as any Gentleman belonging to the Court (Your Greatneſs, therein, giving Way to Your Goodneſs) I have obſerved in You ſuch a Degree of Curioſity, that, tho' there is not in the whole Univerſe, a Princeſs or Lady more accompliſhed in all Virtues and Sciences, yet You are ever deſirous of learning ſomething further, if it be poſſible. How great, how noble, muſt that Spirit be, which, tho' depending upon Heaven for every

Perfection, yet neglects no Application of its own for attaining it, and leaves nothing uninquired into, that is worth the knowing.

I ſay this, MADAM, the rather, becauſe I obſerved You one Day not a little Curious to hear a Recital of the *Spaniſh Rhodomontades*, in which You took ſuch a Pleaſure, that I preſently reſolved with myſelf to make this Collection, wherein You will ſee Variety of them really uttered, and acted too, not only by *Spaniards*, but Your noble *Frenchmen* and others.

I dedicate it to You, MADAM, and lay it at Your Feet, not being worthy to be touched by Your Beautiful and Royal Hands: For, what is the Work, be it ever ſo perfect, that may be touched by You, unleſs it comes from Yourſelf who are All-perfect? However, MADAM, Your curious Bent of Mind, and Thirſt after Things uncommon, makes me preſume to think, that You poſſibly may caſt a tranſient Look on what I have written; for which Reaſon I addreſs it to You; imploring You, MADAM, to countenance and fortify it with Your Sacred and Divine Name. And if it ſhould happen to be ever ſo little ſupported by You, it may out-boaſt all the *Rhodomontades* therein contained.

I have not put any of the Foreign Ones in their own Language, except the *Spaniſh*, becauſe that Language is more Majeſtick, and, if I may ſpeak my Mind, more Bluſtering than any other, and ſavours more of the Haughtineſs and vapouring Diſpoſition of the Natives. Wherefore the Emperor *Charles* V. uſed to call the *Spaniſh* a Loſty, Soldierly Language; the *Italian*, a Soft, Courtly, Amorous One; and the *French*, a Complaiſant One, fit for Kings, Princes and Grandees.

To conclude, MADAM, if You ſhould be inclined, out of Curiouſity, at ſome melancholly, ſpare

Hour,

Hour, to peruſe ſome Sheets of it, and obſerve any Faults in it, I humbly implore You to excuſe the ſame, and impute them to my not being a profeſt Scholar, and but little acquainted with the Art of fine Writing and fine Speaking: For, ever ſince I began to ſee the World, I have always amuſed myſelf either with Travelling Abroad in Foreign Parts, or ſerving the Kings my Maſters in their Armies, following and waiting upon them at Court, or paſſing my Time in other Exerciſes.

I therefore hope I ſhall be excuſed, MADAM, if You ſee not here even ſo much as a regular, orderly Method of Writing (which indeed is never expected in *Memoirs*) much leſs elegant Phraſes, and a florid, rhetorical Style. Theſe I leave to the beſt Speakers, Eminent and noted Orators, I mean, ſuch as have been able to imitate YOUR MAJESTY in Fine Speaking. Yet thus much, MADAM, I will take upon me to ſay, that what I offer You is full of Truth, having been an Eye or an Ear-witneſs to moſt of the Things contained in the following Piece. The Things I have related upon Hear-ſay, are but few: If I have been impoſed upon, the Informers are in Fault, and myſelf entirely Innocent. However, many of the material Things I have received Either from Authentick Hiſtories of our own Times, or from Perſons of unqueſtionable Credit and Reputation. I remain,

MADAM,

Now and for ever,

Your moſt humble,

Moſt obedient Subject, and

Moſt zealous Servant,

BOURDEILLE.

The Author's Advertiſement.

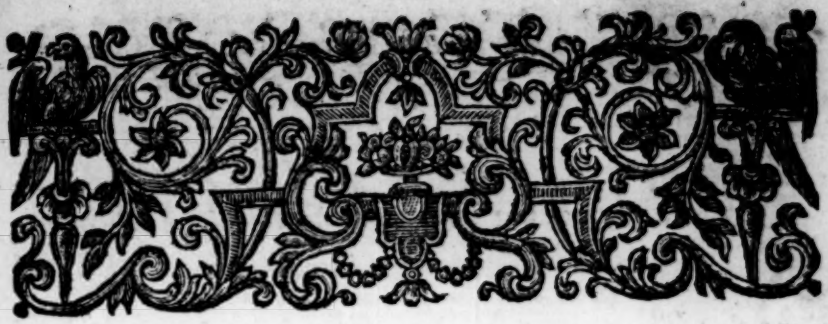
I Write this in my Chamber and Bed, whereto I'm confin'd by ſo cruel a Malady, that it gives me more Pain, more Anguiſh and Torture than ever poor Criminal felt that was ſtretch'd on a Rack.

A curſed Toad of a Horſe, whoſe Colour, tho' White, never boded me any Good, not only threw me but rolled over me with his helliſh Weight, and with ſo violent a Preſſure, as cruſhed and bruiſed my Reins to a Mummy, and quite be-crippled me for upwards of three Years; ſo that I could neith ſtand, walk or ſit in Comfort, or turn me withc : the greateſt Pain in the World, till I met with a moſt extraordinary Perſon and excellent Operator, named *St. Chriſtopher*, whom God raiſed up for my Relief, when many other Phyſicians had given me over.

Mean while, during my Illneſs, to chear my drooping Spirits, and alleviate my Pain, I reſolved to take Pen in Hand; and ſo calling back my Thoughts to all my former Days, and taking a Review of my paſt Life, and what I had Seen and Heard, I ſat me down and compoſed the following Work. Thus acts the painful Tiller, who whiſtles to his Plow, to leſſen the Irkſomneſs of his Labour: and thus the Traveller ſings or talks to Himſelf to divert his Thoughts and ſupport his Spirits under the Fatigues of a long and tedious Journey.

I therefore intreat all who ſhall peruſe the following Pages, Male or Female, to excuſe what Faults may therein be found, and impute the ſame to my Indiſpoſition, which render'd my Mind (by Nature not S rong) as Weak and Infirm as my Body.

A



A DISCOURSE OF

Some *Spanish* Rhodomontades, Oaths, Extraordinary Passages, Odd Adventures, Genteel Turns and Witty Speeches. Besides Exploits of True Heroism, and Fine Retreats of Modern Armies, *&c.*

IT is certainly Fact that the *Spanish Rhodomontades* surpass all others of what Nation soever, since it must be owned the *Spaniards* are a proud, haughty People, of an ostentatious Valour, a quick Resentment, an off-hand ready Wit, and lofty Words, delivered in an unexpected Manner.

I shall begin at the Time when the Great Marquess de *Pescayra* *, after he had drove the *French* out

* *Ferdinando d'Avalos*, one of the Emperor *Charles* V's Chief Generals. He won the Battle of *Pavia*, in the Year 1525, against the *French*, and took Prisoner there *Francis* I. King of *France*. See more of him anon. All I shall add now is, That about

out of the Dutchy of *Milan*, bravely forced and took the City of *Genoa*, which sided with the former against *Charles* V. Emperor and King of *Spain*. We need not enquire what Heaps of Riches the Marquess found

about this Time, Pope *Clement* VII. and the Princes of *Italy*, in order to detach the Marquess from the Emperor's Interest, offered to make him King of *Naples*. His Enemies say, he nibbled at the Bait, but did not gorge it, for fear of the Consequences. Be that as it will, he died the next Year of Poison. He was a Man of Wit and Learning, and a great Patron of both. Like *Cæsar*, he could Write as well as Fight. He died at the Age of 32, very much in Debt, for he never saved a Farthing of the infinite Riches which fell to his Share by Plunder, Safe-conducts, *&c.* but gave all away to his Officers and Soldiers. From *Milan*, where he died, his Body was conveyed in the most magnificent Manner to *Naples*, and buried there in a sumptuous Tomb, with this Inscription on it, alluding to the Name of *Piscaire*, i. e. Fisher, from *Piscis*, a Fish.

Quis jacet hoc gelido sub marmore? Maximus ille
  Piscator, belli gloria, pacis honos.
Numquid & hic pisces cepit? Non. Ergo quid? Urbes,
  Magnanimos Reges, oppida, regna, duces.
De quibus hæc cepit Piscator retibus? Alto
  Consilio, intrepido corde, alacrique manu.
Qui tantum rapuere ducem? Duo numina, Mars, Mors.
  Ut raperent quidnam compulit? Invidia.
Nil nocuere ipsi, vivit nam fama superstes,
  Quæ Martem & Mortem vincit, & Invidiam.

Thus literally translated by Mr. *Ozell.*

Whom covers this cold Stone? The Great PISCAIRE:
Of Peace, the Honour; and the Pride, of War.
What took he? Fishes? —No. What then?—Strong Towns,
Fair Cities, Generals, Kingdoms, Kings and Crowns.
What Nets us'd *He*? Deep Counsel, Warlike Art,
An active Spirit, and intrepid Heart.
Who snatch'd him hence? two Deities, WAR, DEATH.
What made them do it? ENVY's pois'nous Breath.
They hurt him not, for still survives his Fame,
Who MARS and MORS and ENVY overcame.

N. B. Paulus Jovius has written the Marquess's Life at large, in admirable *Latin*.

found in the one, and what a Glut of Plunder he met with in the other, insomuch that some Days after, when he drew out his Army into the Field, he found it so loaded and incumbered with Baggage, Carriages, Waggons, Mules and Horses, that he was forced to issue an *Order* to put a Stop to those * *Impediments* or *Hindrances*, as *Cæsar* calls the Bag and Baggage of an Army. And therefore he commanded, that the Captain of each Company should have but four Horses; each Ensign, two; and the common Soldiers, none at all, unless they were lame, or ailed any Thing; and then they were to have each of them one to carry him; nor were they allowed that, till they had been visited by the Physicians to see whether they were really sick or weak, and, withal, had taken out a *Certificate*, which they were to carry about them, signed by the Captain and the Doctor, in Testimony of such their Indisposition.

This *Order* being made, there was a Captain, named *Vega*, a Native of *Grenada*, *who, with a*

el qual, con Arrogança Militar, y con Gesto y Palabras desbaratadas de Enojo, en un Corrillo de Soldados, commençó, quazi razonando en publico y braveando, que si hallava Humbres semejantes à si en Animo y Juyzio, que trabajaria de modo que los Soldados no tuviessen Necessidad de aquella Patente, los quales siendo debilitados por la Sangre derrimada en tantas Batallas y Victo-

Milltary Arrogance, and a Gesture and Speech full of Choler, declared, in an Assembly of Soldiers, almost as loud as he could speak, and in a menacing Manner, that if he could meet with Men of the same Mind, Spirit and Resolution with himself, he would order Matters so, that the Soldiers should have no Occasion for such a Certificate, *They! who being weakened by the Blood they had lost in so many Battles and Victories,*

* *Impedimenta* is the very Latin Word used by *Cæsar* and *Tully* for the Bag and Baggage of an Army; a Thing not commonly understood. One Instance of our Author's good Learning, besides a Thousand more.

rias, merescian, par la Honra de su Valor, no solamente ser llevados à Cavallo, mas en Carros triumphales à Manera de las antiguos Consules y Emperadores, en sus Glorias y Triumphos.

tories, deserved, for the Honour due to their Valour, not only to be carried by Horses, but to ride in Triumphal Chariots, like the ancient Consuls and Roman *Emperors, on the Days when they enjoyed the Glories of the* TRIUMPH. Here's a *Bravado* for ye!

Being one Day at the *Louvre*, I saw two *Spanish* Soldiers, in good Plight of Body, and well habited, stalking along. I presently knew them to be *Spaniards*; and, as my Humour always inclined me to seek and cultivate an Acquaintance with those of that Nation, for certainly of all Military Men none can come up to the *Spaniards* for Conversation in Matters of War, for then they're in their Element, and quite transported to talk of their Art: I went up to them, and accosted them in *Spanish*, which I spoke as familiarly as my native Tongue; and such Men are overjoyed to meet with a Foreigner that speaks their Language. I ask'd them, Whence they came? They answered me; *From* Flanders, *Sir*. *And what*

Da Flandes, Senor. Y que nuevas? *replied I.* No otras, Senor, *said they to me*, sino quando somos partidos, ay seys Dias, vinieron al Principe de Parma mil y dozientos Humbres de Armas de la Viejas Compagnias de Napoles, las mas bravas de Valor y de Cavallerors que salieron mas del Reyno, tan bien armados, tan luzidos de Oro y de

News? replied I to them. *No other, Sir*, said they to me, *but only when we came away, about a Week ago, there arrived in the Duke of* Parma's *Camp twelve-hundred old Companies from* Naples, *the bravest and best-mounted that ever came out of the Kingdom, so well armed, so glittering with Gold and Silver, and so finely adorned with large and beautiful Plumes*

Plata, tan bien ataviados y emplumados de grandes y gentilles Panachos, à manera de los antiguos Soldados y Legionarios Romanos, à los quales se pueden yglar en todo: de modo que agora la Flandes no a da tener, pues questa brava Cavalleria està juntada en nuestra Infanteria Espagnola, que se pueda dezir la Flor de todas las otras Naciones, sin gastar (digo yo) la Honra de los Soldados Franzes, qui en verdad Bravos estan. Mas, adonde son los Soldados Espagnoles, todos con razon deven callar, come V. M. lo puede bien saber, puesque los aveys pratiquados y tratados, come yo lo conosco en su Trage y Hablar Soldadesco.

Plumes of Feathers, after the Manner of the old Roman *Soldiers and Legionaries, to whom they may be compared in every Respect: Insomuch that now* Flanders *can hold out no longer, since this brave Cavalry is joined with our* Spanish *Infantry, which may be called the Flower of all other Nations, without any Disparagement to the* French, *who are certainly brave Men. But wherever there are* Spanish *Soldiers, all others must knock under—they must indeed—and not without Reason—as you can't but know yourself; for you have seen them, and been conversant with them, as I perceive by your Garb, Demeanour and Soldierly Discourse.*

Do but observe how finely they came over me with their Comparison, and how far they fetch'd it! For indeed, of all the glorious Antiquities of *Rome*, there's nothing so fine to look at as those brave *Roman* Legionaries, with their Helmets set out with Feathers, some rising up, others hanging down. And as such a Sight was agreeable, it was no less terrible, by the Representation of the frightful Heads and Mouths of Lions, and other wild Beasts, which they wore naturally with the Hair on, or else had the Figures of them imbossed on their said Helmets.

By this Speech, therefore, of the Soldier, and the preceding Rhodomontade, you see the *Spaniards* have at all Times assumed to themselves the Glory of being Paramont to all other Nations, and, indeed, to do them Justice, they have shewn themselves to be no despicable People.

'Twas they who, a hundred or a hundred and twenty Years ago, * did by their Valour and Power conquer both the *East* and *West-Indies*, which is quite a new World.

'Twas they who have so often fought and repulsed us (the *French*) in the Kingdom of *Naples*, and at last drove us quite out of it.

'Twas they who did the same by us in the Dutchy of *Milan*, which cost us so much Blood and Treasure to gain the Possession of, and which we have expended in vain, by their taking from us our ancient Patrimony.

'Twas they who, not content with ravishing those Territories from us, have passed into *Flanders*, and come into *France* to endeavour to drive us from our domestick Hearths: And tho' they were not able to effect that, yet have they taken our Towns, given us frequent Battles, and always won them, killing us I know not how many hundred thousand Men: not but that we killed them a good many too.

'Twas they who broke the Power of the *Germans*, and brought them under their Yoke in the War of *Germany*: A Thing unheard of, nor ever done, since *Julius Cæsar*, and other great *Roman* Emperors.

'Twas they who, pursuing the Motto of their great Emperor *Charles*, of passing *Plus Ultra*, have crossed the Seas, fallen upon *Africa*, and taken their chief City and Fortress of *Tunis*, and the *Gouletta*.

'Twas they who passed over into *Barbary*, and took the Kingdom of *Oran*, the Towns of *Africa* and *Tripoly*,

* The Author writ this before 1588.

Tripoly, *Velez* and its *Pignon*,* and had done more, but for the barbarous Element the Sea, and of the Heavens not more propitious or milder than the other; both which concurred to hinder the Emperor from taking the Kingdom of *Algiers*, which he had most certainly carry'd, if those two Elements had ever so little favoured his Enterprizes.

'Twas they who, by small Handfuls of Men, inclosed within Citadels, Rocks and Castles, have held, and now hold, as with a Bridle, the Potentates of *Italy*, the States of *Flanders*, and several other Parts of *Christendom* even to *Barbary*, the *Morea*, and other Infidel Countries, nay, as far as *Transilvania*, under the brave *Castaldo*, as likewise *Hungary* and *Bohemia*.

'Twas they who, whenever the Emperor *Charles*, in the Heigth of his Difficulties and Martial Engagements, saw himself only surrounded with four or five thousand of Them, thought himself absolutely Invincible, and would hazard both his Person and Empire, and all he had in the Word, under the Guard of their Valour alone, and would often say, that,

La Suma de sus Guerras era puesta en las Mechas encendidas de sus Harquebuzeros Espagnoles.

The Success of his Wars lay in the lighted Matches of his Spanish Harquebusiers.

For, unquestionably, at that Time, they bore away the Bell, and we (the *French*) learned from them the Art and first Lessons of War; for till then, we used only Cross-Bows, and knew not how to handle a Gun.

'Twas they who, in our Time, and in our Sight, have reduced (by the Conduct of the great Duke *d'Alva*, whom they called their *Father*) in the Twinkling

* A Pinacle or Ridge of a steep Rock, where there was a strong Fortification.

ling of an Eye, all *Flanders*, which had revolted from their Sovereign.

'Twas they who, about a thousand or twelve hundred in Number, in this very War of *Zeland*, crossed over the Arm of the Sea, above a Quarter of a League wide, when the Water was ebbing, without any Arms but their Swords, which they bore in their Mouths, went and defeated four or five thousand *Zelanders*, who waited for them on the other Side purposely to oppose them, but were all cut to Pieces. A miraculous Performance!

'Twas they who assisted Don *John* of *Austria* in the winning that glorious and ever-memorable Battle of *Lepanto*. 'Twas they, likewise, who, with that renowned Warrior, the Prince of *Parma*, made all *France* to tremble, and for a long Time held her in Alarm.

'Twas they for whom that great Man and Emperor *Charles* humbled himself to *Spain*, when being set out by Sea from *Flanders*, to go and end there his Days, and landing at *Laredo*, a Port of *Biscay*, he is said to have kneeled down the Moment he set Foot on the Shore, and thanked God, that in his latter Days, He had been so gracious to him as to let him revisit that Country, which, of all others, he loved best on account of its helping him to the Empire, and enabling him to arrive at so high a Pitch of Grandeur as he had enjoyed in his Time, ascribing to the *Spanish* Nation, next to God, all his Victories and Triumphs; and uttering withal the following Words:

Dios os salve y guarde, ò mi querida Madre. Come desnudo salgo del Vientre de mi Madre, y come desnudo tam bien me buelvo à ti, come à mi segunda Madre, à la	*God save thee and keep thee, O my dear Mother! As I came naked out of my Mother's Womb, so return I naked to thee, as my second Mother; to whom, in Acknowledgment of so ma-*

ny

qual en favor de tan grandes Merecimientos que io recebi de ti, no podiendo por agora, ny mas, ny mejor, yo le hago un Presente deste pobre Corpo enfirmo, y destos pobres Huessos Seccos y debilitados.

ny great Benefits which I have received from thee, not being able at present to do better or more, I make a Present of this poor infirm Body, and these poor dry weak Bones.

Having thus spoken, with Tears in his Eyes, he very courteously saluted all the Lords who were come to meet him; and setting forward on his Journey by Land, by slow Degrees, towards his Monastery, he went to *Valledolid*, where he saw his Grand-son and God-son, *Charles*, Prince of *Spain*, to whom he gave excellent Lessons to tread in the Steps of his Predecessors—Now, pray behold, and consider well, the Humiliation of this great Emperor! He, who, in his Time, had, in a Manner, thought the Earth unworthy to bear him, submitting himself on his Knees to her! Alas! he had not done it if his old Age, Sickness, and Infirmity, which bring down the loftiest Looks and the proudest Hearts, had not forced him to it.

It was, and is still,* they by whom the great King of *Spain* gives Terror to all his Enemies, whether secret or open; insomuch that when 'tis rumoured, even, that there's but eight thousand *Spaniards* in his Army, they one and all get out of the Way, *fly the Pit*, and make Room for them!

And that which is more observable in all these glorious Actions, they did not go upon them, or execute them, with numerous Swarms and Crowds of Men, but with small Bodies; for there never were ten thousand natural-born *Spaniards* at once together: Eight or nine thousand was the most: Of whom, tho' in some disastrous Action, they might lose the Day, 'twas never seen, read, or heard, that three

* This was writ before the *Spanish* Armada-Year.

three thousand *Spaniards* were killed outright, except in the Battles of *Ravenna* and *Cerizoles*, which were to Them unfortunate and bloody Battles with a Witness. 'Tis true, there died near three thousand at *Sainte Maure*, in *Dalmatia*, when the *Turks* besieged it; but this was occasioned by the Length of the Siege, by Over-fatigue, and a Famine within, and for want of Succours, after having done so well; but as for being knock'd-o'-th'-Head in fair Fight, the Number was inconsiderable. At the Siege of *Metz* there likewise fell a great Number: But then, Heaven did them as much Mischief as Men: So that, 'tis said, when the Emperor *Charles*, who was before it, and kept his Bed a Fortnight with the Gout, without visiting his Trenches, and being got up to see them, and taking Notice of the Battery and Breaches which had been made, he, in a Maze and mighty Passion, cry'd out:

Y como no se entra alla dentro? Ha! bien veo yo, que no tengo mas Humbres:	*How's this! Why don't they enter? Well! I plainly see I have no Men left.*

There were some Soldiers present, who heard this; and being greatly piqued at such Words, answered:

Sacra Magestad, no os quexays de nos otros. Si, teneis aun algunos Humbres, y de los bravos; mas, no podemos combater los Cielos come los Humbres.	*May it please your Majesty, not to complain of us. You have still some Men, and of the bravest: But we can't fight against Heaven as against Men.*

The Emperor, looking upon them in Pity, and shrugging up his Shoulders, only said:

Es Verdad. Dios es mas poderoso que nos Otros.	*It is true, God is more powerful than us*; and ordered Money to be given them.

But

But why dwell I so much upon rehearsing the Praises of these brave Men, seeing they know how to publish them themselves, to the full? For if their fine Feats extend but an Inch, they'll make that Inch an Ell. They're in the right on't: Well do, well talk, as the Saying is. And, indeed, I have known but few Generals, but, when they were present among those Troops, they would do their Duty and behave well, except lately at the Taking the *Gouletta* by *Occhialy*, the *Turkish* Rover, which he carried in one and thirty Days, as the *Spaniards* had kept it one and thirty Years. *Occhialy*, before he went thither, told the Grand Seignior, he would take it in as many Days as They had kept it Years, which, as I said just now, was one and thirty, and he was as good as his Word *. But certainly the *Spaniards*, in that Instance, were greatly to blame, and trespassed heinously against their laudable and ancient Valour and Reputation; for, all of a sudden, and at once, went out of the Garrison no less than four hundred *Spaniards*, and threw themselves into *Occhialy*'s Camp, and turned *Mahometans* as well as Deserters!

The above Relation is none of mine: I had it from the late Monseigneur *de Savoye* (tho' it was commonly enough known too) for he being at *Lyons*, whither he accompanied the King, in his Return from *Poland*, M. *Strozzi* and Myself being to visit him one Day, and asking News about the *Gouletta*, for 'twas then besieged, he said to us; *Come and dine with me To-morrow, both of ye, and we'll be by ourselves. I expect a Courier, who won't fail to come this Evening, or by To-morrow Night, and I will tell ye the News you enquire after.* We fail'd not to go on the Morrow, when he related to us the taking of the Place, and withal the enormous and scandalous Fault of those *Spaniards*, who had departed from their Duty,

 and

* Just as our Brave Admiral VERNON has been.

and forfeited their Reputation to ſuch an unpardonable Degree, with which he expreſſed himſelf highly diſpleaſed: But withal added, that the *Spaniſh* Soldiers, in a Body, had never before been guilty of ſuch a villainous Baſeneſs, and that they did very great Wrong to their innocent Companions, tho' no Perſon of Candor would cenſure the Latter for the Former. For that, wherever they had been, the *Spaniards* had always behaved ſo well, that they deſerved immortal Glory; and that, by what he had ſeen with his own Eyes, he could not ſay but that they were the beſt Soldiers in the World, the fitteſt for War, and the moſt patient of Fatigue: And added, that in the War of *Germany*, he ſaw eight hundred *Spaniſh* Foot-Soldiers beat twelve hundred Horſe in a plain level Field; the ſame is likewiſe recorded in Hiſtory.

I ſhould never have done, were I to enter at large upon the Virtues and Praiſes of theſe People. I ſhall therefore return to my firſt Deſign, their *Rhodomontades*.

When we (the *French*) went to the Relief of *Malta*, the King of *Spain*, like a good Catholick and a brave Prince, ſent thither between nine and ten thouſand Men, under the Command of the Marqueſs *de Peſcayra*, lately deceaſed, a Lord of great Merit, our Captain-General, of a very illuſtrious Family, from whom he did not in the leaſt degenerate, but (if poſſible) out-ſhone them: Being at *Malta*, as I was ſaying, and taking Notice of a *Spaniſh* Soldier, who ſeemed to cut a Figure above the reſt, I ask'd him:

Senor, de quantos Soldados eſtà compueſta eſta Armada? Senor (*repondit-il*) yo lo dirè: ay tres mil *Italianos*, tres mil

Sir, How many Soldiers may this Army conſiſt of? Sir (anſwered he) *I will tell ye; There are three thouſand* Italians, *three thou-*

Tudescos, y seys mil Soldados.	*thousand* Germans, *and six thousand Soldiers.*

What an Answer is here! The *Italians* and *Germans* he does not reckon for Soldiers. What Esteem of themselves have these People, and what a Contempt of others! And yet the *Italians* quite shamed them at that Expedition of the *Gouletta*; for, being pent up in a Fort just by the *Gouletta* *, which had

 been

* The *Gouletta* is a Fortress between the *Mediterranean* Sea and the Lake of *Tunis*. In 1535, *Charles* V, Emperor and King of *Spain*, passed over to *Africa* with an Army of above 50,000 Men, took the *Gouletta* by Storm, and afterwards the City of *Tunis*, which he restored the same Year to its lawful Prince *Muly Hassen*, whom *Barbarossa* had dethron'd. In 1541, *Charles* made another Expedition into *Africa*, against *Barbarossa*, but it prov'd unfortunate, and he returned to *Spain* with great Loss. Just 31 Years afterwards, *viz.* In 1574, the *Turks* re-took *Tunis*. And this may serve to explain what went before, especially when I have added, that in 1552, he laid siege to *Metz*, but without Success, tho' he had an Army of 100,000 Men, and was obliged to retire, by the valiant Resistance of the *French* and the Duke of *Guise*, who was Governor of it. This ill Success seemed to be the Boundary of his *Plus Ultra*, the Words he assumed for his Motto. After this, he thought of little else but forsaking the World, as is hinted before. Accordingly, having resigned his *German* Dominions to his Brother *Ferdinand* (Progenitor of the late Emperor) and *Spain*, and his other Dominions, to his Son *Philip* in 1555, at *Brussels*, he retired into *Spain*, to the Monastery of St. *Justus*, of the Order of the *Jeronymites*, which is in the Province of *Estramadura*, eight Miles from *Palença*, where he died about three Years after, *viz. Sept.* 21, 1558, aged 58 Years, 7 Months. He had succeeded to the Dominions of *Spain* in 1517, and was chosen Emperor two Years afterwards, at *Francfort*, upon the Death of his Grandfather *Maximilian*. He was twice crown'd, first in 1518, by the *Germans*, and 12 Years afterwards by the Pope, *Clement* VII. on the 24th of *February*, being the Festival of St. *Matthias*, a Day which was always fortunate to this Emperor, whose Army, on that Day, took *Francis* I. Prisoner at *Pavia*, &c. &c. He was a Prince of great Courage, and, perhaps, of as great Hipocrisy, sacrificing every Thing to his Ambition. He was born at *Gant* in *Flanders*, a City of so vast a Circumference, that after *Charles* V. had seen *Paris*, and was ask'd what he thought of it, he answered, *He could put it in his Glove*, alluding to the double

been run up in haste and commanded by *Pagan Doria* and *Gabrio Cervellon*, amounting to about five or six thousand in Number, they held out a long Time after the *Gouletta* was taken, and fought very manfully, acquiring thereby great Honour, as Monseigneur *de Savoye* related the Matter to us, adding withal, that in this single Instance they might bear away the Palm from the *Spaniards*, but in no other. This he urged very much to the Glory of the said *Spaniards*; saying and affirming, that the *Italians* never did surpass them except this once, but the *Spaniards*, Them, a thousand Times.

Upon this he told us a Story he had heard from some old Captains, th t, when *Antony de Leva** was to throw

double Meaning of the Word *Gant*, which signifies a *Glove*, as well as the City so called. To conclude, This was one of the most Itinerant Monarchs that ever travelled either by Land or Water, for he made 50 different Voyages and Journies; 9 into *Germany*, 6 into *Spain*, 7 into *Italy*, 10 into *Flanders*, 4 into *France*, 2 into *England*, 2 into *Africa*, 8 in the *Mediterranean*, and 2 into the *Ocean*.

N. B. As in the Course of this Work the Reader will stand in need of these Hints and others, like the preceding one concerning *Pescayra*, the Translator thought fit to add them to the Work.

* One of *Charles* V's Generals: Born in *Navarre*, and at first but a common Soldier, but passing gradually thro' all the Degrees of the Army, he at length arrived at the Top of Military Honour. His Preferment was purely owing to his Merit, for he came of a very mean Family, his Father being but a Shoe-maker, as one of *our* late Generals was, who rose likewise by his sole Merit, to that Post, but not to such vast Riches and high Titles as *Antony de Leva* did, who, by the Emperor's Favour, was made Prince of *Ascoli*, Duke of *Newfoundland*, Marquess of *Atella*, and Primate of the *Canary* Islands, but he could never obtain (tho' he passionately desired it) to wear his Hat in the Emperor's Bed-Chamber, like the Grandees of *Spain*, who could not endure the Thoughts of a Man of his mean Birth to be upon a Level with Them. There goes a pretty Story of this *Antony de Leva* (tho' *Brantome* relates it of his Son *Sanchez*, by Mistake) and which, on this Occasion, I can't omit, but shall translate it as *Morery* tells it. He one Day waited on the Emperor

throw himself into *Pavia*, to defend it against *Francis* I, who was going to besiege that City, he desired Mons. *de Bourbon*, *Charles de Lannoy*, and the Marquess *de Pescayra*, to let his Garrison be wholly made up of *Spaniards*; but all he could obtain was 400 *Spaniards*, and the rest *Germans* and *Italians*; but the very Captains themselves, as well as Soldiers, flatly refused to go with him, tho' he was greatly beloved by them, and well acquainted with them all. For, said they,

Que las Compagnias Espagnolas en ningura manera devian repartir por Gardias de Ciudad; si no que devian ser adjuntadas en unCuerpo de Orden invincible, gardadas por las Cosas inciertas, difficiles, y scalabrosas, de la Guerra.	*The* Spanish *Soldiery ought in no wise to be employed to keep guard in Towns, and defend Stone-Walls; but ought to be made a Corps of an invincible Order, and reserved for the uncertain, difficult and dangerous Parts of War.*

This was thinking very well of themselves, you'll say; but indeed they had Reason so to do. For whenever this Corps of *Spanish* Soldiers have kept firm, solid, and well-compacted and close together, they have always made Things go on their Side; and so they did now: For they had the chief Stroke in the gaining the Battle of *Pavia*, led on by their brave Marquess *de Pescayra*, who, as soon as he had broke down theFence, and they began to appear in the Field of Battle, they one and all cried out,

Aqui stà el Marquès, con sus Espanoles.	*Here comes the Marquess with his* Spaniards.

And

Emperor, after he had been a long while tormented with the Gout. *Charles* V. talk'd to him of his Distemper, and bid him sit down. *De Leva* thanked his Majesty, and told him, in a genteel Manner, That his *Head* was more ailing than his *Feet*, and it was That which wanted to be eased, by causing it to be *covered*.

And indeed there was always between him and them such a Harmony, such a Sympathy and good Understanding, that they were never once beat when together. And so entire was their Confidence in each other, that there was not the least Contradiction, when any gallant Thing was to be done. Nay, many a Time when they have been ready to mutiny for their Pay, the Moment He began to talk to 'em, they grew easy. One Day as he was leading them to an Enterprize, in the Dutchy of *Milan*, against us (the *French*) some among them beginning to murmur, and demanding to be paid Part of their Arrears, together with certain *Germans*, who demanded the like; upon the Marquess's saying no more than that he did by no Means expect from Them, and their well-known Courage, any Refusal, *not only, to make* Italy *and* France *tremble, but also to give them the Law*;

Para hazer tremar l'Italia, y la Francia, mas poner Leyes,	

On a sudden they universally cried out with one Voice,

Vamos, Vamos, adonde quisierdes: que los Soldados Espanoles no van à la guerra come obreros, segùn el uso de los Soldados Mercenarios, si no à ganar Gloria, Triumphos, Victorias, y Reputation.	*Let us go, let us go, wherever you please! The* Spanish *Soldiers do not go to War like Mechanicks and Day-Labourers, as is practised by mercenary Soldiers, but to gain Glory, Triumphs, Victories and Reputation.*

I one Day saw at the Court of *Madrid*, a Soldier very well equip'd. He was a *Gascon*,* but perfectly *Spanioliz'd*, having been train'd up among the *Spanish* Troops. His Captain had given him Leave of Absence for some Time, to come to Court upon a par-

* *Gascony* does not lye far from *Spain*, which I suppose to be what makes the *Gascons* so much imitate the *Spaniards* in their Rhodomontading Way.

particular Business, as he said: and observing him to walk about the Court, and in the Streets, without a Sword, I ask'd him, Why he did not wear a Sword, as he was a Soldier? He answered me in *Spanish*;

Senor, yo tengo Miedo de la Justicia, porque mi Espada stà tan carnicera, que à cada passo me daria priessa de sacarla fuera; y sacada una vez, no haria otra Cosa que Carne y Sangre.

Sir, 'tis because I'm afraid of the Magistrates; for my Sword is so sanguinary, so mischievously inclined, that at every Step I take, it would give me the Trouble to unsheathe it; and when once 'tis drawn, there would be nothing seen but Blood and Slaughter.

The Wearer of this Sword was an inoffensive Man enough; but his Sword was the Devil!

In the first Civil Wars, when we were besieging *Orleans*, one Day as we passed thro' the *Spaniards* Quarter, M. de *Maison-Fleur* (who was a well-dress'd, genteel Man) and myself, we saw a *Spanish* Soldier in great Debate with a Fish-Woman. By the Noise they both made, one would have thought the Subject of their scolding was a considerable Sum of Money; whereas the whole Occasion of it was a Couple of Pickle Herrings; and the Quarrel rose to such a Height, that the Fellow would have beat the poor Woman. *Maison-Fleur*, being minded to interpose as a voluntary Mediator, went up to the Soldier in order to expostulate with him, and put in a Word by way of Remonstrance. The Fellow, surveying *Maison-Fleur* with a disdainful Look, said no more to him but only,

Pues, quien sois, vos que hablays? *Maison-Fleur, qui parloit fort bon Espagnol, repondit*, Yo soy Capitan.

Well, and who are you, pray, that talk to me? Maison-Fleur, who spoke very good *Spanish*, made Answer, *I'm a Captain, Sir.*

The

The other replied, after having paused a while, with his Eyes fixed on the Ground:

Pues, vaya se a todos los Diablos con sus Capitanerias, & no me digays nada;

Go to H—ll and be d——n'd, with your Captainship at your A—se; and don't trouble your Head about Me;

With a great deal more of the same Dialect. *Maison Fleur* was so struck, he stood for a while like a gaping Machine. However, at last, he turn'd it off with a Laugh, which was only Teeth outwards, for his Eyes sufficiently declar'd his Anger. *By G—d*, said I to him, *he has given ye your Payment, tho' he did not set ye at Work: he has made up your Accompts for ye with three Casts of a Counter. He made no great Reckoning of your Quality: and, indeed, you had little to do, you, who are a* Frenchman, *to busy yourself to correct a* Spanish *Soldier in his own Quarters.*

I saw once at *Cremona* a *Spanish* Soldier, a well-rigg'd, spruce, proper Man, walking the Streets without a Sword, and falling into Discourse with him, I ask'd him the Reason of it, and whether the Magistrates of the Town had forbid him to wear one? He answered me;

No, Senor. La Justitia desta Cindad no ha que veder sobra mi, porque soy Soldado viejo senalado, y en Compagnias, bien avantagado: mas, yo mesmo me soy ordenado la Pragmatica; porque soy tan presto de Mano, que por el menor Viento que me passa por las Orejas, yo luego buelvo, y saco la mano a l'Espada, y lo primero

No, Sir. The Magistrates of this City have no need to have an Eye over me, for I'm an old Soldier, and have signaliz'd myself in a very particular and distinguishing Manner in the Service: But I have prescribed to myself this Law; because I'm so fiery in my Temper, so very apt to lay-about me, that if but the least Whiff of Wind invades my Ears, I presently turn

qui se me topa muere a su mal hora, come quatro o cinque-vezes me a aconteſcido aſſy por las Calles me paſſcando. De manera que por no caer en las manos de nueſtro Alguazil, y en peligro de mi Vida, ha hecho voto a Dios de no traer mas Eſpada, ſino quando vamos a la Guerra, o intramos in Gardia.

turn me, and, quick as Lightning, whip out my Sword, and the firſt Man that comes in my Way, is a dead Man, as ſure as ever he was born, as it has happend, four or five Times, when I've been walking along the Street: For which Reaſon, to avoid falling into the Clutches of our Alguaſil, *and running the Risk of my Life, I have made a Vow to God Never to wear a Sword any more, unleſs when I'm going to an Engagement in the Field, or mount Guard any where.*

This Man's Miſchievouſneſs lay in Himſelf, the Other's in his Sword.

A Soldier, who was born in the *Canaries*, but perſectly *Spaniolized* by having been trained up and refined among the *Spaniſh* Troops, going upon an Aſſault, his Captain obſerving him to look pale and tremble, reproach'd him with his Faint-heartedneſs. To which he made this Anſwer, with a gallant Aſſurance:

Treman las Carnes, porque, come humanas y ſenſibles, el mi bravo y determinado Coraçon las lleva y las trae al poſtremo Paſſo, donde mas no ha de bolver.

My Fleſh, being by Nature Weak, trembles at the prodigious Danger into which my undaunted Heart is going to lead it.

This Soldier was very unlike many, who put on a bluff Look when they are going upon Action, but tremble in their Hearts.

A Soldier one Day affirmed, that,

Que de tantos Moros, que matava, les corta las Cabezzas, y pues las echava tan alto que antes que bolvieſſen, venian medio comidas de Moſquas.

He cut off the Heads of all the Moors *he killed, and then toſſed them ſo high into the Air, that before they came to the Ground again, they were half-devoured by the Flies.*

No leſs a Share of Strength had another, who, after the Battle of *Lepanto*, ſaid;

En la Batalla de Lepantho, con Don Juan eſtando en ſu Real, enveſtimos con la Galera Real del Turco, yo no meti gran Fuerça en mi Braço, yo tire con mi Montante una pequena Cuchillada, che fue tan hazia al Fondo de la Mar, que profondio haſta l'Infierno, y coge la Punta de la Nariz a Pluton.

In the Battle of Lepanto, *being in the ſame Gally with Don* John, *and attacking the* Turkiſh *Admiral with my two-handed Sword (tho' not with all my Might) and happening to miſs my Blow, I ſtruck my Weapen ſo deep into the Bottom of the Sea, that it penetrated to the Infernal Regions, ſcratched the Tip of* Pluto's *Noſe, and not a little damaged one of his Whiskers* *.

But

* How ridiculouſly Hyperbolical ſoever theſe Rhodomontades may ſeem, nothing is more certain than that it is a National Vice of the *Spaniards*, both in Speaking and Writing. Well, therefore has Father *Bouhours* obſerved, That the *Spaniards* do, as one may ſay, think and talk upon Stilts. They are ever uſing *Augmentatives*. Their ſwelling up their Thoughts has infected their Language, which is full of Tumour. They won't ſay *Soldad*, a *Soldier*, but *Soldado*; nor *Rhodomontade*, but *Rho do mon ta do*; nor *Cor*, *un cœur*, *Heart*, but *Coraçon*. This runs thro' their whole Tongue; and, as in their Pace, they rather ſtride than walk, ſo in their Thoughts and Expreſſions, there is more Wind and Sound, than Spirit and Eloquence.

The following two Verſes, of a certain *Spaniſh* Author, on the Funeral-Pomp for the Emperor *Charles* V. (who is ſo often mentioned

But let us ceaſe mentioning any more of theſe Ludicrous and Falſe Rhodomontades, and proceed to Realities and Matters of Fact.

In the Time of our Wars in *Lombardy*, when the *Imperialiſts*, under the Command of *Proſpero Colonna*, were beſieging the Caſtle of *Milan*, and Monſ. *Lautrec* was with his Army near at Hand, waiting an Opportunity to relieve it, 'twas then the ſaid *Proſpero* put in Practice that fine Expedient (mentioned elſewhere)* to hinder the other from beating up his Quarters, or obliging him to raiſe the Siege. Which *Lautrec* ſeeing himſelf not able to do, he encamped his Army round that of *Colunna*, making a Diſpoſition to force his Enemy's Trenches; but miſcarrying in that Deſign too, he contented himſelf, for a while, to lye-by and look on. Mean while, *Proſpero*, being impatient to know what was doing in *Lautrec*'s Camp, ſomebody informed him, that, among the *Spaniſh* Troops, there was a clever light-heel'd Fellow, named *Lobo*, the beſt Runner that ever was known; for, with a fat, full-grown Sheep on his Shoulders, he would out-ſtrip the nimbleſt Man in the Army without any Weight or Load at all upon him. This pleaſed *Proſpero* highly: So ſending immediately for this ſame *Lobo*, he declared to him, how much it would be for the Emperor's Service, if he would try, without Loſs of Time, to get Intelligence

mentioned in theſe Memoirs) are all-over *Spaniſh*, and as High-flown as Heart can wiſh:

Pro Tumulo ponas Orbem, pro Tegmine Cœlum,
Sydera pro Facibus, pro Lacbrimis Maria.

Tranſlated at large, not *Verbatim*, as follows.

To form a Funeral equal to his Worth,
Put for his *Coffin* this whole Globe of Earth;
High Heav'n his *Dome*; his *Muſick*, be the Spheres;
Stars ſerve for *Torches*, and the Seas for *Tears*.

* See Diſcourſe VII. of Foreign Captains.

gence of what the Enemy was doing. *Lobo* presently answered, *It should be done*; and took along with him a Comrade of his, a *Spanish* Soldier, who had almost as good a Share of Heels as himself, and was particularly quick at loading his Harquebuss, and as dextrous at shooting it off. He and the said *Lobo* hasten to the Enemy's Camp, as soon as 'twas Dark, and there meet upon the *Perdue* (advanced Guard) a huge robust strapping *French* Soldier (called an *Adventurer*) * who demanding, *Who goes there?* *Lobo* seizes him directly, whips him up upon his Shoulders, like a little Lamb, and resumes his Way to his Camp, under the Escorte of his Comrade, who discharged his Piece three Times at the Enemy, who fired on them. However, *Lobo* safely comes with the Load to the Sieur *Prospero*, who, seeing him arrive, fell a laughing heartily, with the rest of the Officers, at such an uncommon Exploit: and having put some Questions to the *Adventurer*, and got out of him all the Intelligence he could give him, he let him go back to his Camp, without doing him any Hurt, and ordered *Lobo* and his Companion to be nobly rewarded. This was a notable Instance of Strength and Dexterity! And a Rhodomontade well worth all the *Verbal* ones! What terrible, sturdy Fellows these must be! What prodigious *Resolution*, as well as *bodily Strength!* It puts me in mind of that of *Hercules*, or rather the *Rhinoceros*, in *Martial*'s Amphitheatre, which made no more of a Bull, than one would of a Tennis-Ball, and threw him up as easily, and as high, according to the Poet's Verse,

Quantus erat Cornu cui Pila Taurus erat!

How strong of Horn, the Beast! how bold withal!
To toss a Bull, as 'twere a Tennis-Ball.

One

* A Sort of Voluntier, so called from seeking to signalize themselves by *Adventures* of War, without having any Employ, or taking Pay.

One having a Quarrel with another, went up and down, asking all he met ;

Cognosceis un tal, o es su Amigo ? Ruega Dios por el, porque tiene Pendencias con migo.	*Do ye know Such-a-one, or are you his Friend, or one of his Well-wishers ? If you are, pray to God for him : He has quarrelled with Me.*

In like Manner there was a Bravoe, who said ,

Estas son mis Missas, que hazer Cuchilladas, y matar Humbres, y quebrar las Muelas à una Puta.	*As others go daily to Mass, so 'tis my constant Devotion, to cut People over the Face, to kill Men, and to break the Jaw-Bones of the Whores.*

Most Heroick Actions both ! especially the last.

When the Emperor (*Charles* V.) passed through *France*, there was a *Spanish* Captain with him, who one Day seeing the Chevalier *d'Ambres* (*I suppose he means d'Amboise*) strutting along as much, if not more, than himself, but very valiant withal, asked one that stood by ;

Senor, este Cavallero es tan valiente comes es bravo ?	*Sir, Is that Gentleman as Brave as he's Blust'ring ?*

And he making Answer in the Affirmative ;

Juro à Dios, dunque se se puede-ygalar à mi.	*By G—d*, says he, *he may then vie with Me.*

The Chavalier *d'Ambres* hearing this, longed vastly for an Occasion to measure Swords with him, and would certainly have done it, had not the King (*Francis* I.) strictly forbidden his Subjects quarrelling with any *Spaniard*. This M. *de Bussy* (*d'Amboise*) was particularly noted for quarrelling with, and challenging, any new Gallant that came to Court.

A *Spanish* Soldier was heard to say ;

Y no harto tengo che hazer en consolar esta mi Espada, qui se quexa de	*I know not what to do to silence the Clamours of this Sword of mine, which*

is

mi, y desespera, porque ha tantos Dias que la hago holgar, y que no saca Fruto de sus Enemigos.

is continually chiding me for letting it be so long at rest, and deprived of all Opportunities of benefiting me at the Expence of my Enemies.

This was a rare Servant of a Sword, and as good a one as that other, of which the Owner said, as he drew it half out;

O! Espada, si supiesses hablar, diziardes quantos Humbres matastes.

O! Sword, could'st thou but speak, thou wouldst let the World know what Numbers of Men thou hast made the Sun shine thro'.

Another, whom some were praising before his Face, said;

No ay Necessidad de contar mis Valores y Virtudes, que todo el Mondo las sabe.

There's no Occasion to reckon up my Atchievements, or recount the Acts of my Prowess, because they're well known to all the World.

Another, who was enumerating his Exploits, said;

En Sicilia o muerto dos Salteadores, en Sardena tres, en Napoles dos, y tres en Lombardia; de manera che segun buena Cuenta son diez. Pues no los escrivi, mas pero accuerdo me bien dellos, porque tengo excelente Memoria, de manera che no se habla d'otro que de mi Virtud, de mi Gesto, y Hazanas, que me hazen temer de los

In Sicily *I killed two Highwaymen, in* Sardinia *three, at* Naples *two, and three in* Lombardy; *amounting in all to just half a Score, neither more nor less. I don't Book 'em down, having an excellent Memory of my own, besides a Sufficiency of Courage and Manhood which makes me as much fear'd by the Men, as belov'd by the Women; so that the latter, as I walk along*

Humbres y amar de las Mugeres; de manera que passeando por las Calles, todas tiravan mi Muchacho por la Capa, y entendia ellas come por detras le pedian: *Quien es este Cavallero tan bravo y dispuesto, y hermoso? Es este Dom Juan de Mendoza?* No, respondia el Muchacho, *sino su Hermano.* Y ellas respondian: *Mira come se assentan bien los Cabellos, y la Barba! O quan valerosas son las que alcançan su Amor!* Y entrambas rogavan mi Muchacho que tuviesse Forma come intrasse en sus Casas: de tal suerte, que las tengo importunas de me tanto rogar y amar, porque, para cumplir sus Ruegos, impido mis Negotios y mis Guerras.

along the Streets, are always pulling my Lacky by the Sleeve, and I over-hear them, ever and anon, asking the Fellow; Who is that noble gallant handsome Gentleman? Is it Don *John de Mendoza?* * No, *answers my Servant*; but, it is his Brother. *And then they reply*: Good Heaven! There's a Head o' Hair! There's a Beard! How well they sit! How well they agree with each other in Colour! O! how happy are the Women that possess his Love! *And then they fall to begging and praying my Man to contrive some way or other to introduce me to them, insomuch that they are perfectly troublesome to me, with their Importunities and Overtures of Love: Because the complying with their Desires hinders me from following my Affairs, and answering the Call of my Sword.*

Here's a fine *Adonis*! and yet *Old Nick* himself was never painted half so ugly as this Braggadocio really was.

Another

* The Sir-name of a most noble Family in *Spain*, of great Antiquity, and of which there are 28 Lords, and above 60 Gentlemen of very great Estates. The Chief of the Name is the Duke *del Infantado*, a Territory so called, because formerly it was the Dower of an *Infanta*.

Another most unmercifully beat his Page, saying to him all the while,

Di, Vellaco, quantas Vezes te he yo mandado que no andes à cado passo publicando mi Valor; porque oyendolo las Mugeres no se pierdan por mi, de suerte que soy mas impedido à muestrar à ellas la Magnificentia de mi Animo, que no en tomar las Ciudades, y matar Ennemigos?

Speak, Sirrah; how often have I forbid you publishing my Valour at every Step, lest the Women, hearing it, should fall desperately in Love with me, insomuch that I shall be more taken up with shewing them the Greatness of my Manhood, than in conquering of Towns and killing the Enemy.

The late M. *Strozzi* and myself being in *Italy*, and one Day interrogating a *Spanish* Soldier, who accosted us, and we asking his Name, he told us, he was called, Don *Diego Leonis*;

Porque havia in Berberia matado tres Leones.

Because he had slain three Lions in Barbary.

I can assure ye, he went not from us without furnishing us with a good deal of Matter for Laughter, as well for that Time, as for a long while afterwards.

I love another much, who bragged,

Que en las India havia quebrado un Braço à un Elephante: y aun osaria jura, che si haviesse ponido una mas de Fuerça, haviesse passado el Braço al Elephante, por el Coraçon y por las Entranas, y las haviesse sacado por la Boca.

That, in the Indies, he had wrenched off an Elephant's Leg from his Body; nay, and swore, that had he put forth a little more Strength, he had run his Arm quite down to the Heart and Entrails of the Beast, and made him disgorge them at his Mouth.

A young *Spanish* Soldier being ask'd, how, being so very young, he had such large Whiskers? answered;

Estas Bigotas fueron hechas à la Fumada del Canon, y por esto crescen tan grandes, y tan presto.

These Whiskers were Canon-smoak'd, and the red-hot Balls, which were discharged from their Mouths, served them instead of a Hot-bed, and made 'em come up so quick, and grow so large.

I like, not a little, the Answer of a *Spanish* Captain, who being ask'd, If his Company consisted of old Soldiers? replied;

Que si, porque hazia el los Soldados nuevos luego viejos, no con las pagas de muchos Annos, come acostumbravan los otros Capitanes, sino en muchas Peleas y continuas Escaramuças, con honrada y provechosa sua Disciplina de Guerra.

Yes; for tho' they were new Soldiers, he soon made them old ones, not by many Years Pay, as other Captains did, but by exercising them in many Battles and continual Skirmishes, with an honourable and useful Discipline of War.

This Officer was highly in the Right; for, generally speaking, 'tis not the Number of Years that are spent in an Army, which makes good Soldiers, but the continual Engagements, and being frequently upon Action, and the being exercised in Skirmishes, and managing their Arms and Weapons. And therefore it often makes me mad, to hear it said, *Such-a-one, and Such-a-one is in the Army*; nay, and some Men of Quality too. And what is it they do there, but go and wait upon the General in the Morning, and give him a Good-Morrow, then away to their Quarters, game all the Day long, and make good Chear, and indulge themselves in Luxury and Idleness? And some there are who shall have been six or seven Months a travelling and roaming about,

and never once draw their Sword from their Side all that Time: And yet, when they arrive at Court, or to the Place of their Abode, give themselves Airs, they and their People, and would make one believe they've done Wonders and sh— Miracles, and kill'd the Devil; when, with a Devil to them, they han't so much as killed a Fly. It is not therefore the being a long while in the Army makes either Captains or Soldiers, but the continual Use of Arms, and a constant Search after Combats and adventurous Encounters.

But how come I to lose myself in this Digression, and wander from my original Subject of *Rhodomontades?* Well; 'tis all one. It is not amiss, since it comes in *à propos*, pat to the Purpose: Another Time, I had left it at my Pen's End. Now let us return to a pleasant and ridiculous Rhodomontade of a *Spanish* Soldier, who was at the disarming and stripping of King *Francis*, at the Battle of *Pavia*: For he was no Son of an honest Father, or an honest Mother, that had not a Pluck at the royal Feathers; some for the Honour of the Thing, and others for the Profit. Now it happened, that the above Soldier's Lot was to take the King's Spurs, with which he was so puffed up, that, wherever he went, he would be continually saying, over and over again;

Senor, no aveys sentido mas nombrar y renombrar aquel que sacò las Espuelas doradas del Rey Francesco en Pavia, quando fu preso? Yo soy aquel.	*Sir, Have not you heard, and been told, who it was that took King* Francis's *Golden Spurs, when he was made Prisoner at* Pavia? *It was I.*

Not unlike another Fellow, who, making his Brags in Company, among other Things, told them;

Grandes Palabras dixo el Rey Don Hernandes a	*The King Don* Ferdinand *said these remarkable Words*

Don Juan mi Abuelo: *saca mis Botas.*	*Words to Don* John, *my Grand-father*, Pull off my Boots.

Let us leave these vain Sillinesses, and proceed to others.

When the Emperor *Charles* had taken the *Gouletta*, and was obliged to march towards *Tunis*, amidst hot burning Sands, which were terribly incommoding, there appeared before him 30,000 *Moors*, Horse and Foot, to stop him in his Way. There was a young *Spanish* Soldier, who, seeing such a Multitude on a sudden, began to cry out;

Jesus! Y con tantos Moros havemos da pelear?	*Jesus! Are we to fight all these Moors?*

An old Soldier, marching near him, presently took him up;

Calla, Bisogno; à mas Gente y Moros, mas Ganancia y Gloria.	*Hold your Peace, ye Poltroon: The more Enemies there are, the more Profit and Glory for Us.*

A Soldier, at the *Camisade* *, which the brave Don *John* of *Austria* made in *Flanders* on the *Dutch* Camp, talking with his Companions as they march'd along, asked,

Quantos son Enemigos?	*How many the Enemy were in Number?*

One of his Companions suddenly replies;

Vala te al Diavolo, con tu Inquisition y Cuenta: mas diga; *Vamos à ellos, quantos que sean.*	*Devil take thee with thy* How many *and thy* Number. *Say rather*; Let us at 'em, be they ever so many in Number.

* A sudden Assault or Surprisal of the Enemy (from *Camisa*, a *Shirt*) so termed, because the Soldiers, who execute it, most commonly wear *Shirts* over their Armour, or take their Enemies in their *Shirts*.

The Emperor *Charles*, in the War of *Hungary*, one Day as he was making a Review of his Army, along with his Brother *Ferdinand*, King of the *Romans*, who wore his Hair brought round his Forehead, and cut with (or like) a Dish, * as his Grandfather used: There was a Soldier who took Offence at it, and called aloud to the Emperor;

Sacra Magedad, vi do mis pagas, y haga trasquillar Hermano tuyo Don Hernandes.	*May it please your Majesty, I'll give up my whole Pay, if you will but make your Brother Don* Ferdinand *cut off that Hair of his.*

This Soldier must have been a very captious Fellow, not to endure a Thing which no ways concern'd Him. The Emperor heard well enough what he said, and only laugh'd at it, together with his Brother.

Another did much worse at the same Review; for, as the Emperor was passing thro' the Ranks, he bawled out;

Vala te al Diablo, Bocina fea, que tan tarde seys venido, que todo el Dia somos muertos de Hambre y Frio.	*The D—l take thee, thou filthy Beast, for coming so late, and making us wait here all Day long, almost starv'd to Death with Hunger and Cold.*

The Emperor heard Him too; but he only laughed at it, without taking any further Notice of it; (had they failed in their Duty, indeed, it had been another Case) for he loved and cherished his *Spanish* Soldiers as if they had been his own Children.

Now comes a merry Rhodomontade of a certain *Spanish Hydalgo* (i. e. *Gentleman*) who having presented to King *Ferdinand* a Petition in his Drawing-Room,

* *Fenetré*, in the Original, which I take to mean the same as *Rabelais's Tondu à la Cesarine*, i. e. like *Julius Cæsar's*.

Room, and the King ſtanding ſtill, and not immediately giving him any Anſwer, ſays our *Hydalgo* to him;

Sacra Mageſtad, haga mi por Dios Reſpueſta; ſino alabaxo eſtà mi Macho:	*For God's Sake, Sir, give me an Anſwer: Otherwiſe my Mule's below:*

As much as to ſay, *If you won't diſpatch me quickly, I'll mount my Mule and be gone.* What a vain Coxcomb, what a ſelf-conceited *Gooſecap* of a *Gentleman* was this! Yet Comical enough too, with his Mule!

The Marqueſs of *Peſcayra*, being at the Battle of *Ravenna*, and behaving bravely, having his Governor with him, a very worthy and a valiant Gentleman, named *Placidio de Sangra*: After they had, both of them, fought a long Time very couragiouſly, the Governor,

Conſiderando el Peligro del Dano vezino, buelto al Marques le dize: *O! Cavallero valoroſo, pues che no es Coſa de Animo varonil, ſino de Loco del todo, contraſtar tanto Tiempo con la Fortuna contraria, porque entanto quel Cavallo eſtà ſano, y las Fuerças baſtano, os librays de la Muerte, y os guardays para mejor Ventura.* Entonces, el Marques le reſpondiò: *De buen Grado obedeſceria, o ſangre* * *muy fiel à eſto*	*Conſidering the Danger of an approaching Defeat, and turning to the Marqueſs, ſaid to him*; O moſt valiant Knight, ſince it is not the Part of a prudent Man, but of a downright Madman, to diſpute long againſt Ill Fortune, here is a Horſe yet unhurt, and you have Strength enough left, give not yourſelf up a Prey to Death, but make your Eſcape, and preſerve yourſelf for a better Fortune. *Then did the Marqueſs*

* I have, for once, put it as it is in the Original, *viz. Sangre*, which is certainly wrong, and ſhould be *Seguiria*, from the Verb *Seguir*, ſignifying to *follow*; the other ſignifies *Blood*, and is direct Nonſenſe. Beſides this, I could give Inſtances in a Multitude

Consejo saludable, si me persuadierades Cosa tanto honrosa quanto segura: antes quiero yo que me lloren mis Amigos muerto con Honra, que yo llorar affrentosamente con Vida infame en Casa, tantas Muertes de tan grandes Capitanes.

quess return this Answer! I would gladly obey you, and would certainly follow your salutary Counsel, if you had advised me to a Thing equally Honourable and Advantageous: But I much rather chuse, my Friends should lament me dead with Honour, than I shamefully bewail the Death of so many gallant Leaders, while I live an Ignominious Life at Home.

This was no vain-glorious Bravado, but a laudable Rhodomontade, and which the Marquess did not fail to put in Execution, and to Do it, as well as Talk it; for, rather than fly, he was taken Prisoner: * Thereby

titude of other Places, of the *Spanish* Part of this Work, wherein the *Dutch* Edition is very Erroneous, such as *Sabo* for *Salgo*; *Bucho* for *Buelto*; *Cuero* for *Coraçon*; *Scalabrosa* for *Scabrosa Cosa*, which signifies *a dangerous Piece of Work*, but *Scalabrosa* signifies nothing at all; in short, there's no such Word in *Spanish* as *Escalabrosa*: The t'other means the same as *Scabreux* in *French*, *rough*, *rugged*, *arduous Work*. Besides these and the like Typographical Errors in the modern Languages, there are not a few to be found in this Work, in the *Greek* and *Latin* Quotations also, which I have taken Care to set right, as often as they occur; as also to add Historical, Critical, and Explanatory Notes of my own, such as the preceding and all the subsequent ones, with Quotations of Verses from other Authors (and the Translation thereof) wherever they may serve to embellish, enliven or clear up any Point relating to the Persons or Subject treated of in these *Memoirs*. J. O.

* Whilst the Marquess was a Prisoner of War, he composed a *Dialogue of Love*, a very ingenious Piece; which he dedicated to the Marchioness his Spouse, and sent it to her. This Lady being, in some Respects, as great a Heroin as He was a Hero, it may be no disagreeable Amusement to the Reader, to peruse a Short Account of her, extracted from *de Coste*, *Morery* and others. Her Name was *Victoria Colonna*; she was Daughter to a *Roman* Lord, named *Fabricio Colonna*. They were hardly either

Thereby keeping strictly up to the Motto he had made choice of, *viz. Aut cum hoc, aut in hoc:* i. e. *Either with This, or upon This*, meaning a Shield or Buckler, round which those Words were written: Which the brave *Spartan* Dame of old had said to her Son, when he set out for the War, and commanded him, either to return honourably with it (the Shield) *Alive*, or else be brought home upon it *Dead.*

The

either of them three Years old when the Emperor made this Match between them, to strengthen his own Interest by uniting these two considerable Familes together. This Lady was one of the most illustrious Persons of her Sex; beautiful, virtuous and endued with a vast deal of Wit and Good-sense, a very learned and excellent Poet, which justly procur'd her the Elogiums of the best Writers of the XVIth Century. She entirely loved the Marquess, and he was no less fond of Her. After the Death of the Marquess, she would never listen to any Proposal of a second Marriage, but employed herself in describing the glorious Actions of her Husband, in a Poem which she wrote in Honour of his Memory. *John Thomas Musconio*, a celebrated Poet, preferred her before *Porcia*, *Cato*'s Daughter, and *Brutus*'s Wife, on Account of the Affection she bore to the Marquess her Husband. He speaks of it thus;

Non vivam sine te, mi Brute, exterrita dixit
  Porcia, & ardentes sorbuit ore faces.
Te, Davale, extincto, dixit Victoria, vivam;
  Perpetuò mœstos sic dolitura Dies.
Utraque Romana est; sed in hoc Victoria victrix.
  Perpetuò hæc luctus sustinet, illa semel.

Englished as follows, by Mr. *Ozell.*

Without thee I'll not live, my Brutus, cry'd
Th' affrighted PORCIA, swallowed Fire and dy'd.
Tho' thou art dead, Da-Val, *yet still I'll live*,
VICTORIA said, *and will for ever grieve.*
Both *Roman* Ladies; but VICTORIA gain'd
The Vict'ry over PORCIA: She remain'd
A Suff'rer Always; This but Once was pain'd.

The Reader must be put in Mind that the Marquess's Family-Name was DA VALOS, and his Consort's Christian Name VICTORIA.

The Great * *Talbot*, when he died at *Castillon*, spoke to his Son in much the same Manner as the Marquess *Pescayra*'s Governor did to *him*, advising him to save himself by Flight; but the Son would not obey his Father, and died with him.

FROISSARD, speaking of the Battle of *Nicopolis*, against the *Turks*, says, there was a *Frenchman*, named the *Sire de Montcarè*, a valiant Lord and a fine Gentleman, a Native of *Artois*, having with him a Son, a young Lad, and seeing the *French* were like to lose the Day, said to his Gentleman of the Horse; *Take my Son, and convey him away; thou mayst easily do it, thro' yonder open Lane. Make haste, my Son, and save thyself, while I stay here to take my Fate with the rest.* These are *Froissard*'s very Words. The Boy answered, *He would not go and leave his Father*: And persisted in that Resolution so obstinately, that the Gentleman was obliged to use Force to get him away and put him out of Danger, and Both came

TORIA. During the Life of her Husband, *Victoria* gave Proofs of an extraordinary Virtue, when she dissuaded the Marquess from accepting the Kingdom of *Naples*, which the Pope, *Clement* VII. the Princes of *Italy*, and other Potentates, offered him after the Victory of *Pavia*. This Generous and Magnanimous Lady, who did not suffer herself to be dazzled with the Glare of Sovereignty, resolved at last to forsake the World entirely, and accordingly sequester'd herself from it, during the latter Part of her Life, in the Monastery of St. *Mary* at *Milan*, where she died in the Year 1541.

* On the last Day of *July*, 1453, *John* Lord *Talbot*, the most valiant Earl of *Shrewsbury*, the first of that Title, after 24 Years Service in the *French* Wars, ended his Life in the Field of Battle against the *French*, and was buried at *Rouen* in *Normandy*. He was Knight of three Noble Orders, *viz. St. George*, *St. Michael*, and the *Golden Fleece*; and Great Marshal of *France* to our *Henry* VI. when he held that Realm. His very Name was such a Terror to the *French*, that they would quiet their Children with the Mention of it. As he was resolutely breaking into the *French* Camp, near *Castillon*, and had got the Entry thereof, he was Shot thro' the Thigh with an Harquebuss, and his Horse slain under him: His Son, desirous to relieve his Father, lost his own Life. *Vid. Eng. Hist.*

came to the *Danube*: But the Child was so overwhelmed with Grief for his Father, that he fell into the Water, between two Vessels, and was drowned, without any Possibility or Desire of being saved.

I have read in a *Spanish* Book, containing a Narration of the Battle of *Pavia*, of *Galeaz-San-Severin*, Master of the Horse to King *Francis*,

Que, combatiendo valerosamente, muriò delante del Rey, con honrado Fin de Vida, y satisfizo lo que devia à la Gracia Real, y al su Honra esclarecida; el qual, caiendo de su Cavallo, buelto à Don Guillielmo de Langeay, noble Cavallero, que lo querria socorrer in aquel extremo caso, le dixo: *Dexad me, Hijo, gozar a lo menos de mi Hado, y partyos de aqui, con toda la Presteza que pudieredes, y corred à deffender al Rey; y si os librays salvo de la Pelea, os accordareys, come Amigo y piadozo, de mi Nombre y honrado Fin.*

That, fighting courageously, he died in the King's Presence, finishing the Career of his Life honourably, and satisfying what he ow'd to the King for his gracious Good-Will towards him, and, at the same Time, discharging the Debt due to his Honour. This Lord, as he was falling from his Horse, turned towards Lord William de Langeay, *a noble Gentleman, who was desirous to relieve him in this dismal Extremity*; Leave me, dear Sir, *said he to that Lord*, let me, at least, enjoy my unhappy Lot, and hasten with all the Speed you can to the King's Assistance: and, if you should get clear of the Battle, you will, like a good and pious Friend, remember my Name, and the honourable End I have made.

These solemn and grave Expressions, if they may be called Rhodomontades, are very fine ones. But take one more of the (so often mentioned and never-enough-to-be-admir'd) Marquess *de Pescayra*, who, going one Day to an Engagement against

Bartholomew d' Alviano, a renowned *Venetian* General,

Dexando el Cavallo, à Pié con una Pica en la mano, buelto atras, dixo. *Ea Soldados, tened cuydado que entrando yo en la Batalla, si quierra mi Ventura que muera honradamente en ella, vos otros no permitays, que Sea antes hollado de los Pies de los Enemigos, que de los Vuestros.* Los Soldados, gridando animosamente, le respondieron, muy alegres, que passassea delante con buen Animo, porque ellos estavan determinados ganar Loor de tan gran Virtud, siendo le muy obedientes come à Capitan, y come à Soldado peleando efforçadamente: y no enganò el Successo à sus trocadas Esperanças, porque todos combatieron muy bien con furioso Assalte.

Having quitted his Horse, and being on Foot with a Pike in his Hand, said, turning himself back, My good Friends, take Care, if I should chance to fall honourably in the Beginning of the Fight, take Care, I beg of you, not to suffer me to be trampled upon by the Enemy, but rather by yourselves. *The Soldiers, with an ardent Shout, called to him very joyously, to go on with Confidence, for they were determined to win the Praise due to brave Men, and would obey him with the utmost Exactness, both as their Captain, and as a Soldier who fought valiantly: Nor did the Event disappoint their Hopes; for they behaved to Admiration, and with a Bravery beyond Belief.*

In this Rhodomontade there are two Things worth Notice. The first, which cannot indeed be so well described as conceived: Forasmuch as it must be imagined to be a very great Glory for the Soldiers, when they see their Leader stretch'd Dead on the Ground, at the Head of them, not to be dismayed, or shrink back, but to push forward: Rather chusing to tread upon their General's Body themselves, and march over his Belly to revenge his Death

Death valiantly, rather than that his and their Enemy ſhould come after and triumphantly trample on his Body in purſuit of Them, without any ſuch Provocation or Motives of Revenge, as They had: Which was certainly well thought of, and well adviſed by, the great Marqueſs. The ſecond Thing to be obſerved is, the Soldiers declaring they would readily obey, not only their Officers, but even any private Soldier that would do the Duty of an Officer towards them. Again, Nothing ſure, gives ſuch Spirits to a Soldier as to ſee his Colonel, or his Captain, *&c.* doing the ſame Thing as himſelf. The Soldiers of the ſaid Marqueſs did not fall ſhort of their Word; for they performed ſo well, they won the Battle; with which King *Ferdinand* was ſo well pleaſed, as to order a Liſt to be laid before him, of all the Names, not only of theſe Officers, but of the common Soldiers too, and the ſame to be written in a curious Hand; ſo that,

Aun oy Dia, en los libros de los Theſoreros eſtàn elegantamente eſcritos los Nombres de aquellos Soldados, que en Hecho de las Armas de Vincentia, al Rio Brente, combatiendo en la Avedguardia, ganaron la Batalla con maravilloſo Valor.

There is at this Day to be ſeen, elegantly written in the Books and Records of the Treaſury, the Names of the Soldiers who, in the Battle of Vicenza, *on the River* Brente, *did, by a marvellous Bravery, win the Day by Fighting in the Van-Guard.*

When the Great King of *Spain*, in 1588, deſigned to invade *England* with the famous *Armada*, after it was ſhipwreck'd and defeated, I met with ſeveral *Spaniſh* Soldiers and Officers, as well as Volunteers, in their Way Home thro' *France*, and having diſcourſed with them, they gave me prodigious Accounts of its Force and Greatneſs. Amongſt other Things, they ſaid, It conſiſted of 120 Men of

War, the least of which was of 300 Tons Burthen. Twenty were from 1000 to 1200 Tons, of which there were four or five large Galeasses exceeding all Comparison: Upwards of 40, if not quite 50, of 7 or 800 Tons each; insomuch that all the Means, Contrivance, Genius, Power and Riches of *Spain* were employed to fit out the said Armada: and then they went on and told me, that a Year before this Armada set out from Port,

El Rey havia mandado à la gran Mar Oceano, que se aparejasse para recebir en su Reyno y Aguas sus Vasselles, non propriamente, Vasselles, para dezir Verdad, mas Montagnas de Legno: y tambien a los Vientos, para cessar y callarse, y favorescer sin ninguna Tempestad à la Navigation de su Armada; la Sombra de la qual queria el que hiziesse caer y baxar con gran humilitad, no Solamente los Arboles y Masteles de los Navios, mas las Puntas de los Campanillos del toda Ingalaterra.

The King had given Orders to the Great Ocean-Sea, that it should be ready to receive within its Dominions, and upon its Waters, His Ships, or, to speak more truly, said they, *Mountains of Wood. That at the same Time, his Majesty had commanded the Winds to be hushed and still, and only breathe a gentle Gale and favourable Breeze, to convey, to their destined Place, his* NAVAL ARMAMENT, *at whose Shadow (he insisted) not only the Masts and Rigging of the* English *Ships should fall down and bow themselves, with great Humility, but even the Steeples and Pinacles of every Church in* England *be overthrown, and their tow'ring Heads sink down and tumble to the Dust at once, and there to remain for Ever.*

This had been a noble Rhodomontade, and a notable *Spanish* Threat, if Fortune had favoured the Enterprize. But this mighty Armada came to nothing; partly by the Foresight and Conduct of that great

great Captain, *Drake*, * one of the greatest Men that has beat or ranged the Seas these 200 Years, or, perhaps, ever since the Creation; and partly by tempestuous Weather and the Rage of the great Ocean, which might not like to be insulted in that Manner: For the Sea's foamy Billows are of a boisterous untractable Nature, and will not be affronted. *Rhodomont* found this to be true. When he was for passing over from *Africa* to *Europe*, he fell to Cursing and Blasqheming his Maker in the following *Italian* Verses;

Se è alcun Dio nel Cielo, ch'io no'l so Certo,	*If there be a God in Heaven, 'tis more than I know.*
Huomo non è, chi l'habia visto, experto.	*Certainly no Man has seen or experienced that there is one.*
Ma la vil Gente lo crede per Paura:	*The Mob, indeed, believe it, thro' Fear.*
El mio buono Branda, e la mia Armatura,	*My Sword, my Lance, my Armour, and*
E l'Animo ch' io ho, sono il mio Dio.	*my Courage, are the only God I know any Thing of.*

With a great deal more of such execrable vile Stuff which he uttered, and may be seen in the *Orlando Amoroso*, which are better suppressed than mentioned, they are so scandalously bad and villainous: And afterwards, speaking to the Winds.

Soffia il Vento, si sai Soffiare.	*Let the Winds blow, if they know how to blow.*

Then

* The Author has it *Millort Drap*; i. e. My Lord *Drap*. By *Drap* he means *Drake*; the *French* hardly ever spell the *English* Names right, or their Quotations from *English*, or which is more surprizing, from the *Greek*, nor even the *Italian*, for in the Quotation above, they have err'd, besides running it all together of a Huddle, as if it had been Prose. I have translated them into *Prose*, it not being worth while to study to *versify* Blasphemy.

Then he falls to damning and despising them, jumps on Shipboard, and mounts the Sea, against the Advice of all the Pilots and Mariners. And when he is at Sea, he goes on with his Bravados and Blasphemies. However, He was well tossed, and very near perishing.

Ovid relates, that when *Ajax Oileus* was returning from the *Trojan* War, his Ship was very roughly handled by the *Winds* and *Waves*, and he, as tempestuous as the Weather, did nothing but Curse and Swear at Both. At last the Ship came bump upon a Rock, and breaking in Pieces, *Ajax* had that Agility as to give a sudden Spring out of the Ship and jump upon the Rock, and there scrambling up with his Hands and Nails, he fell to cursing more than before. *In spite of* Jupiter *and* Minerva, said he, *I will escape from the Waters of* Neptune. But *Jupiter*, provoked at such Blasphemous Expressions, suddenly sends his Thunder on the Rock, which splitting in two, one Part remained standing, while the other, on which *Ajax* thought himself so secure, tumbles into the Water with him upon it, and both sink to the Bottom of those Waters which he had so arrogantly despised the Danger of.

When Oral Rhodomontades succeed and take effect, they are very much to be valued; for there are two Sorts of Rhodomontades, the one of *Words*, the other of *Deeds*; and this last is preferable to the other; for Instance, That which I'm going to relate, which I take out of the *History of the War of* Germany, written in *Spanish* by the Seigneur *d'Avila*, who was present and an Eye-witness of it, and which was likewise confirmed to me by the late Captain *Vallefreniere* *, a clever Soldier as ever was, and who was then Page to Don *Alvaro de Sande*, in that same War, having taken him when very young in *Piedmont*, and since died before *Bourg-sur-Mer*, siding with

* See Discourse XXVI of Foreign Captains.

with the Hugonot Party: And the Loſs of him was much to be lamented; for he had ſeen a great deal, and, in my Opinion, was one of the beſt Men, as well as moſt expert Captains, that Monſieur the Admiral had in his Army. But to come to the Story:

El Emperador, viendo que era neceſſario de ganar la otra parte del Rio Albis, tantas vezes nombrodo por los antiquos Romanos, y tan poco viſto por ellos y de los Eſpanoles bien reconoſcido y ſenalado, y que havia maudado que l'Harquebuzeria uſaſſe tode Diligencia, y que paſſaſſe ſubitamente, ſe deſnudaron Diez Harquebuzeros Eſpanoles à lo viſta del Emperador, y eſtos, nadando con las Spadas atraveſſadas en las Bocas, llegaron à algunas Barquas, tirando a los Enemigos mucos Harquebuzazzos de la Ribera, y ganaron las, y mataron a los qui havean quedado dentro, y aſſi las traxeron, en las quales paſſo l'Harquebuzeria, y quedaron Senora de la Ribera, y los Enemigos

The Emperor finding it neceſſary to gain the other Side of the River Elbe *, ſo often named by the ancient* Romans, *and ſo little ſeen by them, but ſo well known, and made ſo memorable by the* Spaniards, *and having ordered his Harquebuſiers to uſe all Diligence and get over the River as expeditiouſly as they could, Half a Score* Spaniſh *Harquebuſiers immediately ſtripped off their Cloaths in the Emperor's Sight, and ſwimming, with their Swords in their Mouths, towards ſome Boats and large Barks, notwithſtanding the Enemy continually fired on them from the River Side, they got to the Veſſels, and having killed thoſe on Board, brought 'em to the reſt of the Harquebuſiers, who inſtantly went into them and made themſelves Maſters of the River Side, the*

* The *Albis* of the ancient Authors, from whence, no doubt, it borrows its preſent Name of *Elbe*, tho' ſome ſay it has its Name from *Halb*, i. e. Half, becauſe it divides *Germany* into two Halves. There is an Iſland of the ſame Name on the Coaſts of *Tuſcany*, in the *Mediterranean*.

commençaron del todo a perder el Animo. Y queriendo el bravo Emperador reconoſcer y garlardonnar tan valientes Soldados, deſpues la ganada Batalla maudò venir las dichas Soldados a delante S. M. y darles an Veſtido de Torciopelo cramezi, otros dizan de Grana, a ſu modo, y bien garnecido d'Oro y cion Ducados a cada uno, y grandes Ventages en ſus Compagnias ; de manera che aſſi ſenalados, adelante todo el Campo, y van braveando y paſſeaudo con gran ſuperbia, de manera que todo la Gente y va diziendo dellos, *A qui eſtan eos Bravos y Determinados de las Barcas.*

the Enemy having quite loſt their Courage. The Emperor being deſirous to diſtinguiſh, in a particular Manner, and reward ſuch valiant Soldiers, ſent for them to come to him, after the Battle was over, and gave each of them a Suit of Crimſon Velvet, others ſay Scarlet in Grain, which of the two they liked beſt, richly trimmed with Gold and Silver, and a hundred Ducats a Man beſides, with the Addition of great Privileges in their ſeveral Companies ; and being thus diſtinguiſhed from the reſt of the Army, they walked about with no little State, while every body ſaid of them ; Theſe are the bold Bark-Men !

The Book does not ſay quite ſo much ; but the Captain above named, my very good Friend, told it me. And, upon my Word, the People were very much in the Right to admire them and call them as they did, *The bold Bark Men* ; for they performed a very brave Thing ; and one ſuch Practical Rhodomontade is of more Worth than a hundred *Verbal* ones.

Enough of ſerious Diſcourſe : Now let us return a while to the Buffooning Part of Rhodomontades.

A certain *Spaniard* praiſing a Sword he wore, to a Companion of his, ſaid ;

Of

De cinco, que tengo, essa es en la qual yo tengo mas Confiença y la que nunca ma faltò de la Mano. Essa es la que tan famada està en toda la Tierra : y es la que tantas vezes me pedi empreſtada Don Pedro recuero* : y esta misma es que treyenta Anos à este parte no se ha hecho Campo en toda l'Andaluzia, donde no se aya hallada ; porque de Corduba, de Cadiz, de Malaga y da otras muchas y diversas Partes donde succeden algunos Desafias entre los Amigos, luego me embian por ella : y con esta fue con la que materon el Sacristan de San-Lucar : y con esta cortaron los Muslos à Navarrico, el Soldado de Duque : y con esta Ravanal hizo grandes Cosas on Toledo, en Tiempo que Don Galtero matò el Viscayno en Alcazàr ; y no fue otra cosa de su Salvo, sino tener esta Espada : y esta es misma, por quien ha un Ano que tienen ya por

Of the five Swords which I have, this is That I put most Confidence in, and which never fails me in Time of Need. It is the Sword which is so renowned all over the World: It is the Sword which Don Pedro— *has so often borrowed of me. It is the Sword without which there has not been a Quarrel in all* Andaluzia *for these* 30 *Years past, but it has been concerned in ; because, when any Difference happens between Friends, and Challenges are sent either by those of* Corduba, Cadiz Malaga, Carthagena, *and divers other Places, they send immediately for this Sword. It was with it they killed the Sacristain* (Sexton) *of St.* Lucar. *It was with it they Hamstringed* Navarrico, *an old Soldier of the Duke's. It was this Sword with which* Ravanal *atchiev'd such great Exploits at* Toledo, *when Don* Galtero *killed the* Biscayan *at* Alcaçar ; *and his Safety was owing to nothing but his having this Sword. It is this very*

H *Sword,*

* *Recuero* is an Appellative for a Carrier that drives Pack-Horses and Mules. It may too be the proper Name of a Man, as *Carter* among us.

Costumbre en los Desafios sacar por Condicion, que ninguno lleve la Espada mia. De manera que es tan famada por todas las Tierras y Compagnias, come la Espada encantada del Roldan y del Rey Artus. Que si yo quisiese contar las Virtudes de esta Espada, nunca acaberia.

Sword, upon whose Account it has been customary, for this Year past, to make it a Condition in all Challenges, that No-body shall bring or use My Sword. So that it is as famous throughout the Earth and in all Companies, as either the inchanted Sword of Orlando, *or King* Arthur; *and were I to enter upon the Particulars of all its marvellous Performances I shou'd never have done.*

This Sword brings to my Mind that of one of our old Captains of *Piedmont*, whom I knew, and who, however, performed no greater Miracles with his Sword, than another Man, and with whom it was a usual Saying; *Whoever has an Affair with Me, he must have an Affair with* Martina *here at my Side* (calling his Sword *Martina* *) *and he that funs me out of her, may boldly say, he has fun'd the best Sword in* France.

The Passage immediately preceding this last, is a merry-enough Elogium of that *Spaniard*'s Sword! But the Spark forgot himself therein; for he gives no Instances of his own Atchievements with that Sword of his, but only Those of Other Men: but he might perhaps say, that if Others performed so well with this Sword when borrowed, infallibly, being His, and in his own Hands, it would do Wonders, and make Havock with a Vengeance. However, there are some, and not a few neither, who don't owe to their Swords their gallant Actions, but to the Operations of their Hands, and their stout

* Not *Martin* in the Masculine Gender, because the *French* Word for Sword (*Epée*) is Feminine, and likewise because of the paw Word which he uses afterwards, beginning with an *f*. i. e. *foutre* in *French*. The *English* of which I leave to others.

ſtout Hearts. The Perſon I am going to name, recommends himſelf in a much better Manner.

There was, then, a *Spaniard*, who ſaid;

No Sabeys que me aconteciò, en Cordova, porque no ay coſa mas publica en Andalouſia d'aquel Franciſco Cordonero, el qual hizo Mueſtra de hazer Mano contra mi. No ſe uvo acabado de deſembolver de ſu Capa, quando yo lo tenia con ſu miſmo Pugnal cortada la Mano derecha, y clavada en cima del Bodegon del Gayetaneto. Pero, ny pereſſo perdy la Tierra, ni dexe de paſſearme por las Calles y Rincones, ſin temer la Juſtitia; porque ella, y la Cuareſma, no ſon ſino para los Quines, Vellacos y Deſdechados; y de mas Siempre andava yo bien armado, y ſiempre la Eſpada en la Mano, y con la media Vaina, y tambien nunca dexava un Broquel de las Sevillanas, de la Cinta, con la Barba larga y Cabellos traſquillados; y quando era meneſter de ſalir accompanado, no me faltavan Amigos, que à medio Repiquete de Campana,

You can't but know what happened to me at Corduba, *ſince there's nothing more notorious in all* Andaluzia, *than the Story of me and the Laceman* Franciſco, *who made as if he would ſtrike me. But he had no ſooner uncloak'd his Right Hand, but I cut it off with his own Dagger, and nail'd it on the Top of the little Bag-pipe Tavern. And yet I did not keep out of the Way for it, but ſtill continued my Walks about the publick Streets, as well as By-Alleys, without any Fear of being taken up; becauſe Juſtice and the Laws, as well as Lent, are only for your People of the lower Claſs, the vulgar Fry, and poorer ſort of Sinners. Beſides, I never walk'd without being well-arm'd, my Sword in my Hand half-drawn; neither did I ever miſs having a round Sevillian Target, with its Ribbon-faſtning, a large Beard, and Hair well-cut and prepar'd; and whenever I went out of Town, my Friends fail'd not to give me their Com-*

se juntava trecientos Compagneros, y todos en verdad Hombres de Bien y de Mano.

pany, at the holding up my Finger, or the ringing but of a little Bell, to the Number of three Hundred; and all of them, tho' I say it, Men of Deeds, as well as Words; Men of Merit and Expedition.

A *Spanish* Gentleman, who was very Fleshy, Brawny, and Fat-gutted, one Day, as he was going up the Great Stairs of the Palace at *Madrid*, Two other Gentlemen, who were at the Top of the Stair-Case, seeing him coming up, spoke to one another, loud enough for him to hear them,

Mira el Puerco, que sube!

Mind that Hog that's coming up!

The other, as soon as he was got to them, returned the Compliment:

Si, yo soy Puerco; mas, vos no me matareys, *dit-il à l'un*; y vos, no me comerys *dit-il à l'autre.*

It is true, I am a Hog, but You won't kill me, said he to one of 'em. *Nor will You eat me*, said he to the other.

Reflecting on the One, whom he knew to be a Coward, and on the Other, who was violently suspected to be a *Jew* in his Heart, tho' outwardly a Christian. The Reader need not be told, the *Jews* have an Aversion to Swines Flesh.

A Physician said as good a Thing. Being sent for to a Bishop who was sick, but very plump and fat; and having left him, as he was going down Stairs, some of his Friends ask'd him, How the Bishop did? he said no more than,

Pluguiesse à Dios que fuesse tal mi Macho.

Wou'd to God my Mule was as well!

A poor *Spanish* Devil, who was going to be hang'd, as the Priest was admonishing him about his Salvation, and asking him, if he still remember'd the Prayer he had taught him, and if he had

constantly

constantly made use of it, which, if he daily repeated, he should never die by Fire or Water, and should likewise know the Day of his Death? said the Fellow arrogantly to him, tho' just ready to be turn'd off;

Vala te al Diablo, Senor Frayle, que tan bien aveys prophetizado, y con tal m' a servido tu Oration; porque no muero en Fuego ni Agua, mas en el Ayre, qui es peor, y tanbien yo sabe & cognosco el Dia de mi muerte.

Curse on your Reverend Father-ship! You have been but too true a Prophet: I don't, indeed, die either by Fire or Water, but I die in the Air, which is still worse; and tho' your Prayer has avail'd me nothing, I know however the Day of my Death: and so saying, he made his Exit.

The Story borders rather upon Repartee than Rhodomontade; and, indeed, I wrote it before I was aware; but since 'tis out, let it go; I don't repent of it: If it is not a Good Thing, it is no Bad One, at least.

A *Spanish* Captain going one Day to visit a kept Mistress of his at *Toledo*, She, representing to Him the Danger of his coming at such an unseasonable Time of Night, when Three of the Court-Bravos used to be passing and re-passing the Streets thereabouts; namely, the Two *Pymentels* and Don *John de Guzman*, bedawbed all over with Gold, with each his Buckler on his Arm, he boldly made answer;

Que vengan, que vengan, estos Bravos de Corte, y de los mas pintados, tan bien arodelados! Que vive a Dios, sus Rodeles y Broqueles no me espantan, ny mas ny menos, que los Cosseletes y Harquebuzes de cien Enne-

Let 'em come, let 'em come, these Court Swaggerers, so gorgeously dizon'd out, and so equipt with their Bucklers! By G--d, their Bucklers and round Targets shan't frighten me, no more, nor less, than the Pike-men and Harquebusiers

migos en Campana. Y si vienen, yo los mostrarè, que peligrosa Cosa es de tocar a mis Amores.

busiers of a Hundred of the Enemy in the Field of Battle. And if they come, I'll make 'em to know what it is to meddle with my Amours.

But the Cream of the Jest was, he had no sooner ended his Bravado, but they came by rattling their Arms under the very Window, and he hearing the Noise, said to the Lady;

Senora, grand Locura seria, y Trato de un Atrevido, Temerario, y Ignaro de las Armas, de un solo accometer a tres: y, por esso, mejor es por mi de recognescer la Puerta por detras, y me recoger, y me salvar fuera.

Madam, it would be a great Piece of Madness, and Fool-hardiness, as well as argue an Ignorance in Arms, for me who am but One, to attack Three Men: for which Reason, my best Way will be to make Use of my Heels instead of my Hands; and, without further Ceremony, made Use of the Back-door.

I am indebted to Monseigneur de *Savoye* for this and other Stories, with which he abounded, and would tell 'em as well as any Man, when he had a Mind to it *.

And indeed this Captain acted very wisely to pull in his Horns, and get out of the Way betimes; for these *Pymentels* were the greatest Hacksters** of the Emperor's Court, and (to do 'em Justice) none were more active and expert in Feats of Arms. It was these Two that, in so distinguishing a Manner, signalized themselves in all the Famous Tilts and Tournaments in *Flanders* for the Reception of the King of *Spain*, particularly Don *Alonso* the elder Brother, as

* See his Article in Discourse XLII.

** Nose-Slitters, Ruffians, Bully-Rocks, Swash-bucklers. &c.

as I have read and been told by Madam de *Fontaine*, one of the gallantest Ladies in *France*, and Maid of Honour to Queen *Eleonor* of the *Torcy* Family. This *Alonso* was afterwards appointed Vice-Roy at the *Gouletta*, where he was accused of Sodomy, and being convicted, had Sentence of Death passed upon him. Which giving Occasion to a *French* Gentleman, of my Acquaintance, to ask a *Spaniard*, at *Rome*, concerning the said *Alonso*'s Death, he answered in the Simplicity of his Soul;

Senor, fue quemado, porque era Bugeron, come par Ventura, Vuessa Merced.	*Sir, He was burnt for being a Sodomite, as You may be, for ought I know.*

Tho' this was made a Jest of, on Account of the *Spaniard*'s blunt Way of expressing himself, yet the Gentleman he spoke to, was suspected to be guilty of that Vice.

The Captain afore-mentioned was much of the Humour and Opinion of Another, who said;

Mais quiero yo, que de mi diga la Gente, aqui un tal huyò, que aqui un tal muriò.	*I had rather the World shou'd say of me, such a-one ran away here, than such a one dy'd here.*

This Man was fond of Life in good Earnest!

A *Spanish* Soldier, one Day, relating and reckoning up Half a Dozen Cuts and Gun-shot Wounds which he had received in the Wars, One at the Siege of *Perpignan*, Another at the *Gouletta*, a Third at *Cerizolles*, the Fourth in a Rencounter at *Piedmont*, and the Fifth at the Re-taking of *Casal*; then, coming to the Sixth, shewing a huge Gash he had got all along his Face, he said;

Y esta me la diò por detras un Bugaron Italiano, que me pesa mas que todas, porque luego que me la diò, huyò y	*And this here, a Bug—g* Italian *gave me behind: and it vexes me more than all the rest; because as soon as he had giv'n it me, he*

escapò de mis Manos, de tal manera que no le pude alcançar; y se tiene tan Segreto y abscondido de mi que ay dos anos que voy buscando por el, sin poder hallarlo. Mas, vive Dios! que si yo lo tope, aunque fuesse entre los Braços de Beelzebut, yo lo darè tantos de Palos à la Turquesca, que yo lo harè morir buen Martir.

he ran away and escaped out of my Hands. I have not been able to find him, high nor low: and he keeps so close that I have been seeking him these two Years to no manner of Purpose. But, by G—d! If I ever find him, tho' in the Arms of Belzebub *himself, I'll give him so many* Turkish *Bastinadoes, that I'll make him die the death of a true Martyr.*

One of our *French* Captains said much better once, threatning an Enemy of his; *I'll cane him to Death; and when he's Dead, I'll have him Flea'd and his Skin Curry'd; and a Drum shall be made of it; which I'll have Beat* 20 *Years after, that he may remember me in the other World.*

In our Return from the Siege of *Malta* (my self and the rest of the *French* Nation) we met, in *Tuscany*, with a *Spanish* Soldier, a middle-ag'd Man, and of a very good Presence, as, indeed, none of 'em have a bad one; but being in a very tattered Condition, as to his Cloaths, Mons. de *Lansac* and myself ask'd him, whence he came? He answered, From the War in *Hungary*, and that he had lately taken a Fancy to seek for remote Adventures by Arms, altho' he had been utterly ruined by Arms: But added, He very much repented his Journey, because he had not met with any Courtesy in these Countries, so barbarous and boorish were the People. Then, after he had said a pretty many reflecting Things of them, and vented his Resentment by sharp Invectives, he had the Pride not to ask an Alms of us, like other poor People; but delivered himself in the following Words, no ways bashful or pitiful;

Gen-

Senores, Vueſſas Mercedes conſideren con Poca Peſadumbre, que ſi fueſſen en mi Lugar, lo que havrian da meneſter para paſſar ſu Camino, yo, ſi fueſſe en el vueſtro Lugar, lo que les daria de buena Caridad y Gana, para ſoccorro de vueſtras Neceſſidades.

Gentlemen, Conſider, with ſome Concern, that were You in My Place, I would freely, and with a hearty Good-will, give you, were I in in Yours, a Sufficiency to enable you for your Journey, and to relieve all your Wants.

Was not this a pompous, artful Way of asking an Alms, without downright Begging? I leave you to judge whether it did not make us laugh; and not only Us, but his Excellency the late M. de *Guiſe* likewiſe; to whom *Lanſac* and myſelf related it, as alſo that we were aſhamed to give the Man a ſmall Matter, conſidering his Gravity and high Behaviour. Indeed we each of us gave him a Double-Ducat, tho' the Varlet made light of it, ſaying;

Que no baſtarian para ſeys Paſtos,

It was not ſufficient for half a Dozen Meals,

And that, if we would lend him our Footman, to *Naples*, he would ſend back the Money by him: God knows whether the Chap would have been as good as his Word; but, we were in no great Haſte to lend him our Footman, tho' it had been for a hundred times that Sum. However, the Story ſerv'd to make us merry a good while after.

This naturally falls in with another of the like Kind, told me by a Gentleman, who walking once at *Rome*, in the Street *del Populo*, in a pretty dark Night, with another Gentleman, they were accoſted by a well-looking *Spaniard* in the following Words;

Senores, la Noche m'a tal favoreſcido de topar a vos otros gentilles Franceſes, para ſuplicarlos

Gentlemen, the Night has been vaſtly favourable to me to indulge me the meeting with ſuch nobie Frenchmen

d' haver Lastima de mi pobre y misero; porque, de Dia, por todo el Thesauro del Mondo, no queria muestrar à la Gente mi Miseria: y, por esso, suplico à Vuessas Mercedes, que me alargan sus liberales y largas Manos Franceses.

as You are, in order to supplicate Your Worships to have Pity on my extreme Misery, which, in the Day-time, I would not, for the Treasure of both Indies, discover to the World: Wherefore, I humbly beseech ye, Gentlemen, let me taste of your Bounty, according to the innate Generosity of Frenchmen.

These are your secret, bashful Beggars; but in the Day-time you see these very Men strutting like a Crow in a Gutter: how it comes about I need not say, but they'll not be afraid to tell you,

Pesi à tal que somos Hydalgos come el Rey, Dineros menos.

In spite of Mr. Such-a-one, *they are as Good Gentlemen as the King himself, tho' not so Rich.*

Such Beggars are not like Seven or Eight I saw once at *Seville*, who, coming from the *Indies*, and having lost their Ship, being cast away at Sea, and with great Difficulty escaping with their Lives, they went up and down the Town, making known to the People their honourable Necessities, in the following Words;

Ea, Senores, tengan Vuessas Mercedes Lastima destos pobres Soldados, y Marineros, desbaratados y fatigados de la Mar y de la Hambre, veniendo de Tierras desiertas, comiendo Culebras y Lezardos, hasta las suelas de Zapatos cozidas: comandamos nos à la bu-

Good Gentlemen and Ladies, look with an Eye of Pity on us poor Soldiers and Sailors, battered, bruised and quite spent with Hunger and the Sea, coming from wild and desert Countries, where we were forced to eat Snakes, Lizards, and the very Soles of the Shoes, after boiling them

We

ena Gente que les hagan la Caridad al Nombre de Dios.

We humbly implore ye, good Gentry, to extend your Charity towards us, for the Love of God.

Another Soldier, complaining of his Poverty, said, That his Father had a very large Estate in his Time,

Mas, que los havia gastado, en Fiestas, Torneos, Regozijos, Juegos, Bayles, y Triumphos.

But had spent it in Feasts, Turnaments, Merry-Makings, Games, Sports, Balls and Triumphs.

I have heard an old *Spanish* Soldier say, that King *Francis*, when he was a Prisoner in *Spain*, was very carefully kept by six Companies of *Veteran Spanish* Soldiers, commanded by *Alarcon*, a famous Captain, in whom the Emperor reposed an entire Confidence, and that the said

Que el Rey Francisco, por su Passatiempo, accostumbrava sembrar adelante los Soldados de su Gardia los Escudos de Oro, con tanto menos precio de su Fortuna presente, que los Soldados accariciandolo, sobervia-mente y impiamente se quexaron de Dios, porque el Rey Francisco no era su Senor, para conquistar todo el Mondo, o porque ellos teniendo Licencia del Emperador, libres de Juramento, no combatian siendo el su Capitan: tanto que el Senor Don Alarcon, Capitan de su Gardia, fue forçado refrenar la Cor-

King Francis, *for his Diversion, used to fling among the Soldiers that kept him, Crown-pieces of Gold, for them to scramble for: Which was an Action the less prudent for the King to do, considering his then Condition, inasmuch as the Soldiers grew so fond of him, as proudly and impiously to murmur against God for not giving them King* Francis *for their King, in order to conquer the whole World; and that they were not discharged from the Emperor's Service and freed from their Oaths, that they might fight under King* Francis: *So that* Don Alarcon, *the Captain of*

tesia y Liberalidad del Rey, y la Familaridad de los Soldados:	*his Guard, was obliged to put a Stop to the King's being so Liberal and the Soldiers so Familiar*:

For, it would not have been long unattended with bad Consequences, the King's being so generous, and the Soldiers so bent on praising his Generosity, and not refusing it! Besides, they had seen Him in the Battle behave with the utmost Bravery, but they had neither seen nor heard any thing the Emperor had ever done; who, as I have elsewhere observed, began very late to learn the Military Art, and later still to practice it; so that the One was seasoned to it, while the Other was quite a Novice. Moreover, we can't but take Notice, that the *Spaniards* are naturally very covetous, and had much rather have their Enemy's Purse, with but a Couple of Crown-Pieces in it, or a small Ransom, than kill him, as in all the Wars wherein they've been engaged has manifestly appeared; for, take this for a Rule, the *Spaniards* Rob, and the *Germans* Kill.

A *Spaniard*, being minded to shew what great Power he had in the Town wherein he liv'd, said;

Està en Mano meter Moros en la Tierra, y puedo pregonar Vino, y vender Vinagre, y salirme con todo esso.	*It is in My Power to bring the* Moors *in here, to cry Wine, to sell Vinegar, and effectually to compass my Ends in all these several Undertakings.*

Here's a great Man for ye, that could do all this by his own Authority in the Place where he liv'd, and declare it too in such gallant and strong Terms!

Having observed before *, how insolent some *Spanish* Soldiers were in their Expressions towards the Emperor, it brings to my Mind a Passage I have met with in a *French* Book, and have heard it confirmed by Two *Veteran French* Troopers, *viz.* That *Antony*

* See Page 30, &c.

Antony de Leva, once in *Milan*, being hard put to it for Money to pay his Soldiers, both *Spanish* and *German*, and not knowing how to make Money, he bethought himself,

Que ninguno pudiesse cozer Pan, o tener Harina, en su Casa, sino los que avian arrentado, y à estos les hazia pagar por cada Carga tres Ducados de Derechos: con esta Moneda pagò abundamente los Tudescos y Espanoles.	*That No-body could bake any Bread, or have any Meal in their Houses, but those who Farmed that Privilege of the Government: So he made them pay for each Load Three Ducats by way of Duty: With which Money he abundantly pay'd the* Germans *and* Spaniards.

Which occasioned a Laugh among the *Spaniards*, who called the Emperor, in Mockery,

Emperador Carlos, Senor Fornero.	*Charles*, EMPEROR AND GENTLEMAN-BAKER.

But, however, the Laugh afterwards was turn'd against Them; for They were call'd,

Soldados de la *Pagnota.* *	*Oven-pay'd Soldiers.*

Which was, at that Time, the most provoking Name you could call them by, and the greatest Affront you could put upon them: And hence comes the first Derivation of the Words *Soldats de la Paignotte*, a Name which they afterwards went by in *Piedmont*.

But withal, we must not here omit to take Notice, that the Emperor *Charles*, some time afterwards, leaving his beloved *Spain*, and putting himself at the Head of his Army, produced so many and such fine Fruits of his innate Valour, that the *Spanish* Soldiers began to say, laughing, among themselves;

Juro à Dios, que agora no semos mas Soldados de	*By G—d, we are not now the Soldiers of the* Baker,

* From *Panis*, Bread.

l' Emperador Fornero, mas de l' Emperador Guerrero.	ker-*Emperor*, *but of the* Warrior-*Emperor*.

And certainly he was a Soldier, every Inch of him; nor did he think otherwise of himself, by his boasting as he did (on his Return from the *Gouletta*) at *Rome*, before his Holiness and the whole sacred College of Cardinals, where he set out King *Francis* in no very good Colours, and even threatened him, in the following Words;

Yo lo forçare, y metre a tal Punto de Guerra, que servira acabar el postrero Capitulo de los *Illustres Desdichados de Bocacio*:	*I'll work him to some Tune. I'll drive him so to the Wall, he shall be only fit to fill up the last Chapter of Boccace's* Illustrious Poor-Devils:

For *Boccace*, you must know, wrote a Book of the Greatness of some Grandees, and their Fall afterwards. This was a fine Rhodomontade, but it fail'd in the Execution: For, making an Irruption into *Provence*, he came home by Weeping-Cross. He was advised to this Expedition by his great Counsellor *Antony de Leva*, who was himself drawn into it by the Advice of the Prince de *Melphi*, an eminent Commander, who seeing that the Emperor, after the Taking of *Fossan*, was bending his March to *Turin* (a rare Morsel, had he pursued it) gave him Advice, by a Spy, under the Pretence of wishing well to the Emperor, that the best Thing he could do was, to direct his Designs towards *Provence*, and principally to fall upon *Marseilles* *, which he

* In 1536 *Charles* V. entered *Provence* with a powerful Army, where he lost above 30,000 Men, and where some Peasants, shut up in a Castle of *Muy*, in the Diocese of *Frejus*, stopped his Army, and had like to have killed him himself. He laid Siege to *Marseilles*, but to no Purpose, and was oblig'd to return by the *Alps*, without doing the least Thing in this shameful Enterprize. Some

he might easily do, there being no-body to make Head against him. *Antony de Leva*, seeing the Thing represented so feasible by the Prince above-named, contrary to the Opinion of every-body else, persuaded the Emperor to this Undertaking, which happening to miscarry, *Leva* laid it so to Heart, he dy'd of very Grief: And, indeed, he committed a gross Error in taking Advice of his Enemy *.

The Reverse of this Conduct was that of *Assanages*, a *Spanish* Renegado, whom *Barbarosa* had left in *Algiers*, to command there as his Lieutenant and Governor thereof, when the Emperor besieged it. This latter sent to summons him, or rather to advise and remonstrate to him, that he could not do a better Thing, than (instead of abiding the Fury of a Siege) to surrender the Town without any more ado, or any further Ceremony; he returned for Answer,

Nunca peor Cosa fue, que tomar Consejo de su Enemigo. Que si me consejarades de no render la Tierra, yo la renderia; mas, pues que, come Enemigo, me consejays de la	*There never was a worse Thing, nor could be, than to follow the Counsel of an Enemy. Had you advised me, not to surrender this Town, I might have surrendered it; but since, being*

Some Authors say, That *Antony de Leva*, fell on his Knees to the Emperor, to dissuade him from marching into *Provence*. Others affirm, That, relying upon some Predictions which had been made to him, that *Charles* V. should be King of *France*, he pressed him to undertake this War. He would say openly, That for His own Part, he should die at *Paris*, and be buried at *St. Denis*, among our (the *French*) Kings. This was Part of the Prediction, and it proved true in some Measure; for *Charles* V. being driven out of *Provence*, as hath been said before, and laying the Blame on our *Antony*, who had advised him to it, this Reproof and Miscarriage of the Thing together broke his Heart soon after; and tho' he was not buried at *St. Denis* in *France*, yet he was buried at *St. Denis* in *Milan*: And in that Point the Prediction was verify'd.

* See Discourse X. of Foreign Captains,

render, yo no quiero quitarla.

ing an Enemy, you advise me to surrender it, I will not quit it :

Asking them, withal, *How, and by what Means, they, who were so very sanguine upon the Matter, thought to take him, or to do him so much Mischief as they threatned? With such Numbers of Men and Warlike Necessaries as we have?* said they. *And I* (said he) *have the same here, and as many Necessaries as will enable me to defend the Place against you.* Here was a Renegado for you, and an Eunuch withal!

He was highly in the Right to speak so well, and to act still better; which ought to serve, both for a Precept and an Example, to a great many Commanders of Places, not to give way to the inveigling Messages, and smooth Cajoleries, sent them by those Without, to prevail upon them to Surrender. They must stop their Ears against them, as they would to the Singing of the Syrens; for if they ever so little slide, or slip, into the Counsel of their Enemy, they're undone and disgraced for ever. Thus I knew a certain Gentleman, who commanding in a Castle of *Guyenne*, the strongest that ever was, being of the Hugonot Party, after the Battle of *Mont-contour*, had a Gentleman, a Relation of his, sent to him to summon him and preach to him, and who ply'd him so well, that, to his great Shame and Dishonour, he yielded up the Place upon that single Summons and Advice. A Place so strong, that five Years after, being in the same Condition, tho' it was attack'd by a Great Prince, a Lieutenant of the King's, it held out three Months before it surrendered; nor did it yield then without the utmost Difficulty and upon honourable and advantageous Terms; which was a very great Blot in the aforesaid Gentleman's Scutcheon, of whom it was said, by way of Laugh, that the Reason which made him so easily surrender, was not *the Want of Ammunition or Provision, for he had enough*

of

of Both, but because he had not Mustard to eat with his Salt-Beef.

I am afraid I have wandered a little from my first Design; but I am now returning to it again; and I hope this Digression will carry its own Excuse with it, not being either unseasonable, or unuseful; besides, I might, at another Time, have forgot it.

The Marquess de *Pescayra*, besieging a Place, call'd, *Pizighitone*, in the Dutchy of *Milan*, there were within it,

Tres Harquebuseros excellentissimos Deffensores, puestos en mira de un Lugar segreto del Muro, tenian Ojo si verrian parescer algun Espanol en quien desarmassen los Harquebuzes prestamente con Tiros ciertos; assi fue, que aviendo caydo muertos subitamente muy maltratados el Capitan Busto y el Capitan Mercado, assestando ya el Tercero diligentemente contra el Marques de Pescayra, y queriendo dar Fuego à su Harquebuz, de presto un Capitan de Pavia, llamado el Fratin, hechando la mano, le quitò la Mecha encendida gridando à grandes Voces: *No quiera Dios, que por nuestra Crueldad, muera el mas esforçado Capitan, que vive, el Padre de los Soldados, y que nos mantiene, aunque*

Three excellent Harquebusiers, who being posted in a certain private Place in the Wall, were looking-out if they could not espy some Spaniard *at whom they might discharge their Pieces without missing: And having in this Manner shot down the Captain's* Busto *and* Mercado, *and laid them dead on the Spot, the Third levelling his Piece at the Marquess* de Pescayra, *and just going to fire it off, on a sudden, a Captain of* Pavia, *named* Fratin, *snatched away the lighted Match out of his Hand, saying,* God forbid that, thro' our Cruelty, should perish so valiant a Captain, who is the Father of his own Soldiers, and maintains Us likewise, tho' we are his Enemies. On the contrary, let us preserve his Life, that he

le semos Ennemigos ; mas antes le conservemos la Vida, porque los otros que vivimos ganado Suelto, no muriamos de Hambre en una Paz negligente y perezosa.

may live for the Advantage of us Soldiers, and that we may not be starved with Hunger amidst a dull, unactive, and slothful Peace.

And thus he saved the Marquess's Life. He had good Reason to speak in this Manner; for, as an Enemy to Peace, and a Friend to War and Ambition, he always found his Enemies Business to get their Bread by.

And for the same Reason, when Marshal *Strozzi* was saluted, one Morning, by a Couple of Fryars, who said to him;

Dio vi donna la Pace.	*God give you Peace:*
He answered them,	
Et Dio vi tolga el Purgatorio,	*And God take Purgatory from You.*

As much as if he had said, *If you wish me the Curse of Peace, I wish you the Curse of being deprived of Purgatory:* For, as the one lived by War, so liv'd the other by the Perquisites arising from the Praying of Souls out of *Purgatory:* So that was Tit for Tat.

And certainly 'twas well done of Captain *Fratin* to save the Life of a General, so warlike and ambitious; for he loved Peace and Repose as little as the Soldiers themselves.

When that great Captain, the late M. *de Guise*, *Francis* of *Lorain* *, died at *Orleans*, immediately after his Death, a Peace being made, I saw Numbers of

* *Francis de Lorain*, the Second Duke of *Guise*, defended *Metz* against *Charles* V. took *Calais* from the *English*, won the Battle of *Dreux*, and was kill'd at the Siege of *Orleans*, in 1553, by a Musquet Shot, from *John Poltrot*, a *Hugonot*. The *Guises* are a younger Branch of the *Lorain* Family. *Guise* is a Town Dutchy and Castle in *Pieardy*, coming to this Family, by the Women. It was, at first, a County, and erected into a Dutchy by *Francis I.*

of Soldiers of both Parties, lament him grievously, as having lost their Foster-Father: Nay, I can safely aver, I saw several Hugonot Soldiers, who were then at *Orleans*, bewail him as much, if not more, than the others; forasmuch as the Generality of 'em were old Soldiers, and had fought under him in the late Wars abroad; for the *Hugonots*, in this War, had carried off with them the fairest and first Flight of the Veteran Soldiers; as they were beforehand with us, they provided themselves first. These *Veterans* loved and honoured him exceedingly; and, indeed, they knew not where else to take Party, or get Pay, and would have remained quite fallow; not like those of the King, who were many of them put upon an Establishment, and several Companies sent into Garrisons: And thus was this Captain miss'd and bemoaned by the Enemy's Soldiers as well as his own; for, to say Truth, the Soldier cares not in what Corner the Wind sits, as to the Right, or the Might, of a War, but which way it is most likely to blow him any Good: And whoever opens to him the Way to get Bread, he is his Father. And therefore it is not in the least to be doubted, but that, if the late M. de *Guise* had not been kill'd, tho' the Peace had been made, he would have carried the War into *England*, where he had very great Designs: And therefore these Soldiers would often say, that, so long as He lived, they should never be destitute; which is most certainly true. A Great General had it frequently in his Mouth, that *a Soldier without a War, is a Chimny without a Fire in Summer*.

As for the Joke of *Purgatory*, it is very certain, that the Business, Authority and Prerogatives of it, are absolutely appropriated to Churchmen; and this was confirmed by Pope *Alexander Borgia*, a *Spaniard*, to whom, when some Cardinals were one Day complaining of a great Fault a Painter of his had been guilty of,

who had made a lively Picture of *Hell*, and had painted his Holiness therein to the Life: Adding, That either he ought to be punished, or made to blot it out of the Picture, his Holiness answered 'em very gravely;

Ciertamente, no tengo yo poder para quitar à nadie del Infierno; à estar en el Purgatorio, bien lo pudiera yo hazer.	*It is most certain that I have no Power to take any Person out of Hell. Had it been Purgatory I could have done it with all the Ease in the World.**

I have heard a *Spanish* Monk relate this Story just as I give it: I could likewise shew it printed in a Book of good Authority. This Pope was noted for smart Sayings, but I shall take no Notice of any more of them here.

Don *Louis de Avilla*, being besieged in the Citadel of *Antwerp*, intending to sally out and force the Entrenchments of the Town, among other fine Expressions, used the following Words to his Men;

Ea, Soldados, es menester muestrar en este Lugar su Virtud, come en muy affamado Theatro de las Cosas de Guerra.	*On with Courage, my Lads! 'tis here you must shew what you can do, as on the most famous Theatre of War.*

Before the Battle of *Pavia*, the Marquess *de Pescayra* said to the Marquess *del Guast*, as he gave out his Orders to him;

Con Gesto severo y animoso, pero alegre, primo es menester de ganar este Lugar de Mirabel, con vuestra Virtud,	*With a stern and animated Voice, mix'd, however, with a chearful and, indeed, a joyful Demeanor, you must, in the first Place make*

* This Painter was *Michael-Angelo Buonaroti*, sufficiently known for the excellent Works of Painting and Sculpture he has left to Posterity. The Picture, here meant, is the *Last Judgment*, which is still to be seen at *Rome*, in the *Vatican*, in the *Pauline* Chapel, which was entirely painted by him.

haziendo todo su Esfuerço: que si las Manos, loqual Dios no quiera, no bastaren contra el Enemigo tantas vezes vencido, hazed que los Cuerpos muriendo con mucha Honra loqual deven, los Animos valorosos, vengandose del Enemigo, se satis-hagan noblemente.

make yourself Master of that Village of Mirabel, *at any Rate, exerting, if possible, more than your usual Courage: so that if our Hands (which God forbid) shou'd prove too feeble against Enemies so often vanquish'd, our Bodies at least may fall with the Honour that becomes 'em, and fully answer the valorous Calls of their Courage, by taking a noble Revenge on the Enemy.*

This Battle being lost to us, it was the Discourse, among the *Spaniards*, That his Majesty (*Francis* I) being taken Prisoner, and the Marquess *del Gouast*, on his Return from the Pursuit of some *Swiss*, being informed thereof, came on the Field of Battle and saluted his Majesty with very great Honour and Respect, and put away a Crowd of Soldiers that swarm'd about the King from all Parts, and were very troublesome to him: and that this Marquess, after using all the fine Arguments he could think of, to alleviate the King's Misfortune, particularly representing how good a Prince the Emperor was, the King answer'd him in these very remarkable and most beautiful Expressions, which I wonder our *French* Writers have never taken the least Notice of, and that we must borrow them from Abroad and be beholden to Strangers for them. I will first recite 'em in *Spanish*.

Yo havia determinado, muriendo honradamente con los Armados, librar mi Animo desta tan gran Aspereza de mis Cosas, por no quedar vivo, despues

I fully resolv'd, by dying honourably in Arms, to free myself from so great a Load of Affliction as I felt at seeing so many brave Subjects lying dead around me. But Fortune

de aver muerto tantos Capitanes mios muy esclarecidos: pero la Fortuna que ya de mucho tiempo es asperissima, y a gran tuerto muy Enemiga à nuestro Nombre, por gardar la Vida à mi Pesar para un Espetaculo de Escarnio y Burla, no ha querido que yo muriesse Muerto muy honrada. A lo menos, con solo esto consolarè a mi mismo accordando me de una tan gran Perdida que de oy adelante no temerè yo mas ningu a Injuria ny Fuerça de Fortuna; porque haviendo sido ella crudelissima siempre y furiosa y nunca jamas abundantamente harta por tantas Desaventuras, agora finalmente aura pagado el Resto de su Odio en esto publico Lloro de toda la Francia, y postrera Perdida mia por Caso de tan Grande Desaventura.

Fortune, who for a long time has most cruelly persecuted me, has, much against my Will, preserv'd my Life in order to make me a Spectacle of publick Mockery and Derision. However, tho' I cou'd not meet with an honourable Death, I shall have this Comfort left, that, continually having in Remembrance and setting before my Eyes so great a Loss, I shall never, from this Time forward, be afraid of any Injury Fortune can do me, because as she has always made me the Butt of her Fury, so she has fill'd up the Measure of her unjust Hatred, and taken her Fill of Vengeance by this last Blow, and by the universal Lamentation and Mourning it will occasion to all France.

This was a brave Resolution, and well-exprest, of a magnanimous King, never to value or trouble his Head about Fortune any more, since she had spit her utmost Venom at him in this mighty Disaster. The Soldiers about the King were so mov'd by these Words, that they cou'd not refrain from weeping, nor cease admiring so Great a King. This was the common Discourse of the *Spaniards* themselves.

have

I have turn'd into *French* the above *Spanish* Words, and not the rest; for it is to be suppos'd the King utter'd them all in *French*, and that the *Spaniards* translated them into Their Tongue.

And here it may not be improper to observe, that tho' this Great King spoke Variety of Languages, *viz.* *Latin*, *Spanish*, and *Italian*, he always held his own Tongue in such Esteem, that he preferr'd it to all others, and wou'd never leave it in the Rear, to make Way for any Foreign one to march first. And now I'm upon this Subject, I shall add an Observation of the late M. *Lansac*, that it is at all times better, more becoming and graver, when a King is discoursing of high Matters before Foreigners, and even his Equals, *viz.* other Kings and Princes, that he speak his own native Tongue, without lessening himself by condescending to speak that of his Companion, and thereby acting as it were the mean Part of an Interpreter to him.

The Emperor (*Charles* Vth) gave a notable Example of this, when he was at *Rome*, and spoke before the Pope, the Cardinals, and the Ambassadors, and carry'd it so lofty on account of his late Victory at *Tunis* and the *Goulette*. There were present two of our King's Ambassadors; one to his Holiness, the other to his Cæsarian Majesty, who beseech'd him not to speak *Spanish*, but some intelligible Tongue. He made Answer to the Bishop of *Macon*, as the Principal, because of the Rank and Character he bore to his Holiness, and his taking place of M. *de Velly*, who was Ambassador to his Majesty; the Emperor, I say, reply'd with a certain disdainful Air:

Senor Obispo, entiende me, si quisiredes; y no esperays de mi otras Palabras que de mi Lingua Hespanola, la qual es tan noble, que merece ser	*My Lord Bishop, understand me, if you please; and expect not from me any Words but of my* Spanish *Tongue, which is so noble and so fine, that it deserves*

to

sabida y entendida de toda la Gente Christiana. *to be known and understood by all Christendom.*

The Emperor had a further Design in this: for, if he had had a mind to't, he cou'd have spoke very well in the *French* or *Italian* Tongue in the Place and Country he was in; nay, the *German*, and *Flemish*, his Mother-tongue, had there been Occasion; but he had a mind to puzzle them: for he was Master of all the above Languages; but he wou'd speak no other but the *Spanish*, possibly to spite those Gentlemen-Ambassadors, and some of the *French* Cardinals and other Partizans of the King; or else he might do it out of a contemptuous Pride or Ostentation, to do the greater Honour to his own Tongue, for the *Spanish* is a hectoring, domineering Language, and very proper for venting Menaces and throwing out lofty indignant and threatning Bravadoes. The Ambassador was much to blame on this Occasion: for he shou'd have let him talk, and after he had giv'n him the Hearing, he shou'd have paid him in the same sort of Coin, and have made his Answer in *French*, without discovering his Ignorance; but perhaps he did not understand what the Emperor said in his *Spaniolized* Speech—And I'm apt to believe so, because of the Oversights he and his Partner committed, and which did no little Prejudice to the King's Affairs at the Court of *Rome*. I have given a sufficient Account thereof in my Discourse of that Great King *.

Thus you see how much these Ambassadors, and Others in the like Posts are to blame, and what a Shame it is for Them, not to learn the Languages in order to make use of them upon such an Occasion as this; and thereby they shew themselves great Calves, who can speak none but the Language of their Calf-Country, and are like a certain Bishop of *France* who went to the last Council of *Trent*, without Money

* See Discourse XLV.

Money or *Latin*, and return'd just the same as he went. Was not this embarking without Biscuit, and returning so too? What a Devil can these Men be doing, who have no Exercise more honourable for them than Studying, and yet are acquainted with no Language but their own? For as to the *Latin* Tongue, most of those of the late Times knew nothing of the matter; the others knew but little more than the *Latin* of their Mass-books, if that deserves to be call'd *Latin*. Some indeed there were who cou'd speak it well, but those Birds were rarely to be seen: such as Cardinal *du Bellay*, when he harangued Pope *Clement*, in the room of *Poyet*, who play'd the Fool, and had lost the Honour of his Country, had it not been for that great Cardinal who retriev'd all. As for the present Times, our Prelates have thought better of it, and begin to unsheathe the *Latin* and to fence with it; thanks to the *Hugonots*, who have made war upon 'em so long; they have taught 'em to be Soldiers. What will you say of a certain Ambassador whom I was acquainted with? who, after he had resided six Years in *Spain*, came home as much a Novice in the *Spanish* Tongue as when he first set out: they compar'd him to *Madam de Brienne's Parrot, which liv'd twenty Years in a Cage and cou'd never learn to speak so much as a single Word:* an old Proverb in the Reign of our late Kings, *Francis* and *Henry*, and was used to be apply'd at Court to such as had never learnt any Thing, nor could say any Thing.

But to go on where I left off—— M. *de Lansac* urged, It was absolutely necessary for an Ambassador to understand and speak as many Languages as possible, to make use of them as Occasion requir'd wherever he shou'd happen to be, especially the *Spanish*, *Latin*, *French* and *Italian:* for as to the others they are very difficult to master, and for that Reason may be dispens'd with; but for the four just

 menti-

mentioned, Men vested with public Character, are highly to be blamed, if they ha'n't 'em at their Fingers Ends, as the Saying is, as well for common Uses as for State-Affairs, and other great and honourable Occasions; nay, sometimes, for Ostentation and Parade alone, and to let the World see what they can do.

As for your Kings and Princes, they ought always to honour their own native Language principally, and reserve the Foreign Ones for Mottos, Devises, Apophthegms, short and pithy Sentences, Maxims, Repartees, Witty Conceits, and the like, to shew that they understand more Languages than their own. Thus acted our Great King *Francis*, who in weighty Affairs never wou'd lay aside, or depart from his own fine *French* Speech, and spoke no other before Pope *Clement*, Pope *Paul*, at *Marseilles*, at *Nice*, and with the Emperor *Charles* when he pass'd thro' *France*. The Queen of *Navarre*, his Sister, that learned and eloquent Lady, tho' she cou'd speak both good *Spanish* and good *Italian*, wou'd constantly keep to her native Tongue, in Things of Consequence; but in Matters of Mirth and Gallantry, she wou'd intersperse her Discourse with other Languages, to shew that she knew more than her *Daily Bread*, as the old Saying is. Our great King *Henry* * spoke *Spanish* as well as any Man in his Kingdom, having been in the Cage in *Spain* (as a Hostage) long enough to learn it; yet he wou'd never use any other Language but the *French* whenever he spoke with *Spaniards*, especially upon Business of Importance: but as for Jesting or telling a merry Story, he wou'd do it in *Spanish*, and with an admirable Grace too. The Queen his Wife, and Mother of our Kings**, very rarely makes use of her own (*Italian*) Tongue when she

* *Henry* II.

** *Francis* II. *Charles* IX. and *Henry* III. all three Brothers; who succeeded in turn, to *Henry* II.

she speaks with those of her Nation on Business of any Consequence, and this she does for the Honour of the Kingdom, to which she owes her Grandeur and Good-Fortune. The Queen *Margaret* her Daughter, tho' she understands the *Italian* and *Spanish* Tongue, and speaks 'em as fluently and as elegantly as if she had been born and liv'd in *Italy* and *Spain* all her Life-time, follows the same Rule in Affairs of Moment: but in Things of Mirth and Pleasantry, she uses the *Spanish* and *Italian* Tongues as readily as her own, and expresses herself with as much Wit, and Humour, as any of the *Spaniards* or *Italians* themselves. As for us little Folks, if we understand those Languages, we shou'd be always practising them, in order to make ourselves perfect in 'em, that we mayn't be laught at for our Blunders. But if we acquit ourselves well in them, we are the more belov'd, honour'd and esteem'd for it both by Gentle and Simple, by Little and Great Folks; as was my own Case when I was in *Spain*, where the King shew'd a much greater Regard to me when he heard me speak his Tongue, and was not a little fond of my Company. An Honour which I'm too proud of to pass over in Silence.

I cou'd lengthen out the above Discourse about Languages, had I the Capacity and Eloquence of the said M. *Lansac*, to whom I am beholden for the greatest part of it; for he had great Knowledge in such Matters, as having been employ'd almost his whole Life-time in Embassies, in several Foreign Countries.—But to return to the Subject of Rhodomontades.

When *Henry* the IId. laid Siege to the Town of *Dinant*, he caus'd it to be so furiously batter'd, that those within, to avoid their total Ruin by standing a general Assault, thought it advisable to dispatch away to his Majesty a Captain of the Citadel, and a Captain of the Town, to enter upon a Parley about

surrendering the Place. The Terms granted to the Besieged, were, That they shou'd leave behind them all the Artillery, and march out with Sword and Dagger, but no other Arms whatever. This being made known to *Julian Romero*, who had a Company of natural-born *Spaniards* in the Place, he thought it very strange and hard to quit the Place without their whole Arms: and, thinking to prevail on Monsieur the Constable to grant them more honourable Terms, he waited on him, and address'd him very gravely, and not a little haughtily, in the following Words:

Monsenor, si asi es, que de todas las Artes no ay mejor Juez que los mesmos Officiales, pues que no ay Senor ny Capitan, que mejor tratado y praticado las Armas come V. Excellencia, yo espero tanto en ella que las favorescera hoy de todo su Poder, hazia nos otros Soldados Espanoles, recogiendonos, y nos tratando, no come vencidos, mas segun nuestra Valor y Virtued; la qual, in quanto à mi toca e querido confidar en la suerte dudosa de una Pelea singular y Desafio, algunos anos ay, a *Fontaincbleau*, adelante la Majestad Real del Rey *Francesco*, mas presto que padescer alguna Deshonra y Afrenta, y hazer Cosa poca degna

My Lord, if it be true, that there are no better Judges of any Art than the Artist himself, and since there's no Lord or Captain that has better handled, or more practised Arms than your Excellency, I hope you will this Day favour the Cause of Arms to the utmost of your Power, with Regard to us Spanish *Soldiers, by treating us not as vanquish'd Men, but according to our Valour and Courage; which, for my own Particular, I chose, some Years ago, at* Fontainbleau *in Presence of King* Francis, *to trust to the doubtful Chance of single Combat, rather than suffer any Dishonour or Affront; cherishing my Honour more than my Blood, or my Life, which I have always chearfully*

de Soldado, y Humbre honrado, teniendo mas querida mi Honra que mi sangre y mi Vida, laqual siempre de buen Animo he empleado en tantos millares de Pelligros, passando y repassando tantos Tierras y Mares, y solo esto para ganar Gloria y Loor, en que Fortuna, amiga de los Bravos y Valientes, m' a tan agradescida, que me puedo nombrar entre los que ganaron algo por sus Esfuerços y Proessas; por mi Soberano Bien, del qual me puedo alabar y avantagar, Siendo las Armes el Cumbre de mi Todo, y el Fondo de mi Nada; de las quales desseo mas la Gardia y Conservacion que de todasCosas, las quales Armas teniendo perdidas, quiero que la Gente tenga de mi en poca Estima; y si tal es mi Desdicha de nos las quitar, queremos mas presto todos nos otros, come desperados, que si nos faltan los Remos, nos ayudar de las Velas, y combatir hasta à morir, y mostrar por Desesperacion que mas presto queremos morir

fully employed in so many thousand Dangers, passing and repassing so many Seas and Lands, purely to gain Glory and Renown; wherein Fortune, a Friend to the Brave and the Bold, has so much favour'd me, that I can reckon myself among those who have gain'd Something by their Efforts and their Prowess, which is to me the Summum Bonum, *the Supreme Happiness in which I hug and applaud myself; Arms being the Superstructure of all I have, and the Foundation of all I have not; and the Preservation and keeping of those Arms more dear to me than all Things. If I must lose them, may the whole World despise me; and if such a Misfortune shou'd happen, and we shou'd be forc'd to abondon them, we rather chuse, every Man of us, like Men in Despair, if the Oars fail us, to help ourselves with the Sails, and fight till we die, and thereby shew by our resolute Behaviour, That we had rather meet Death, with our Arms in our Hands, than without them to save our Lives like pusillanimous*

faint

con las Armas en las Manos, que ſalvarnos ſin ellas come Soldados vellacos. Por eſſo, Monſenor, yo y mis Companeros, ſuplicamos ſa ſagra Majeſtad, que nos dexe yr y ſalgar con tan condicion y Partido noble y generoſo y ſe contiente deſta Tierra, laqual tantos Grandes y Principes faltaron de tomar otras vezes; y nos haziendo eſta Merced, juſtamente ſe podra llamar el Rey Auguſto Vencidor par tal illuſtre Tratamiento hecho à Valientes Soldados vencidos, no por falta de Coraçon y Animo, mas por mala Suerte.

faint-hearted Cowards. And therefore, my Lord, I and my Companions beſeech his Majeſty to let us march out with this honourable and noble Condidition, and to content himſelf with this Town, before which ſo many, and ſuch Great Men have miſcarry'd heretofore: and his Majeſty by granting us this Favour, may juſtly call himſelf an auguſt and victorious King, having ſo generouſly treated valiant Soldiers, rather vanquiſh'd by their Ill-Fortune, than their want of Courage and Reſolution.

To theſe Words, which were indeed too preſumptuous for a conquer'd Man, anſwer'd the Conſtable*, who cou'd not endure your bouncing Fellows, and knew how to cut their Combs for 'em as well as any Man living, when he went about it, as I have often ſeen him do, myſelf: *Captain, my good Friend, I ſhou'd highly eſteem you, if your Strength and Power were anſwerable to your Speech and Good-will, which you ſo plainly diſcover to me. But, I ſee, you either don't know your*

* The High Conſtable of *France*. The firſt Military Officer of the Crown of *France*. This Office has been aboliſh'd ever ſince the Year 1627. In very remote Times, *viz.* In the Reigns of the firſt King of *France*, the *Conſtable's* Buſineſs related only to the King's Horſes and *Stables*: they were called in *Latin*, *Comites Stabuli*; thence *Conſtable*, or *Conneſtable*, as the *French* ſpell it.

*your Fortune and the Case you are in, or make as if you did not know it. You are, it seems, for making new Rules of War: you are for having the Vanquish'd give the Law to the Vanquisher: you are for reserving to yourself the Advantage of carrying off your Arms, not only from me, who know their full Value, but from the King, young and courageous, and present at this Siege; a King who won't yield to You (who are no more to be compar'd to him than the lowest dirtiest Hole on Earth, is to the highest brightest Heaven) He yield to You! did I say? No, nor to the greatest Prince in the World. Besides, your Demand is a Contradiction: you are inconsistent with yourself; for at the same Time that you make Our King so Great (who, by the way, is universally known to be so, without your saying it) you expect to carry your Point over him, and to bear away the Honour of a Thing which he values above all Things in the World: in plain Terms, as Great a Prince as he is, you won'd have it be understood, That you are not Inferior to him, by the Circumstance of keeping your Arms and prevailing in the Point of Honour. Indeed, sweet Sir, I love you for that: and to be sure, 'tis very fit the Captor shou'd be the Captive, and the Conqueror the Conquered; and that he who makes Land and Sea tremble, shou'd yield in Reputation of Arms to such a (Whores) Bird as you *!— Now, to tell you a piece of my Mind. The only Favour that can be expected by, or done to the Unfortunate, is to put 'em out of their Pain, and tell 'em at once their Misfortune. Wherefore, the best News I can acquaint you with, is, That if you don't instantly accept of the Composition I have offer'd you, you must be gone this Minute: for, before it strikes Three, I shall have taken you by Storm, and will not give you Time to change your Mind: and be assur'd, that if you escape the Sword, the Halter will meet with you, to teach you*

* A un tel Oyseau que Vous. Strictly: such a Bird as you, or, a Bird of your Feather.

you to capitulate with him who holds your Life and Death in his Hands.

This was the Constable's Answer, and worthy it was of such a Commander, and may be call'd, the *giving a Man a Rowland for his Oliver.* The *Spanish* Captain was so amaz'd at this Answer, that, biting of the Bit inwardly, he earnestly begg'd that at least He and Twelve more might march out with their Arms. Mean-while the Constable, by a Stratagem, gave the other *Spaniards* to know, that *Romero* pleaded no longer for Them, but for Himself and a Dozen more of his own chusing, leaving the Rest in the Lurch at the Mercy of the Sword. Which these latter no sooner understood, but they suddenly agreed to the same Capitulation, as the *Germans* and *Flemings*, and so march'd out all Together, and *Romero* was left behind a Prisoner, at which he was ready to run mad with Rage and Despair.

I had this Story from some of our *Frenchmen*, who were at that Siege, and from *Julian Romero* himself, who told it me, better than I tell it, when we went to *Malta*, as we were ent'ring the *Fare* of *Messina.* I remember very well we saw behind us Fifteen Gallies of *Sicily*, sailing amain before the Wind, with the Bastard on board, who, in the Twinkling of an Eye (tho' we were a good deal a Head of 'em, and were just at *Messina*) came up with our poor little Frigates, a Dozen or Thirteen in Number. For we were no sooner in Port and had landed, but they did the same. These Gallies came from the *Gouletta* to fetch Ammunition, Provision and Soldiers, on Account of the Grand Signior's threat'ning a Descent either at *Malta* or the *Gouletta.* Among the Gentlemen Soldiers of the *Spanish* Nation, who were in these Gallies, was the fore-nam'd *Julian Romero*, who, upon Inquiry, finding we were *Frenchmen*, came and very courteously saluted us, that is, *Messieurs Strozzi*, *Brissac* and myself,

myſelf, and ſome others: Mean-time, while we had ſent into the City to look for Lodgings, we kept walking about the Fine Fountain, near the *Haven*, and *Romero* directing his Diſcourſe to me (there being no other that cou'd ſpeak *Spaniſh*) he ask'd me what News from *France*, and how the Conſtable did in his old Age? Upon my telling him All was well, he rejoyc'd not a little at it, and then went on in the Conſtable's Praiſe, and how he had once put him in ſuch a Panic as he nad never been in before in the whole Courſe of his Life; and gave me the preceeding Relation in a very agreeable Manner; for no one was more Eloquent, in a ſoldierly Way. Moreover he told me he was very apprehenſive of his Life being in danger, from the King and the Conſtables threat'ning him and reproaching him, That after he had receiv'd from King *Francis* ſo great an Honour as to be allow'd a ſingle Combat within the Liſts, and in the King's Preſence too, without being thankful for ſo great a Favour, he went off Voluntarily into the King of *England*'s Service in the War of *Bologne*, there being at that Time a Truce between the Emperor and his Chriſtian Majeſty; but he told me his Reaſons for it, and that the Emperor was angry at his chuſing to fight the Duel in *France*. Notwithſtanding this, he ſaid he run the Risk of his Life, for that the Conſtable was very ſevere in ſuch Things.

This Duel was the Origin of Seigneur *Julian*'s Reputation, tho' there was nothing remarkable in it, as I have heard ſeveral Gentlemen and others ſay, who are ſtill living. It was more Matter of Laughter and Deriſion than any thing elſe; inſomuch that the King, out of Indignation, threw the Batoon preſently: For, inſtead of Fighting it out valiantly, and to the utmoſt, *Julian*'s Antagoniſt, tho' Fortune in the Beginning pretty much favoured him, more

than she did *Julian*, began to cry out, and three Times repeated the Words;

No te quiero, Senor Juliano. — *I don't like you, Signior* Juliano.

And thence arose the Proverb which, for a long Time, ran about at Court, and thro' the whole Kingdom; *I don't like you, Signior* Juliano, whenever they spoke of any-body that declined a Dispute (or *fled the Pit*, as we say). *Julian*'s Honour, however, suffered no Prejudice by it; nay, it served him all the remaining Part of his Life for Matter of Triumph, and was a great Help and Advantage to him, with other noble Adventures which he run through in the Wars, for his Emperor and King, in whose Service, at last, he died in the Bed of Honour in *Flanders*.

Before I make an End, I shall say one Thing, which is, That all gallant Men, Cavaliers and Captains, ought, in my Opinion, maturely to weigh and consider the above-recited Answer of the Constable; for there's not a single *Word* but carries a *Sentence* in it, and a Piece of Advice highly necessary for them to take Notice of, nay, even the swaggering Part, as he had to do with a Swaggerer. Which brings to my Mind a little Story, *viz.* That when we went to *Malta*, and setting out from *Messina* with our Frigates, we put up at a little Town between *Messina* and *Saragossa*, call'd *Catanea*: Where, it is said, the Foundation and Projection of the *Sicilian Vespers* * was first formed and laid. Arriving there, the

* A General Massacre of the *French*, made on a sudden, and throughout *Sicily* (whereof they were over-insolent Masters) by the incensed Islanders on *Easter-Day* (Anno 1282) and about 5 o' Clock in the Afternoon; that is, about Evening-Prayer, or Vespers. From this Historical Fact, 'tis grown a Common Saying, *viz.* The *Sicilian* Even-Song; that is, Mischiefs done, or Death inflicted, in a Place, and Time, of imagined Security. See *Howel's Cotgrave*.

the Towns-People had ſhut their Gates, and made a Difficulty of letting us enter in. There was among us a Captain of *Provence*, who, deſirous to act the Buſy-Body becauſe he could ſpeak a little broken balderdaſh *Spaniſh*, went and preſented himſelf at the Gate, and demanded Entrance, more in a Hectoring Way than a Civil one, as if it was a Matter of Right, and not a Favour. Upon which a *Spaniſh* Soldier, none of the moſt patient ones, coming forward, puſhed the ſaid Captain roughly from the Gate: who, thereupon, asked him;

Soldado, que quereys hazer?	*What d'ye mean, Soldier?*

The other, briſtling up to him, anſwered;

Te tratar de Bravo, porque hazeys del Bravo. Vaya ſe: apartad os d' aqui: y acuerdeſe de las Viſperas Sicilianas:	*To treat you like a Bully, ſince you play the Bully. Away—Begone—Remember the* Sicilian Veſpers:

There was a young *French* Gentleman who ſpoke very good *Spaniſh*, whom I ſhall not name becauſe of his Modeſty, who broke Silence, in admirable *Spaniſh*. Him, as ſoon as the Soldier had heard, he quitted all and came running to him, full of Joy, and told him;

Boto a Dios, que tal Hablar plaze:	*O my God! What a Pleaſure 'tis to hear You ſpeak!*

And then turning to the other,

Apartad os daqui, Barragoino, no quiero hablar con vos; yo hablo con eſte Cavallero muy gentil Hablador:	*Go along—away with your Jargon—your Pedler's* Spaniſh *and you—I'll not change a Word with ye; but I'll talk with this Gentleman who ſpeaks ſo agreeably*:

Then coming to him, he embraced him after the Manner of Soldiers, and diſcourſed a good deal

about our Journey and Passage, and then they went and took a Supper together, which our *French* Gentleman gave him, and the other accepted of chearfully. For these *Spanish* Gentry love Good-Eating as much as We do, but it must not be at their own Expence, for, otherwise, they'll suffer themselves to Die with Hunger. Our other Man retir'd, for the Thing began to be nois'd abroad. However, it went off. And as there are always People of two Sorts, some courteous, others discourteous, they let us enter very civilly, and live and lodge there for our Money.

And here I can't omit a Thing which happened to myself once at *Paris*, at the Beginning of our first Wars. The Troops being gone to *Estampes* to incamp, I having sent my Retinue before, and being taken up at *Paris* about some Affairs, or Love-Intrigue rather, I took Post to go to the Army at *Estampes*. There were three of us, one Man of my own, myself and the Post-boy. Being between the two Gates of St. *James*, I was encountered by a very numerous Guard, who were very strict at that Time, and among them a tall lusty Fellow from the Quarter of St. *James*, with a huge Beard and a Cuirasse, who very rudely stopp'd my Guide, and laid hold on his Horse's Bridle. I went forward and called aloud; *'Sdeath! You Man with your great Beard, what is't you mean?* He instantly made up to me, and presenting the Point of his Halbard at me: *'Sdeath! You Man with your No-Beard; I mean to stop you. Where's your Passport? Don't ye know the Order that's made, not to go out of the Town without a Passport from the Prevost* des Marchands? On a sudden I saw myself surrounded with a hundred Swords-Points, Pikes, and Halbards. I was to produce my Passport, which I did (for I had it about me) and told him, he ought to have demanded it in a civiller Manner, and that I was no Match for so numerous a *Corps-de-Garde*. How-

However, after some handsome Excuses, we parted good Friends; and being got to the Army, I told the Story to the late M. *de Guise*, who liked both the Question and the Answer, and laughed heartily at the Thing, as did several of the Army likewise, to whom I told it; for, as M. *de Guise* said to me, One Bravo braved another Bravo, and so they are Quits.

When the Duke of *Alva* went into *Flanders* to head the Civil War against the *Beggars*, ** he refus'd to make use of any but *Spanish* Infantry; nor did he bring any other. But what were They? the finest that ever took the Field; for he had pick'd 'em out among all the Regiments of *Lombardy*, *Naples*, *Sevile*, and *Sardinia* *; so that this select Corps, amounting to between nine and ten Thousand, had nothing wanting in them to render them the compleatest Body that ever was, either in Regard to their Arms, Accoutrements, Habits, Goodness and Vigour of the Men, Provision or Pay: nay, their very Whores were as fine as Princesses. In short, they were defective in no one Thing. And as they pass'd, in their Way to *Lorain*, along the Frontiers of *France*, the Roads were quite broken and worn with the Crowds of People that flock'd to see them. Some of the Spectators happening to ask them why the Duke had no *Italian*, or *German* Infantry with him? The Soldiers made Answer,

Porque cognosce bien, que con singular Virtud de nos otros Espanoles, ha de alcançar en esta Guerra el clarissimo nombre de Gran Captitan,	*Because he knows very well that by the singular Valour of Us* Spaniards, *he will acquire in this War the Reputation of a Great Captain, beyond what*

**A Name given to the Malecontents of the Low-Countries, in 1566. The Prince of *Orange* was one of the Chiefs of these *Beggars*. See the Foreign Dictionaries at the Word *Gueux*, i. e. *Beggars*.

* He means *Sicily*, no doubt.

mas que ningan otro que unque fue.

what hath ever been known since the Creation of Adam.

And indeed, by Their Arms alone, he made all that Country tremble, and reduced the People to their Duty.

I was talking one Day, in the Castle of *Milan*, with an old *Spanish* Soldier, an Invalid upon Half-pay, in Garrison there, who had spent his whole Life in the Wars of the Emperor *Charles*, and he told me, that the Emperor lov'd nothing so much as he did the *Spanish* Soldiers:

Porque, come buenos Officiales, y Labradores, havian texido con sus Manos proprias la Corona de Laurel que llevava al deredor de la Cabeça, no temiendo dar Fin a sus Vidas para hazer vivir la Fama del, y dellas.

Because, like good Workmen and Industrious Artists, they had labour'd with their own Hands in wreathing the Crown of Laurel which bound his Brows and encircled his Head, not fearing to lose their Lives, to establish His Glory and Their own.

A common Soldier of the *Spanish* Nation, being accus'd and found guilty of a Robbery, was condemn'd to have an Ear cut off, upon which he cry'd aloud:

Una Oreja, pesi à tal! Mas querria yo morir, que suffrir tal Affrenta. Entanto dixo el Capitain concedese esta Gratia a este Soldado tan desseozo de la Honra.

An Ear! B—d and Oones—I had rather by half suffer Death than such an Affront. So the Captain granted that Favour to a Soldier so chary of his Honour, and ordered him to be executed: which was accordingly done.

But of all Soldiers give me a *Gascoon*! One of that Profession and Country, being, for some Crime, condemn'd to be Hang'd; and just as he was going to be turn'd

turn'd off the Ladder, a Woman came and said, she wou'd marry him, according to the Custom among the *Goths*, in ancient Times, if a Woman wou'd marry a Criminal under the Gallows, his Life shou'd be spared. The Fellow seeing she was very ill-favour'd, ugly, limping and lame, said, *What shou'd I do with such a Piece of Houshold Stuff? I shou'd have no Delight or Pleasure with her. Pinge, Pinge* (says he to the Executioner) which is as much as to say in *Gascoon*, *Hang me*, *Hang me*; which he did without any more Words. Was not this Spark, think ye, a Man curious in his Pleasures, and very fond of Fine Women!

In the first Civil Wars, when an Assault was to be made on the Suburbs and Postern-Gates of *Orleans*, the late M. de *Guise* order'd the *French* to attack on One Side, and the *Spaniards* on the Other. At the Head of a *Spanish* Regiment, was a young Soldier, who was particularly remarkable for the Figure he made; out-shining all the rest in the Brightness and Make of his Arms, his Harquebuss, and his whole Furniture; very genteel and handsome in his Person, and no less so in his Dress; for he had a yellow Satin Doublet, cover'd over with Silver-Lace, and his Breeches the same; a Black Taffety Hat, with a yellow Plume of Feathers. In short, the late M. *de Guise* was so taken with him that he asked Don *Caravajal* (the *Spanish* Commander) who that young Man was, for that by his Appearance he seemed to be no mean Person. *Caravajal* answered, That he was of the Family of *Mendoza*, which had produced as many, if not more, Great Personages than any one Family in all *Spain*: And, upon this, he presented him to M. *de Guise*, to pay his Respects to his Excellency, who received him very courteously; *Caravajal* had told him M. *de Guise's* good Opinion of him, and how that he asked his Name: So the young Man making

making his Reverence to M. *Guise*, and returning him his humble Thanks, said;

Monsenor, oy o morire con Honra: o mudare mi Color amarillo en colorodo, por alguna sangrienta y Noble Herida; o hare algun illustre Senal de mi Nombre: por la Merced y Favor de mi General que lo ha pedido.

My Lord, I will this Day either meet my Death honourably, or change my yellow Colour to a Vermilion, by some bloody, but glorious, Wound; or I will leave some illustrious Token of my Name, in Acknowledgment of the Favour and Honour done me by my General in inquiring after it.

So said, so done: for at the very first Assault, being one of the Foremost, he receiv'd in his Left Side a large Wound by a *Harquebuss* Shot, which however was not mortal: and M. de *Guise* had him carefully dreſt by a Surgeon, and two Days after sent him by Water to *Blois*, with others that were wounded: and to my Knowledge M. de *Guise* recommended him to the Queen by *John Baptist*, who was called the *Gossip*, whom he sent to her. I saw all this, for I was then there.

This young *Spanish* Gentleman kept his Word much better than a great foreign Lord, whom I shan't name because of his Quality, which ought to be respected, and who came over to King *Henry*'s Side, on account of the Emperors having caused his Father to be Massacred, and other Injuries done the Family. Sometime after, as King *Henry* was marching to give the Emperor Battle before *Valenciennes*, the preceeding Day, when the Emperor was thought to be nearer than he was, the said Lord, in compleat Armour, strongly mounted on a fine Courser, came and presented himself before the King, to whom he said, with his drawn Sword in his Hand,

Sire,

Hoggi con questa Spada io voglio vindicar la Morte del Padre, y del Fratello.	*Sir, to Day, with this Sword, I will revenge the Death of my Father and my Brother.*

And seeing the King pleased with his fine Words, being more encouraged, he pricked his Horse forward, and suddenly back again the same Way, to shew his Horsemanship. But the Steed being a little too Mettlesome, or rather Vicious, and finding his Rider to be a little timorous, took it in his Head to get rid of him, and without any more ado threw him, and made him act the Conversion of St. *Paul*; upon which the Lord cry'd out:

Ahi me! yo son mezzo-morto!	*Alas! I'm half-dead!*

All the young Courtiers about the King, began to laugh not a little: They help'd him up: The next Day, on which it was fully believed they should come to an Engagement, since it had missed the Day before, and the two Armies not being able to avoid it, the same Lord, seeing there would be a Battle in good Earnest, fell to bawling out,

Come! Non c'e nissun Fiume, nissuno Bosque, nissuno Monte, tra Noi & Loro! Questo non è buono.	*What! Is there ne'er a River here, no Wood, no Mountain, between Us and Them! I don't like This.*

To be sure, he would have been very glad of any Obstacle, either a Mountain, a Marsh, River or Brook, to keep the Armies from coming near each other; but there was no Occasion for his Fear. Had the Emperor been inclined to bite, the Field of *Mars* was never so Fair: But he avoided the Encounter by good Entrenchments, which he had caused to be thrown up near the City of *Valenciennes*; so that the Game was not play'd by Wholesale, as one may say, but only by Retail; that is, small Skirmishes: Which was a great Satisfaction to the Lord I have been

speaking of, who had beforehand so sharply threaten'd and cry'd Vengeance; for he did by no Means like Handy-blows, but only your Tongue-Battles. I had this Story from M. *d'Uzais*, who told it as pleasantly as could be. At three Months end, the said Lord, his Brother, and the whole Family, quitted the King's Party; and, without any Injury received, went over to the Emperor, and espous'd his Cause.

The Day of the Battle of *Cerizoles*, when the Marquess *del Gouast* was taking a View of our Army, as it was marching up to Him, he said to the *Spanish* Infantry;

Ea, Soldados; aqui estan, à mi Parecer, lòs Gascones vuestros Vezinos, y quasi Hermanos a ellos. Que si son Vencidos, somos Vencidores, ni mas ni menas quando un Cuerpo està derribado y caydo en Tierra, todos los otros Miembros quèdan sin Fuerça y Valor.

Soldiers, chear up! If I'm not mistaken, I see among the Enemy's Troops, not a few Gascoons, *your Neighbours and almost your Brethren. If They are conquer'd, we shall remain Conquerors of all the Rest, neither more nor less than when a Body is beat down and overthrown, all the Limbs and Members of it remain without Strength and Vigour.*

This was a great Encomium on the *Gascoons*, by placing the whole Strength of an Army, that Day, in Them, as being the real and effective Body thereof, and the other Soldiers but the Members of it, and, as such, could not hold out, when once the Body was demolished. I owe this Tale to M. *de Grillè*, a brave and gallant Gentleman of *Provence*, who, for his Valour, was lately made Seneschal of *Beaucaire*. He was Captain in chief of a Company of Foot in that Battle, and spoke good *Spanish*; for, having been taken in

in *Terouanne*, he remained three Years a Prisoner among them.

Being at the Court of *Spain*, just after the Conquest of *Velez*, a great many fine Gentlemen, Captains and other *Spanish* Officers, were there to make their Compliments to the King, and to be taken Notice of, and thank'd for their Share in that Expedition. As I was standing in a Tradesman's Shop, I observed a young Gentleman parading along the Street, very foppishly and fantastically dressed out in party-coloured Clothes, and abundance of Feathers, of all Colours, in his Cap, mounted on a fine *Spanish* Horse, with Velvet-Housings, turning up his Whiskers at every Step his Horse made; in short, making an extraordinary, vain-glorious Show of himself, seemingly, a Man of his Hands, fit for Action, and one with whom it was but a Word and a Blow. I asked an Officer of the Army, who was with me in the Shop, cheap'ning something, who that Person might be Who made such an Appearance? He only answered me;

Es aquel que tomò el Pignon del Velez, y nunca fue. Dexad lo ir, Senor, y volar à todos los Diablos, con sus Plumas, que tan mal haze del Bravo.	*It was he who took the* Pignon *of* Velez, *and yet was never there. Dear Sir, let him fly to all the Devils in Hell, with his Feathers and he; how scurvily he acts the Bravo!*

Much like a Gentleman of *Toledo*, who threatened every Day, that he was going to the *Indies*, and never set out. One Day, he appeared in a Hat with a large Plume of Feathers; and a certain Person made this Jest upon him;

No es possible que no salga agora este Virote, pues que està tan bien emplumada.	*It is impossible but this Arrow must now be let fly, since 'tis so well-feathered.*

It was a great Thing at that Time, the Taking of *Velez* and its *Pignon*, which was a high Rock, where was a Fortress, very difficult to get up to: Within it, there might be some sixty or seventy natural-born *Turks*; but they were frightened, and quitted it, after keeping it not above two or three Days. The Army, which was before it, was a very fine one, consisting of above 10,000 Men, and sixty or seventy Gallies, commanded by Don *Garcias de Toledo*, Vice-Roy of *Sicily*, for I saw all this myself.

I have heard it related, in *Spain*, by some old *Spanish* Captains and Soldiers, that *Gonzalez Pizarro* having rose in Rebellion against the Emperor *Charles*, made great Civil Wars against him in the *Indies*, in which he was never vanquished, in any of the numerous Battles and Fights he was engaged in, except the last, wherein he fought to the Utmost, both he and his Men;

Non come Leones mas come verdaderos Espanoles.	*Not like Lyons, but like true* Spaniards.

Inferring from thence, that they were Braver and Bolder than Lyons. *Pizarro* himself, being quite spent and disabled, and his People all defeated, he asked one of his Companions and Captains, whose Name was *John d'Accosta*, *What shall We do, who are left alone? Let us go* (answer'd *d'Accosta*) *to la Gasca*, who was the Captain of the contrary Party. *Let us do so*, said *Pizarro*:

Vamos à morir, come buenos y verdaderos Christianos.	*Let us go and die like good and true Christians.*

Thinking it was an Act of a good Christian, says the Story, rather to surrender himself to his Enemy, than fly. Nor, indeed, did his Enemies ever see his Back. And meeting with one *Villavicencio*, he asked him, *Who he was?* The other answered;

That

Qu'era Sergente Major del Campo Imperial.

That he was Serjeant-Major of the Imperial Camp:

Et yo, *respondit-il*, soy Gonzale Pizarro el Desdichado;

And I am the unfortunate Gonzalez Pizarro, answered the other; and immediately gave him his Sword.

He moved along like a brave Cavalier, and with a Kingly Countenance. He was mounted on a beautiful strong Horse, which he had, that Day, caused to be shod with thirteen Nails in each Foot, that he might not fail him in Time of Need, armed with a Coat of Mail, a very rich Curiasse, and over it a Velvet Coat, and on his Head an Helmet of Gold, no less valuable for its Workmanship than its Metal. This Serjeant-Major was very glad to have such a Prize of a Prisoner, and immediately carried him away to *Gasca*, the Commander in Chief, who asked him immediately, *If it was well done of him to stir up a whole Kingdom against the Emperor, his Sovereign Lord and Master? Pizarro*'s Answer was;

Yo, y mis Hermanos, haviendo conquistado estas Tierras y Paezes, a nuestras Cuestas, Trabajos, Gastos, y Sangre, no havemos pensado pecar contra la Sacra Maestad, gardandolas, y regiendo y gouvernando, come legitimos Senores y Conquistadores.

I and my Brothers having conquered these Lands and Countries, at our own Charges, and with our own Labour, and at the Expence of our own Blood and Sweat, we thought we did no Wrong to his Sacred Majesty, in keeping them, and governing them, as lawful Sovereigns and Conquerors thereof.

Then *Gasca* ordered him to be taken away; and there were several Soldiers who had each 5 or 6000 Pieces of Gold for their Share of the Booty. The next Day, he was sentenced to be Beheaded, and carried on a Mule with his Hands ty'd and a Cloak over

over his Shoulders. He died like a good Christian, to all outward Appearance, without speaking a single Word, retaining to the last an Air of Authority and Grandeur, a grave solemn Behaviour, and a severe stern Look. His Head was carried to the City of the Kings, where it was placed on a Marble-Pillar, inclosed within an Iron-Fence, with this Inscription;

Aqui està la Cabeça del Trahidor Gonzale Pizarro, el qual diò la Battalla en la Valle de Xaquesagnava contra la Bandera y Estandarte Real del Imperador su Senor, al Lunes 9 de Abril 1548.	*This is the Head of the Traitor* Gonzalez Pizarro, *who gave Battle to the Royal Army of the Emperor his Sovereign, in the Valley of* Xaquesagnava, *on* Monday *the 9th of* April, 1548.

Such was the End of *Gonzale Pizarro*, who was never conquered in any Battle which he gave, tho' he gave several. *Diego Centeno* paid the Headsman for his Clothes, which were very Rich, that he might not be stripp'd, causing him to be buried with them in the City of *Cusco*, notwithstanding he had been his Great and Capital Enemy (a laudable and noble Action!) saying;

Que non era Tratto de Christiano, ni tan poco de Cavallero, injuriar y offender los Muertos.	*It was not the Part of a Christian, any more than of a Gentleman, to injure and offend the Dead.*

There have been several talked of, and seen too, who have not given the like Treatment to their Enemies; for which God forgive them!

After the Sentence was passed on *Pizarro*, the like was done against *Francisco Caravajal*, one of his Accomplices and Captains, to be Hanged, and Quartered, and his Head placed with that of *Pizarro*; whereupon he said;

It

Harto es, pues que no puedo morir dos vezes.	*It is enough; since I can't die twice.*

A *Gascoon* Soldier, in *Piedmont*, being condemn'd to have his Head chopped off, he said, in his Jargon;

Cab de Diou! lou Cab! You donne lou—per un Hardyt.	*Zwaiouns! my Head! they shall have my Taail too for a Hawpeny.*

This he said at the Point of Death. An Audacious Dog! ———

Not much unlike what a poor *Spanish* Devil said, when he was sentenced to be hanged:

Harto es. Desde yo muero, que me llevan à la Carniceria.	*Mighty well! As soon as I'm dead, let me be carry'd to the Shambles.*

Another, being condemned to be Hanged, he was so enraged, that he could say nothing to the Judge but that he was like *Pontius Pilate*; but the Judge answered him much better;

A lo menos, no lavarè mis Manos, para castigar un tan grand Vellaco come vos.	*I shan't, however, wash my Hands for condemning such an Infamous Rogue as You are.*

Another Malefactor being sentenced to lose his Ears, when the Executioner lifted up his Hair in order to cut them off, he found they were both gone, never an Ear left; which made him swear for Madness;

Cuerpo de tal! Burlais-vos assi de la Gente?	*Blood and T—d! do ye banter a body?*

The other replied,

Cuerpo de tal assi! soy yo obligado dar Orejas cada Martes?	*Blood and T—d in your Teeth! Am I obliged to furnish Ears every* Tuesday?

It was, you must know, on a *Tuesday* [Market-Day] that his Ears had been cut off before; so that he neither marr'd nor mended the Market.

See

See how merry these Rogues are, in the Concern, not only of Limb, but Life itself! Nor is it these Rogues alone, but Others of a Finer Stuff and more Holy Life: Witness a certain *Spanish Bernardine* Monk, who, being in the Agonies of Death, was attended by a Brother-Monk, who, to comfort him, told him, he would not die now, for that he was surely predestinated to die *Dignified*, he replied merrilly;

Otros morirán *Prelados*, y yo morirè *Pelado*.	*Others may die Dignified; but, for my Part, I shall only die* Ignified *. Meaning he was Clapt.

To return to the brave *Caravajal*: Besides his being Valiant in Deeds, he was Subtle and Smart in Words; but, withal, very Cruel in his Nature, insomuch that it was grown a Proverb,

Mas fiero y cruel que Caravajal.	*More Fierce and Cruel than Caravajal.*

The Night before he was Executed, Captain *Centeno* went to see him. *Caravajal*, out of Pride, made as if he knew him not. When the other asked, if he did not know him? Know ye? replied *Caravajal.*

How

* As Mr. *Ozell*, the Translator of this Volume, is studious to keep as near as possible to the Author's Style, and also to make every Thing perfectly intelligible to the *English* Reader, by proper Notes, so he does not think it beneath him to explain even the Puns, as they occur. Here, for Instance, is one of the best Puns he ever met with in the *Spanish* Tongue (for no Nation is without their Puns; the Difficulty is to translate them). It turns upon the Similitude of the Words *Prelado* and *Pelado*; the former, *i. e. Prelado*, any-body may guess means a *Prelate*, or a Dignified Priest: The latter, *viz. Pelado* (from the *Latin* Word, *Pilus*, the Hair on any Part of the Body) signifies, *Peel'd*, or the *Hair* pulled off: Thus in the *French*, *Peler*, or *Echauder un Cochon de Lait*, is to *Scald* a Pig. He therefore translates *Pelado*, *Ignified*, to answer to *Prelado*, *Dignified*. Thus you have the Pun in *English* as well as *Spanish*.

Come te podria yo cognoscer, que nunca te vi por delantera, sino por la trasera y detras?	*How should I know ye? since I never saw your Fore-part, but always your Back.*

How blue must this Captain look! How dash'd must he be, at such a Rebuke of his Cowardice! For it was true in Fact, that he had always fled in every Engagement he had had with *Caravajal.*

No less severe was a *Spanish* Court-Lady on a Gentleman she did not much like, who, being gone to the War in *Grenada*, against the *Moors*, and a Report being spread about Court, that he was killed;

No puede ser; porque los Moros no comen mas Carne de Liebre.	*That can't be* (said she) *for the* Moors *touch no Hare's Flesh.* *

A Devilish Wipe on his Cowardice, to compare him to a Hare, which always runs away and never fights.

Now I am speaking of *Caravajal*'s Fierceness, he is said to have killed above 100 Men with his own Hand in one Battle. He was upwards of Fourscore and Four when he died. What a Stout Old Fellow was This! He was very hard to *Confess.* He had carried a Colours at the Battle of *Ravenna*, and, before that, had been a Soldier under the Great Captain *Gonsalvo*, in the Kingdom of *Naples.* The better the Master, the better the 'Prentice; for, he was one of the best Warriors that ever went to the Indies, according to all Report.

The Dwelling-Houses of *Pizarro* and *Caravajal* were levelled with the Ground, and the Inner-part thereof sowed with Salt, and a Pillar was erected on the Spot, with these Words inscribed on it; *Here stood the Houses of the Traytors* Pizarro *and* Caravajal. In my Time, when I was in *Spain*, their Names and Valour filled the Mouths of all Men; who were

* No more than they do Swine's Flesh, and other Creatures forbidden by their Law.

continually ringing Peels of their Praiſes, and eccho-ing forth unwearied Encomiums on their Marvellous and Unprecedented Proweſs and Prodigious Atchievements.. What a Thing is Valour ! For, be it well or ill employed, it is always highly eſteemed ; according to the old *Latin* Saying ;

Fama, ſive Bona, ſive Mala, Fama eſt :
Fame, be it Good or Bad, is ſtill call'd Fame :

Eſpecially (and indeed moſt commonly) underſtood to proceed from a daring Diſpoſition and a Stoutneſs of Heart, and not that Sort of Fame (or rather Infamy) which is the Effect of a mean and puſillanimous Spirit ; for, in ſhort, every Man that aſpires to do ſomething which he ſuppoſes Great, can't but be greatly eſteemed and commended, as *Machiavel* well obſerves. But, however, 'tis ſtill more Laudable and more God-like, to do Good than Ill ; for a Good Action is always rewarded with Good, but an Evil one with Evil.

Here follows one of your *actual* Rhodomontades, not a *verbal* one : And it is no leſs true and honourable than it is ſtrange and almoſt incredible.

Muchas Coſas han acaecido à los Eſpanoles en diverſas partes, deſpues que, con invincibles Animos, andan deſplegando ſus Banderas quaſi por todo el Mondo ; por las quales han mereſcido entre todas las Naciones Renombre de immortal Memoria. Y dexadas muchas que por varias Hiſtorias andan celebradas, el Hecho ſolo

The Spaniards *have perform'd Great Things in divers Parts of the World, ever ſince they have diſplayed their Banners, and carry'd their Arms almoſt throughout the whole Terraqueous Globe ; for which Things they have acquired among all Nations the Renown of an immortal Glory. Not to dwell here on a great many Particulars remembered in Books, and celebrated*

de un Soldado, el qual indegnamente està puesto en Olvido, fuerça à creer quanto sea el Animo y Valor de la Gente Espanola. Al Tiempo que el Marques de Pescara andava en buelto en las porfiadas Guerras de Lombardia, haviendo se travada entre Franceses y Espanoles una Pelea, vino à herir una Pelota à Luis de la sena, Soldado, que andava puesto en Hilera en su Escadron * de Infanteria, y no valiendo la Defensa del Cocelete, le entro la Pelota en el Cuerpo. El animoso Soldado, sentiendo, que la Pelota baxava por los Vazios à las Tripas, apartado un poco de su Ordenença, con incomparable Effuerço y Osadia sacandose un Cuchillo se hizo una pequena Abertura en la Barriga por donde (Cosa que parece Fabula) hizo salir la Bala: y bolviendo con las Dedos las Tripas para dentro, con Animo nunca visto, hizo con la Punta del Cuchillo, de

celebrated in sundry Histories, we shall mention only one single Action of a Soldier, which, tho' unworthily thrown into Oblivion, well deserves to be Recorded as a pregnant Proof of Spanish *Courage and Magnanimity. At what Time the Marquess* de Pescayra *was carrying on an Obstinate War in* Lombardy, *a smart Engagement happened between the* French *and* Spaniards, *wherein one* Louis de la Sena, *a* Spanish *Foot-Soldier, was wounded by a Musquet-shot, which entered thro' his Armour into his Body. The Couragious Soldier, finding the Ball gone down into his lower Bowels, he went a little aside out of the Ranks, and with an Undauntedness of Mind, not to be parallelled, he took a Knife and made an Opening in the lower Part of his Belly and drew out the Ball (a Thing which looks liker a Romance than a true Story!) Which done, he re-placed his Guts with his Fingers, and then with the*

* A Squadron, of Horse most properly, but often used for a good Body of Foot by *Spaniards*.

una y otra parte, algunos Agujeritos en susmesmas Carnes, y passando por ellos la Agujeta cozio con grande Constantia la Abertura que havia hecho: y buelto à su Hilera, no se cognoscio en su semblante el Martyrio que de si, con sus Manos, havia; antes hizo su Personado entre los muy sanos, aquel que tenia el Cuerpo tan mal dipuesto; hasta que de ay à poco rato le hierieron de un Harquebuzazo en la Ceja, y quebraron un Ojo, por lo qual fue necessario que le sacassen del Escadron, y no con menos Diligencia que Admiracion curado, vino à Valladolid donde estava el Emperador Don Carlos, y monstrando el Testimonio de su Valencia, su Magestad le hizo Merced de Cien Ducados de Rente parce Siempre.

the Point of the Knife he made, on each Side of his Wound, several small Holes in the Flesh, and running a tagg'd-Point thro' them, he sewed up the Lips of the Incision he had made: And then returned into the Ranks, without any Body's perceiving by his Looks the Torture he had put himself to with his own Hands: On the contrary, he bore as unconcern'd a Countenance as the soundest Man of 'em all, tho' he was in so piteous a Condition, till, within a short Space after, he received a Shot in the Head, below his Brow, which putting out one of his Eyes, he was obliged to be carried off, and have his Wounds dressed; which done, and he being cured with no less Diligence than Admiration, he went to Valladolid, *where the Emperor* Charles *was, and shewing him the Testimony of his Valour, his Majesty, for his Reward, ordered an Annual Pension of a Hundred Ducats to be paid him as long as he lived.*

I fancy, after this Story, I need not offer to produce a greater Instance of *Spanish* Intrepidity and Hardiness. Such a Rhodomontade as this, outweighs 100 Tongue-Bravados. I know not which of the Two merits most Praise, this *Spanish* Soldier, or

or the famous *Roman*, named *Sceva*, one of *Julius Cæsar*'s favourite Soldiers, who had served him a long Time in the *Gaulish* Wars, and signalized himself for one of the Boldest and most Resolute Soldiers in his whole Army. Likewise, when the War came on between *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, in that Great Battle at *Dyrrachium*, between those Two Competitors, this Soldier, after having an Eye put out, and his Body pierced in divers Places thro' and thro', and his Buckler with 120 Arrows sticking in it, nevertheless, throws himself boldly into the Sea, and swam away to his General, to whom he presented himself, without his Arms (a Thing not allowed of in the *Roman* Militia) he cried out aloud to him; *Ah! my Emperor, pardon my appearing thus without my Arms.* Whereupon, *Cæsar*, instead of reprimanding him, or looking in the least displeased, bestowed the highest Commendations on him, and instantly made him a Centurion.

I knew a brave, bold, rough-hewn Gentleman of *Britany*, named *Marueil*, of a very good Family, and brought up a Page of Honour to King *Francis* I. who, when he was 60 Years old, in the Battle of *Dreux*, having done all that a Valiant Man cou'd do, and having received several Wounds, one by a Pistol-shot in the left arm, another by a Thrust of a Sword at the extreme Part of his Armour, and being sorely cut and hacked in several Parts of his Body, and covered all over with his own Blood, and that of his Enemy, he came to M. *de Guise*, and thus addressed him, shewing his Wounds: *Sir, I beg you would tell me freely your Opinion, Whether I am in a Condition to fight on, or retire a little aside to get my Wounds dressed? If you think proper I should return to the Charge, and you would have me so to do, I will be gone and get myself dispatch'd at once: If, on the contrary, you shall be pleased to command me to go and have my Wounds dressed, I will go and do so: But, otherwise,*

I will not. So be pleased to lay your Commands on me one Way or other. Yes, replied, M. *de Guise*, *Yes, Mons.* de Mareuil, *I am desirous you should go and get your Wounds dressed : Nay, I command you so to do. You have done Enough for Your Part.* I heard M. *de Guise* tell this Story himself that Evening; and M. *de Mareuil* was so well taken Care of, that he recovered of all his Wounds, and lived above 15 Years after it, as brisk and as brave as ever, and as quarrelsome too, for he never was without a Quarrel on his Hands. Nay, but a Year before he died, he had one with St. *Colombe*, the Stammerer, a Man of Mettle, with whom it was but a Word and a Blow, and accordingly they appointed to meet at *Blois* to fight it out, but were hindered, and made Friends. This M. *de Mareuil*, was, for his Merit and good Services, rewarded with the Order of St. *Michael*, which was no great Matter, for it was grown too common : He deserved much greater Favours and Preferments.

The *Spanish* Soldiers who came into *France*, in the first Expedition with the Prince of *Parma*, were used to say ;

Que eran todos de una Voluntad, es à saber, morir o vencer, y prestos al Mandamiento de su General ; y en su Armada, con el Claror de las Armas de los Soldados, sus Rayos el Sol hazia mas illustres ; de manera que con questas luzidas Armas, y con las ricas Cabiertas y Panachos engalanados parescian una Muestra de una muy florida Huerta, que presen-

That they were All of one Mind ; namely, to Die or Conquer, and to the last Degree ready to follow the Orders of their General ; and that, in their Army, the Sun acquired an additional Brightness to his Beams from the Lustre of their Arms ; so that, glittering with these refulgent Arms, and dressed in rich Array, and adorned with their Plumes of Feathers, they appeared like a beautiful

tava alli la Orguleza del Coraçon, y dava ſenal en los colorados Roſtros; tanto que ſolo con el Aſpecto ponian Temor, y manifeſtavan à los Enemigos el Peligro tan cierto que ſus Preſentias.

ful Flower-Garden, where you might ſee painted out the Pride and Fierceneſs of their Courage; and by their enflamed ſanguine Countenances you might be fully convinced that the bare Sight of them was enough to ſtrike a Terror into their Enemies, and portended a Ruin as immediate as their Preſence.

Theſe are fine Expreſſions to be ſure; eſpecially the Two laſt.

A *Spaniſh* Soldier, once praiſing the King of *Spain* to me, uſed theſe Words;

Ninguno ay en nueſtros Tiempos entre los Principes Chriſtianos y Moros, à quien ſe dava Acatimiento y Obediencia, come al Catolique Rey de Eſpana, mi Senor, cuyos notables Hechos, ſubidos haſta las Eſtrellas oſcurecen los de los Emperadores. Y no es meneſter que lo diga: diganlo los Reynos y Reyes del vencidos; diga lo todo el Mondo.

There is no Perſon, in theſe our Days, among all Princes, either Chriſtians *or* Moors, *to whom ſo much Reverence, Reſpect and Obeyſance is due, as to the Catholick King of* Spain, *my Maſter, whoſe glorious Actions, reaching to the very Stars, quite darken and obſcure thoſe of Emperors. There's no Occaſion for me to ſay this: Let the Kingdoms, and the Kings he has conquered, tell it: Let the whole World report it.*

The Duke of *Alva*, he who conquered the Kingdom of *Naples* for *Ferdinand*, being ready to be Beſieged in *Pampeluna*, by *John*, King of *Navarre*, aſſiſted by *French* Forces ſent him by *Louis* XII. commanded by M. *d'Angouleme*, a young Prince (after-

(afterwards King *Francis*) and by M. *de la Pallice*: The Inhabitants of *Pampeluna* having represented to him how insufficient his Few Forces were to withstand so great an Army, he answered ;

Aun mas Gente no desseava el que se fuessen, porque mas Honra à los pocos quedava. Los Pampelonefes, accordandose poco d'esta Honra, dixeron ; *mas la Honra sin Gente mal se gana.*

That he did not desire a greater Number than what he had ; because the fewer they were, the more Honour they would gain. The Pampelunians, *making but light Account of this same* Honour, *said* ; But this Honour can not be gained without Men.

Well answered, to be sure, by such as are for playing a sure Game, and are good Husbands of their Honour. *Pelopidas* said quite otherwise when he prepared to go against *Alexander*. News was brought him, that that Tyrant's Forces out-numbered his by far. He only answered: *The more they are in Number, the more we shall kill of them.* This Man's Mind was bent more on *Slaughter* than *Honour*. Not like the *Spanish* Captain, who said ;

Que adonde ay mas Affrenta, alli mas Honra se gana.

The more Danger, the more Honour.

A *Spanish* Captain, of a very low Stature, being bantered about his Littlenefs, answered ;

En los Cuerpos pequenos se enserta un grande y fuerte Coraçon ; porque la Natura à quello che falto en el Cuerpo, puso en la Virtud del Animo.

Little Bodies contain large Hearts and couragious Souls ; because what Deficiencies Nature leaves in the Flesh, she makes up in the Spirits.

Another being asked, why he made such a Thrasonical Boasting, being of so diminutive a Size, he replied ;

That

Humbre chiquito, si no brava, no vale nada.	*That if a little Man can't Rant it and make a Shew of Something, he's good for nothing.*

As, in Truth, I have observ'd abundance of little Men, who wanting wherewithal to eek out their Manhood, have stood a tip-toe, with their high Slippers, or rather Cork-Stilts, holding up their Heads as high as possible, and straining and torturing their Postures all manner of ways, that they may the better bounce it, and play the Vapourer.

In short, they are Pygmies, arm'd with Spear and Shield to make War on the Cranes. They are for ever getting up into the Steeple to speak the louder. You shall never see any of these puny Folks satisfied with themselves, but always wishing to be Bigger: And yet, on the other Hand, to be over-big is not so well neither; for I have observed a great many of your gigantic People not to have more Guts in their Brains, than your dwarfish ones; nay, to be mere Dolts, Slabberers and Oafs, both by Nature and Art; nor a whit more valiant, but downright Cowards. Besides, they are a fairer Mark to shoot at in War, and more like to be Ham-strung by their Assailants; as is both said and read, that when the Great Sultan *Soliman* was going thro' *Hungary* to besiege *Vienna*, there was taken, in a certain Fortress, a *German* Foot-Soldier, of so exorbitant a Height, that he was deem'd a Miracle of Nature; so that they made a Present of him to the Grand Signior, thinking he might make use of him for one of his Guards: But, instead of that, by a most barbarous Cruelty, he made him the Subject of his Pastime, by ordering his Arms and Feet to be made fast, and then to be set upright in a Room, to serve, like a Man of Straw, for a little Favourite Dwarf of his to fight and make Passes at with his Sword; and he was above an Hour before he could kill this

Giant, so weak was his Arm, and so ill-plac'd his Stabbs; sometimes hitting him in the Body, as he could reach him by raising himself up, sometimes his Thighs, or Hams; the poor Giant all the while parrying and avoiding the Thrusts as well as he could. At last he fell to the Ground, and the Dwarf dispatch'd him after a bungling Manner. And this was a Spectacle of Pleasure to *Soliman*, and the Bashaws and Grandees of his Court. It might serve for Laughter to such as are of a barbarous and cruel Disposition; but not to us who are Christians. I believe the *Romans* never exhibited such a Diversion to their People.

I have read in a *Spanish* Book, intitled, *La Conquista de Navarra*, that King *John* of *Navarre* having sent a Herald to the Dukes of *Alva* and *Nageré*, Joint-Generals of the Army: which, by the way, is no good Way,

Porque una Hueste, gouvernada de dos soberanos Capitanes, nunca bien se conserva,	*Because an Army, commanded by two Captain-Generals, can never be well governed, or safely conducted,*

To demand a Battle near *Pampeluna*, they answered,

Que alli no lo querian dar, mas en los razos Campos de Bordeos, adonde aderessavan sus Caminos, para conquistar toda la Guyenna.	*They would not give it there, but in the Plains of* Bourdeaux, *whither they were marching, to conquer all* Guyenne.

Which, however, they did not do, but failed of their Word; for there was too great an Obstacle in the Way; so they would not undertake it; however, 'twas necessary to make this Bravado.

After the Battle of St. *Quintin*, the *Spaniards* said,

Este Dia perdieron los Franceses el Nombre que	*The* French *have this Day lost the Honour ascribed*

Tito Livio les da diziendo, *Galli sunt Gloria Belli.*

cribed to Them by Livy, The *French* are the Glory of War.

They ought not to make a Mock of us, since, according to a Saying of their own,

Las Cosas de la Guerra van mal al tiempo que mas sin pensallo estan.

Affairs af War go ill, when not sufficiently weighed before hand.

When the Emperor arrived before *Metz* *, having sent his Army thither before, Those of his Camp celebrated his Arrival by making large Bon-fires, Vollies of Great and Small Shot, and other remarkable Signs of Joy. Those within the Town, not knowing what to think of his Coming, and lest the Emperor, at his first Accession, should give them (in the Night) some Dish of his own dressing, illuminated all their Windows with Candles, and lighted up large Fires on their Ramparts; which made the *Spaniards* say;

Que era Cosa maravillosa de los Fuegos, y Luminarias y Hachas, que eran en la Ciudad, de manera que parescia Cosa encantada. No menos el Real del Emperador, era visto claro y radiante de la mucha Lumbre de Fuegos que parescia otro Cielo estrellado.

It was a marvellous Thing to behold the Fires, the Illuminations and the Flambeaux, which were in the Town; which rather look'd like a Piece of Inchantment than a Reality. The same did the Emperor's Camp, which was so glittering with the Blaze of Fires and other Lights, as to resemble the Firmament of Heaven in a starry Night.

The Duke of *Alva* being besieged in *Pampeluna* by King *John* and M. *de la Pallisse*, and expecting a general Assault, among other Things which he urg'd in his exhortatory Harangue to his Soldiers, he used the following Words,

* *Charles* V. was baffled by the *French* in this Siege, *vid.* p. 13.

Bien creo, Cavalleros, que no podre crescer vuestro Effuerço con mis Palabras, y tan bien soy cierto que la Vista de la Batalla no os ponia Miedo. Aquello che muchas vezes deseastes aveys hallado, que es ver os con vuestros Enemigos, y no solo vuestros, mas de Dios. Todo lo que à mi toca de Estado y con mucha Diligencia lo he hecho: de mas es en la virtud de vuestros Coraçones e Fortaleza de Brazos. Esto ruego os que acordeys del Nombre de Espana, que nunca supo ser vencida. Y si me quisieres responder, que de esso no se pueden alabar los Espanoles, pues estan sus Vanderas en Poder de sus Enemigos despues el Dia de la Batalla de Ravanna, yo assi os lo confiesso: mas, mira que tan sangrienta Victoria tuvieron, que los mesmos Franceses confiessan que pluguiera à Dios que ellos fueran los vencidos; porque non tuvieran la Victoria tan llorosa. Acordad os, que en la Tierra, que de baxo de vuestros Pies hollays, el

Gentlemen, I don't think any thing I can say, can add to your Courage; and I am certain, the Approach of a Battle gives you no Fear. You have now met with what you have so often wish'd for, to see yourselves near your Enemies, and not only your *Enemies, but God's. I have discharged my Duty in every Respect, with a great deal of Care and Attention: the Rest depends upon Your Intrepidity of Heart, and the Vigour and Strength of Your Arm. I beg you would remember you are* Spaniards, *and never let the Name of* Spain *slip out of your Minds; of* Spain *I say, which never yet could be Conquered. And if you tell me, that the* Spaniards *ought not to boast of That, since their Standards are now, and have been, in the Enemy's Possession ever since the Battle of* Ravenna, *I grant it: but then consider, if the Enemy gain'd the Victory There, it was so Bloody a one, that the* French *themselves wish to God they had been Conquered; for that then they had had less Occasion to*

mourn

Rey Carlo Magno fue vencido y desbaratado, con Muerte de sus Doze Pares. Dezia Rey nuestro Don Alonzo el Casto, que es mas Gloria de conservar lo Aquirido, que ganar grandes Tierras, aquellas no podiendo sostenir. Y porque à los virtuosos monstrandoles el Peligro mas les crece el Effuerço, os hago saber, que estays sentenciados por los Franceses à perder las Vidas sin ninguna Merced. Ruego os, que assi las vendays, que primero vuestros Matadores que vuestra Sangre, cayan en el Suelo. Y, porque veo ya las Vanderas de los Enemigos acercarse, os encargo que Sacqueys de Verguença el Nombre y Gloria de su Espana.

mourn than now they have. Remember, Brother-Soldiers, that on this very Spot of Ground which you now tread with your Feet, King Charlemaine *was Conquered with his* 12 *Peers. Our King Don* Alphonso the Chaste, *used to say, That there was more Glory in keeping what we acquire, than in making new Acquisitions, without being able to keep them. And forasmuch as when courageous Men are shewn their Danger, their Courage grows thereby the greater, I must let you know beforehand, that the* French *have doom'd you to Death, without any Quarter. I therefore earnestly desire you, to sell your Lives, in such a Manner, that your Murderers may first meet that Death they threaten You with. And now, because I see the Enemy's Standards already advancing, I recommend to You, to preserve from Shame and Dishonour, the Name and Glory of your* Spain.

This is a fine Speech, and of great Weight, tho' but short. And, indeed, a General should never lose Time, and amuse Himself and Others, in making long Speeches, when he is going to encounter with an Enemy. Deeds are then propereſt, not Words. Such was the Opinion and Practice of the Great *Julius Cæsar*; who, being on the Point of a Battle,

Battle, ſpent not his Time in large Diſcourſings, as we ſee in his Commentaries; but delivered himſelf to his Soldiers conciſely, and like a gallant Soldier, and great Commander. Likewiſe, the Bold *Catiline* in *Saluſt*, when he was to give Battle, expreſs'd himſelf in a very few Words, but ſo much to the Purpoſe, that all his Soldiers (to a Man) died in their Ranks; nor did any one of them ſtir an Inch from the Place he fought in. I have known many Great Commanders, ſuch as Marſhal *Strozzi*, and Others, laugh at their Brother-Generals who were great Speech-makers, eſpecially when Time hurry'd and Buſineſs was preſſing. It is true, the *Roman* Conſuls uſed to lay Themſelves forth mightily in long-winded Harangues, as we read in *Livy* and other Hiſtorians; but this was done a good while before they came to Action; and they always prepared their Speech beforehand, and in good Time (for ſuch was their Cuſtom) Otherwiſe, there had been nothing in it: the Thing had not been worth a Ruſh. But when Matters were come to Puſh of Pike (as we ſay) and the Word was, *Now or Never*, had they put themſelves upon their Fine Speeches and Military Harangues, they had been a Parcel of Fools and Numbſkuls, and had found the Enemy upon them, before they could look about 'em, or know whereabouts they were; and had never done ſuch glorious Exploits, or gain'd ſo many Battles, but had been miſerably and fooliſhly defeated: wherefore, ſuch Commanders, as approve of what the *Spaniards* call *Razonamientos*, i. e. *Diſcourſes*, ſhould do it the Day before the Battle (if one is expected) or elſe an Hour or two before, but not at the Moment the Troops are ready to Charge: At ſuch Time, few Words are beſt. *Guicciardine* is fond of imitating *Livy* in his Military Speeches. Among others, he makes one by far too prolix, and puts it into the Mouth of M. de *Nemours*, juſt going

to

to give Battle at *Ravenna*: the Speech is certainly very fine, and every way worthy the Soldiers he directed it to, and very proper to encourage them: but it is to be presum'd, he shortened it greatly; for the Business then in Hand, was to get over the Canal as fast as they could, to fight the Enemy on the other Side. *Paulus Jovius* likewise spends a great deal of Time in spinning out long Speeches. In short, many Historiographers, if not the major Part of them, have done the same; of which *Belle-Forest* has been so curious as to make a large Collection. The Author of *The History of* France, fathers upon M. de *Guise* and Mons. the Admiral, such tedious extended Speeches, at the Battle of *Dreux*, that nothing comes up to their Length. I heard M. de *Guise*'s Speech myself; and it was couch'd in very few Words, but admirably good. As for Mons. the Admiral's, he had hardly Leisure to make such a long Speech; something like it, he might make, when he charged the last Time, but it could not be near that Length. I am of the Opinion of Marshal *Strozzi*, who was wont to say, It was the great Vanity of Historiographers, which put them upon this Practice, and caused them to study, devise and write down these endless Harangues; and being themselves full of Wind and Vain-Glory, they were minded to illustrate and embellish their History, and render it the more florid and delightful, by such a Superfluity of Words. Other poor Scribblers thought their History would be lame and lean, if they did not decorate and eke it out with much Pomp and Verboseness of Stile. Once for all, there's nothing like your short Speeches, in Matters Military, especially when a Fight is at Hand, as was done by the brave M. de *Guise*, the Day he expected a General Assault to be made on him at *Metz*, which M. de *Ronsard* has put into Verse; but it was not near so long as M. de *Ronsard* has made it, by what I have been

been told by those who were present and heard it; who added likewise, That the Original far excelled the Copy. And it was very fine, certainly, to hear him pronounce it; for, besides his having a powerful, yet charming, Delivery, as ever Man had, he was a perfect Master of the Military Eloquence, as I intend to give Instances of in a Century of *Military Harangues*, very brief and concise, as well of Modern Times as the Ancient *. Mean while, I leave this Discourse; for, as says the *Spaniard*,

Otras Vaccas tengo à gardar, y otras Orejas à trasquillar:	*I have other Cows to keep, and other Sheep to sheer:*

And will return to the Great Duke of *Alva*'s Speech, in which, tho' he does not dissemble or disguise to his Soldiers how the *Spaniards* were beat at *Ravenna*, yet he very much lessens that Victory, in regard to Us. But let him and other *Spaniards* say what they will, it was a very considerable, and a very signal Victory to Us, and very Bloody to Them; but then, indeed, it proved unfortunate for Us, by the Loss of what we had conquered in *Italy* and at *Milan*. The *Spaniards* have this Singularity, they hardly ever own themselves conquer'd or beaten, and resolve every thing into their own Glory. As was done by the just-mentioned Duke of *Alva*, in *Flanders*, in a Speech he made to his Army, and chiefly to his *Spanish* Soldiers, some Days before he intended to give Battle to the Prince of *Orange* (near the River *Meuse*) who had brought so powerful an Army against him, to fight him. But it all vanish'd into Smoke, by the Providence and wise Conduct of this Great Captain, who made him shamefully retire into *Germany*, which I take Notice of elsewhere †. This Duke recited to his *Spaniards*, from End to End, all the Glorious Exploits their Countrymen

* This Collection is not extant.

† See Discourse XLIV. of Foreign Captains.

Countrymen had performed for a hundred Years past, and brought every thing to Account, as well Loss as Gain, Vanquished and Vanquishers, Beaters or Beaten: and this I had from a *French* Soldier *Spanioliz'd*, who was among the *Spanish* Troops; and heard it all. And first the Duke took Notice of the great Wars they had carried on in the Kingdom of *Naples*, under the Great Captain *Gonsalvo de Corduba*; also the Battle of *Ravenna*, tho' it was unfortunate. He proceeded to the great Conquest of the *Indies*, which he set before their Eyes, atchieved by *Hernando Cortes* and *Francis Pizarro*, both whom he called, *The Honour of the* Spanish *Soldiery*. He then put them in Mind of their Noble Combat in *Italy*, under the valiant Marquess de *Pescayra*, *Antony de Leva* and M. de *Bourbon*, in the Taking of *Rome*. The Siege of *Naples* and of *Florence*, under *Philibert* Prince of *Orange*. The Raising the Siege of *Vienna*, and the Flight and Pursuit of Sultan *Soliman*. The Conquest of the *Goulletta*, *Tunis* and *Cleves*. The Expedition to *Provence*; that of *Algiers* and *Londrecy*, where they came off poorly. The War of *Germany*, which turned out well, and where the Emperor acquired great Glory. The Wars of *Piedmont*, *Parma* and *Sienna*. He gain'd nothing in the two first, witness the Battle of *Cerizoles*, and the Conquest of *Piedmont*, which I take notice of in another Place. *Sienna* was gain'd, but it cost them dear. Then the Siege of *Metz*, which they had sufficient Cause to repent of. He did not forget M. de *Guise*'s Expedition, and the Breaking of his Design. And then concluded with the two Battles of St. *Quintin* and *Gravelins*, which constrained the King (being able to do no more) to ask a Peace. He slurr'd over the Taking of *Calais*, *Guysnes*, *Thionville* and the Camp at *Amiens*, where the King, being in Person, offered the King of *Spain* Battle a hundred Times; but he would not bite at

the Bait. In short, he made a long Piece of Work on it, not forgetting Himself, as being several Times the Emperor *Charles*'s Lieutenant, and a true Witness of their Valour. This Vaunting of Himself and his Soldiers, could not well be dispens'd with, because otherwise the *Spanish* Pride would have no Vent. Besides, in this Harangue he did but imitate his Uncle, the Conqueror of *Navarre*, lately mentioned, whom some will have to be his Father: but that was not so; for his Father was Don *Garcia de Toledo*, who died in *Gerbes* *, against the *Moors*, in the Flower of his Age, having been sent thither with Don *Pedro de Navarre*, King *Ferdinand*'s Lieutenant in the Army, which went thither in 1510.

A *Spanish* Soldier, having challeng'd an *Italian* Lord, the latter made answer, *That since he was not his Equal in Birth, he would send his Footman to fight him.* The Soldier reply'd;

Yo lo otorgo; porque, por muy ruyn que sea, sera mejor que vos.	*I consent to it; for, let him be ever so despicable a Fellow, he will be a better Man than You.*

The same is said of a *French* Gentleman, who, in like manner, refus'd to fight one that was not of so good a Family as himself, that he would send one of his Footmen to him. The other answered, *I wish you would; for it is impossible you should send One of them, but what is a Man of much more Worth and Honour*

* An Island of the Kingdom of *Tunis*. *Lat. Girba*, says *Sobrino's Spanish* Dictionary: But *Morery* gives this Account of it; An Island of *Africa*, in the *Mediterranean Sea*, dependent on the Kingdom of *Tripoli*. It is separated from the *Terra Firma* by a little Space, over which there is a Bridge. The *Arabians* call it *Zerbi*, and the Ancients by various Names. For it is the *Lotophagitis* of *Ptolomy*, the *Myrmex* of *Polybius*, and the *Meninx* of *Strabo* and *Pliny*. The *Spaniards* have been Masters of it; but in 1560 they were outed by the Infidels. The *Corsair Dragut* escaped thither from *Andrew Doria*. See *Thuanus's* History, Book XXVI.

Honour than Yourself: and thus, in fighting the Servant, I shall gain more Credit, than in fighting the Master.

A certain *Castilian* Lord did much better. As in the Kingdom of *Castile*, when there is a Duel to be fought, the Parties must be equal in Point of Family and Extraction, and because his Adversary was very much inferior to him in that Respect, he sent word,

Dezid a tal, que me hago de tan ruyn Linage come el, y que se salga a matar comigo à tal Parte.

Tell such a-one, that I wave my Quality and Birth, and make myself of as low Extraction as he is, and now let him come and fight me.

A great many Grandees have taken the like Method of degrading themselves, for an Hour, of their Dignity, Office, Degree and Order, to fight their Inferiors; whereby they gain more Honour than by taking Advantage of their Privileges, and making use of such a Cowardly Armour as their *Quality*. I have elsewhere treated of this Matter *.

The *Portuguese* were wont to celebrate, every Year, the Anniversary of the Battle of *Aliuvarota*:

It happened, that Day, a *Spanish* Franciscan Fryar came to pay his Compliments to the King, who said to him;

Que os paresce de nuestra Fiesta? Celebran se en Castilla tales Fiestas por semejantes Vencimientos?

What think ye of our Festival? Do they celebrate any such in Castile *for the like Victories?*

The Franciscan reply'd,

No se hazen; porque son tantas las Victorias nuestras, que cada Dia seria Fiesta, y moririan los Officiales de Hambre.

We keep no such Festival: because we have so many Victories, that every Day would be a Festival, and Tradesmen and Artificers would die with Hunger.

* See the Discourse on Duels.

No Soldier could have made a better Rhodomontade than this *Spanish* Monk did. But it was not long before it was retorted upon him by a *Portuguese* Monk, who, in his Sermon on that Occasion (the next Time the Anniversary of that Victory came about again) giving a graphical Representation of the Battle, as such Preachers often digress from their Text, used these Words;

Nos otros *Christianos* estavamos de un Cabo del Ryo, y los *Castillianos* de la otra Parte.	*We* Christians *were on this Side the River, and the* Castilians *on that.*

What a Fryar-like Attack was this!

Ever since History has given us any Account of Things, the *Portuguese* and *Castilians* (i. e. *Spaniards*) never much lov'd one another: And I remember an Instance of this myself. When I was at *Lisbon*, I went into a Shop to buy some Silk-Stuff at a Mercers, and, as I spoke good *Castilian*, I ask'd a young Woman that kept the Shop, where her Master was? She presently call'd him, and said, taking me for a *Castilian*;

Aqui sta un Castillano que te pide.	*Here is a* Castilian *wants ye.*

The Master finding me to be a *Frenchman*, said to her, in a Passion,

Vellaca, mal-criada, à un Hombre honrado come este, no has Verguença de llamarle Castillano?	*Are not you asham'd, ye ill-bred Sow, to call such an Honourable Gentleman as this, a* Castilian?

At this Time *, now that the King of *Spain* has got the Kingdom of *Portugal* into his Hands, they are great Friends and Allies; but it is all per-force, and from the Teeth outwards.

The Fight which was had in the Kingdom of *Naples* between Twelve *French* Gentlemen on one Side,

* About the Year 1596.

Side, and Twelve *Spanish* Cavaliers on another, remained very Doubtful as to the Victory. After it was over, *Gonsalvo* (commonly called the *Great Captain*) who had sent pick'd Men, asked the Person, who was come from the Fight, What News? The other, in an ambiguous Way, only answered;

Senor, los nuestros vinieron à nos por *Buenos*:	*My Lord, The Men who came to Us from You, were* Good *Soldiers*:
	The Great Captain answered;
Por *Mejores* os avia yo embiado:	*I sent them you for* Better:

Meaning, he had sent them for *very Good* and very well chosen, and to Do better than they did. By this 'tis plain, our Men were not All worsted, as some Foreign Historians have related: But that's no Wonder, being disaffected to Our Nation. Whoever reads M. *de Bayard's* * *Life*, will be soon convinced, that Our (*French*) Men, in that Encounter behaved better than the *Spaniards*, tho' the *Spaniards* made their first Onset on the Horses, not on the Riders, holding for a Maxim,

Muerto el Cavallo, perdido l'Hombre d'Armas.	*The Horse once dead, the Rider's undone.*

M. *de Bayard* gained much Glory by that Action.

When the *French* lost the Kingdom of *Naples*, with their General M. *d'Aubigny*, the Great Captain *Gonsalvo* just-mentioned, gave them All the handsomest Treatment he possibly could, and Horses to carry them off. M. *d'Aubigny*, willing to look Great, tho' vanquished, desired *Gonsalvo* to accommodate him, at least, with Good Strong Horses for his *Return*. *Gonsalvo* interpreting the Word *Return* to signify *returning*

* See in *Morery*, at the Word *Terrail*, An Account of this Incomparable and most Extraordinary Man, commonly called, *The Good Knight without Fear or Fault*.

ing to the War, after they had been at Home, and recruited, answered ;

Torna en buen hora, quando quisierdes ; que siempre hallareys en my la misma Liberalidad que hasta aqui.	*O, for that Matter ; return o' God's Name, whenever you please : You shall always find in Me the same Liberality which I now exercise towards You.*

A Good and Noble Answer, and well-becoming such a Captain, always Courteous and Polite in his Behaviour, and even when there was Occasion of Resentment, not Rough, but Genteelly Sarcastical.

During the Siege of *Perpignan* (not this last Siege) there was the Marquess *de Cenette*, who sent a Defiance and Challenge to any of the Besieged to a single Combat at the Lance : And not long after, seeing two Cavaliers advance, as he was retiring, he turn'd about, in order to go up to them ; upon which his Gentleman of the Horse said to him ;

No buelva V.S. que yo yrè, y derribarè uno de aquellos, y V. S. llegarà à cortale la Cabeça. Respondiò el Marquès, antes yo quiero yr, y derribar le he yo, y llegareys vos despues, y bezar le heys en el Rabo.	*Don't You return. I will go, and demolish one of them, and you shall come and cut his Head off. The Marquess answered ; No, I will go rather, and demolish him, for you to come and kiss his A——se afterwards.*

A very proper Answer to such a Bravo ! I have met with many such in my Time, who have said ; *Sir, Don't go thither ; it is Dangerous : Let Me go, and do You stay here, and don't stir a Step.* When, God knows, for all their bluff Looks, and big Words, their Hearts shrunk with Fear, and they were ready to bewray their Breeches. They should be told, as the great Captain *Gonsalvo* told one who talk'd to him in the same Manner ;

If

Si no tengo Miedo, porque quereys me la meter?	*If I have no Fear, why do you seek to give it me?*

And as a Great Captain of our own said to a certain Spark, whom I knew, *Why would you make me a Coward who am none?*

A *Spanish* Captain, fighting with another, cut off one of his Arms, and almost one of his Legs; with which he fell to the Ground, and the former bidding him *Yield, or he would cut his Head off:* He answered;

Hazed lo que quizieredes; que aunque me falta el Braço para pelear, sobra mi el Coraçon para morir:	*Do what you please; for tho' I have not an Arm to defend me, I have still a Heart left me to know how to Die:*

Often repeating these Words;

Muera la Vida, y la Fama siempre viva.	*Let my Life die, so Reputation lives!*

A *Spanish* Soldier, in a Duel, having reduced his Enemy to such a Pass, and given him so many Wounds, that he was quite disabled; the latter, instead of begging his Life, begged his Death of him, and that he would kill him: The other not only refused his Request, but hack'd and cut him unmercifully in the Arms and Legs; for two Reasons, said he;

La una porque mas penes à bivir; y l'otra, porque puedas dar Razon de quien te hirio, y te diò tales Cuchilladas.	*First, That you may suffer more Pain in Living; and, Secondly, That you may tell who it was gave ye these Gashes.*

And, indeed, it was a great Heart-breaking to this poor Devil, to see himself thus mangled and maimed by his Enemy, and not be able to get Satisfaction of him. Death had been a thousand Times more desirable.

Another, hearing a Fellow talk big, and give himself grand Airs, only said to him;

Moderate

Calla Cabeça de Sobervia, que ella basta à te hazer Morir.	*Moderate your great Pride, Friend; else 'twill certainly be the Death of ye, without any Thing else.*

A *Spanish* Officer, being returned from the War in *Italy*, and reckoning up his Miraculous Performances, a Servant, who waited at Table, said to him gravely, making a Bow;

Supplico è V. M. me de Licentià para que lo crea.	*I beg You'd give me a License to believe it, Sir.*

A *Spanish* Soldier, being returned into his own Country, and boasting, in a good deal of Company, That he had seen all the World; One breaking in upon that Word, said to him;

Puede ser que V. M. avia estado en la Cosmografia.	*Then, perhaps, Sir, you have been in Cosmography.*

The Other made Answer, either wittingly, or thinking it might be some Country or City so call'd;

Senor, llegamos à vista della, pero dexamos la à Man derecha, porque y vamos de priessa.	*We were in Sight of it, Sir, but we left it on the Right-hand, because we were very much in Haste.*

A Rare Fellow, this! — Tho', perhaps, he only bantered them, as well as they him.

Not unlike this *Spaniard* was a certain *Italian*, who, one Day, hearing King *Francis* discoursing, at Table, on the Largeness and Beauty of his City of *Milan*, and every one, in his Turn, giving his Verdict freely of the Matter, he put in his Oar, and said; *It was indeed a very Fine City, but its Haven was a very indifferent one; for, without the utmost Care in the World, no Ship or Vessel could safely enter it.* The King, and the whole Company, immediately began to laugh; and his Majesty told him, Since he had so narrowly viewed

viewed and taken Notice of the Place and its Port, he would be glad he would draw nearer to the Upper-end of the Table, and give him a further Account of it. Whereupon, the *Italian* advancing forwards, and making a very low Bow, said no more than,

Basta, Sire, ch'io ho parlato.	*It is Enough, Sire, that I have spoken to your Majesty.*

The King asking him, What he meant by that? He answered, *That as every one else had freely spoke his Mind, he was willing to do so likewise; That if he had said any Thing that was Common (in praise of the Subject) and known to be True, his Majesty would not have much minded what he had said, and therefore he bethought himself of this egregious Blunder, in order to be the better heard and taken Notice of by his Majesty; for that he well knew the Sea to be as far off of* Milan, *as* Genoa *was.*

This brings an old Acquaintance to mind, one M. *de Beaulieu*, who had been a Captain-Lieutenant of one of the Gallies of the late Grand-Prior of *France*, of the House of *Lorain*, whom he loved beyond all his Officers and Servants, for he was a good Companion, and Second to none for a buffooning, ludicrous Wit, and a facetious, agreeable Behaviour. The People of *Marseilles*, having a Business of great Importance to be transacted at Court, deputed two of the most considerable and wisest of their Corporation, to sollicit the Affair; who, tho' they made two Journies to Court, were unable to effect any Thing, and came back again just as they went. Upon which they bethought themselves of desiring the said M. *Beaulieu* to take the Affair in Hand. He readily complied with their Request (being a good-natur'd Man) and made the best of his Way to Court, where, after he had made a Speech to the Queen-Mother, who at that time governed All, *But, pray*, Beaulieu,

said she to him, laughing heartily, *cou'd the People of* Marseilles *find no wiser a Person than You, to send on their Embassy?* He answer'd; *O yes, Madam; no doubt they cou'd: But when they saw, that the Two they had sent to you, cou'd do no Good, they e'en resolv'd to send a Fool, to try if he might not succeed better than One more Wise, and so they deputed Me. Now, if Your Majesty wou'd please to grant the Petition I come about, You will bring me into Credit; and from a Fool, as I'm counted at present, I shall hereafter be look'd upon as a Wise Man.* The Queen, who loved a Joke at her Heart, granted his Petition, and ordered him to be dispatched out of Hand: Which done, he returned joyful and triumphant, and was well received and esteemed of by the *Marseillians*, who made him a handsome Present of 1000 Crowns for his Trouble, which he did not conceal from the Queen, who was not a little pleased therewith. I was then at Court, and saw the whole Scene, and the Mirth it occasioned there: For this same *Beaulieu* was an intimate Friend of mine, as I hinted before.

Having one Day asked a mettled Spark, how many Men he could fight with, and come off with Honour? He answer'd;

Si es Hombre de Bien, Uno; y de Vellacos, la Calle llena.	*One, If he be a Man of Honour; and a Street-full, if they are Scoundrels.*

This is a good and sensible Answer, for Nothing is more easy than to beat your low-bred, mean-spirited People.

I knew a certain Captain (you may believe as much of the Story as you please; for my Part, I believe my Share of it) His Name was *Freville*, a thorough Rake, * a tall, genteel, young Fellow,

25

* *Vray Enfant de la Mathe.* A Virtuous well-given Youth, Ironically Speaking. See *Howel's* Cotgrave, at the Word *Matte*, which, that Dictionary says, was a Rascally Place, so called heretofore, in *Paris*, whereat Common Gamesters, Cheaters, Cony-catchers and Cut-purses usually met.

25 Years old, and spoke as good *German* as *French*, having lived in that Country six or seven Years. This Captain was very much my Friend, and had followed me to the Siege of *Rochelle*, and at Court sometimes. King *Henry*, in his Return from *Poland*, being at *Lyons*, this Captain being frequently with Me, I was spoke to by no mean People, to advise him to keep out of the Way a little, and not to go abroad so much, lest the Commissary of Peace should have him taken up. I did not fail to advertise him of it: But he answered me very gravely and quite unconcerned; *Sir, I thank you; but, pray, be in no Pain for Me on that Account, for it is a Thing of Nothing. It is only a trifling Assault and Battery they accuse me of: but the Justices have nothing to do with it.* I desir'd he would inform me truly what it was, *Sir*, replied he, *it is Nothing, or next to Nothing: But, since you are desirous to know it; There was a Rascally Tradesman of* Paris, *who had done me a Displeasure. I had him watch'd, and hearing that he was set out one Day for* Orleans, *with Four or Five other Tradesmen in Company, I immediately take Horse; I follow them as fast as I can: I find they din'd at* Longemeau: *I alight, and give the Landlord my Horse to hold: I go up Stairs with my Pistol cock'd: I find my Man at one End of the Table, I go directly to him, saying no more, but,* Confess your Sins, for you're a dead Man. *I presented my Pistol at his Head, and snapp'd it; it misses Fire; I presently draw my Sword, run him thro' the Body, and he falls dead on the Ground. Observing his Companions look a little Vindictive, I cleave one of them down to the Waist; he falls into the Fire, and there breathes his last. The Third I tumbled under the Table to pick up the Crumbs, but he did not pick up many, for I pinned him to the Floor. The Fourth endeavoured to get away by running to the Stairs Head, but I gave him such a furious Kick o' the Breech, that he went down faster than he desired; for he broke his Neck. I*

very coolly wipes my Sword with the Table-cloth, drinks a Glass of Wine; and then leave my Chaps dead as a Door-nail. I goes me down Stairs again, strides me over the Body of him on the Stairs, and without the least Emotion, remount my Horse, without any Body in the Inn stirring a Foot, and so make my Escape untouched. And All this my Sword and I together did in the Turn of a Hand. After he had given me this Relation, I told him, not without laughing, *How! Do ye call this nothing? By G—d, You are in an ill Way, I can tell you, unless You take Care of yourself. Begone, as soon as you can, out of this City, I'd advise you.* He took my Advice, and I accommodated him with a good Horse and some Money, and he made off the Ground in good Time; had he staid but an Hour longer, he had been a lost Man. And yet I had much ado, to get him to go away. What a Ruffianly Dead-doing Hackster was here!

Such another Accident happened at *Milan* (when *Antony de Leva* was Governor for the Emperor *Charles*). A certain Count of that Dutchy, who went by the Name of Count *Claudio*, without any Surname, happening one Day to be a Hawking, in an unfrequented By-place, he met with four Soldiers who had challenged each other, and were met to end their Quarrel in a Sheep-pen, where the Shepherds fold their Sheep to dung the Land (a Fine Tilt-yard, you'll say, these brave Fellows had chosen!) The Count seeing them all stript into their Shirts, two against two, he desired them not to proceed, but to be reconciled to each other. They would not hear of that Ear, not They, but told him, if he had a Mind to stand by, and see a little Sport, he was welcome. The Count replied, he could not bear the Reproach of suffering them to cut one anothers Throats in his Presence; and thereupon, getting off his Horse, he drew his Sword, in order to hinder them from fighting. But they, like

Desperado's

Desperado's, cried out, one and all; *Let's kill Him first, since he is for disturbing our Design, and afterwards let us resume it and fight it out, to see who are the best Men*: Accordingly they fell on him in good Earnest. But the Count, who was one of the bravest Men, at that Time, in *Milan*, so well parry'd and thrust, that he laid Three of them dead on the Spot; and the Fourth, being mortally wounded, begged his Life, which he gave him, and then went his Way. And This I have heard from the Soldier himself, as well as the Count, more than Once.

These are *Mars*'s lucky Hits, which he bestows on his Favourites. And here it must be observed, that when Men of true Mettle are in earnest to fight, nothing vexes them so much as to be parted: And they have often fallen upon those who have interposed. I have known several Instances of this myself, where there has been a Quarrel between Two, Four, and sometimes a greater Number. For nothing in the World is so provoking to a Valiant and Brave Man, than to be interrupted in his Designs of the Sword.

At the Siege of *la Fere* lately, Two Soldiers being taken Prisoners in a Skirmish, One of them, a *Frenchman*, and the other a *Spaniard*, and carried before the King; his Majesty told the *Frenchman*, that he had forfeited his Life by Fighting against his King and Country, but that he would pardon him, if he would tell him One Thing: Which the Soldier promising to do, the King asked him, What Quantity of Provision they might have in the Place? The *Frenchman* replied, *Sufficient for a Month.* Then putting the same Question to the *Spaniard*, He answered, *Sufficient for Two Months, if not Three.* Upon which the King, turning to the *Frenchman*, told him, *He should be hanged for telling him a Lie.* The *Spaniard* being a ready-witted good-natur'd Fellow, and desirous to save his Comrade's Life, said to the King;

Sire,

Sacra Majestad, non miente: porque no ay mas para los Franceses, que son grandes Comedores; mas bastan tanto para los Espanoles, que viven y se contentan de poco.

Sire, he tells you no Lye: For there is no more than a Month's Provision for the French, *who are great Eaters: But there's twice as much, or more, for the* Spaniards, *who live sparingly, and are satisfied with a small Matter.*

And, indeed, the Besieged had dispatched a Messenger to the Cardinal of *Austria*, only to send them some Salt; for that they would salt and eat one another before they'd surrender. This Rhodomontade did not hold Water, for they were glad to surrender, upon honourable Terms tho', which the King most generously granted them, and punctually kept his Word.

Certainly, the *Spaniards* must be allowed to be a soberer and more abstemious People than the *French*. Two Soldiers meeting in an Inn in *Italy*, the Host brought them forth a Plate of Grapes, which the *Frenchman* did not like, and would eat none of them. The *Spaniard*, upon this, told his Host;

Que los Franceses no eran acostombrados hazer sus Edificios sobre Cosas redondas.

That the French *were not used to build their Edifices on Things that were Round.*

As for the *Spaniard*, he takes up with any Thing that's given him, and eats very sparingly when it is at his own Cost and Charge. And if you come upon him suddenly at his Meal, he puts a good Face upon it, desires you to sit down, and do as He does, and all that, with a

Senor, come desto pedaço de Tocino; que juro à Dios no hay Perdiz que lo valga.

Sir, taste of this Bit of Bacon: I swear to God there's no Partridge can compare with it.

But

But when they are at another Man's Table, they'll play as good a Knife as the *French*, tho' at the same Time they'll laugh in their Sleeve at the *French*, for laying out All upon their Belly, and leaving Nothing for their Back; whereas They (the *Spaniards*)

Van vestidos y atavia-dos come Reyes.	*Are well-cloth'd and a-dorn'd like Kings.*

And, in Truth, it was impossible to see any thing more spruce and gallant than were the *Veteran* Soldiers (I have formerly seen) belonging to the Regiments of *Naples*, *Sicily*, *Lombardy*, *Sardinia*, nay, and the *Gouletta* too, when they held that Place.

To return to their Sobriety and Temperance, and how they will endure Hunger: I will give you the following true Story, among others which I shall occasionally relate, and which are no less true. When the City of *Sienna* revolted, and was taken by Surprize, by our King *Henry* II. there were three *Spanish* Soldiers, who, not losing Courage, made their Way to the *Porta Romana* (the *Roman* Gate) where they resolved to stay and sell their Lives as dear as they could. And, indeed, they play'd their Part so well, that M. de *Termes*, the *French* General, went himself and talk'd to them, and told them, If they would surrender, they should have honourable Usage, and as good Conditions as they could wish; and advised them to consider, that, as they had lived four or five Days without eating any thing, they were within an Hair's Breadth of Death, having no manner of Prospect of any Provision coming to 'em, and that they would do well to yield and take-on in the King's Service, and quit that of the Emperor: Otherwise, he would order the Place to be fired about their Ears, and themselves to be burnt alive in it, or else to be starved to Death with Hunger. Upon which, thro' a little Window in the Tower, one answered for the rest, as follows;

Gentlemen,

Cavalleros, quales quiere qui fuere, todos come estamos bezamos vuestras Manos muchas vezes, por el buen Partido, y Voluntad, que de nos librar de Muerte nos haveys mònstrado. Y quanto a nos rendir, y servir al Rey de Francia, el es tan bueno, que no le faltarà quien le sierva; y nos otros tan leales à nuestro, que ningun Timor de Muerte nos harà variar; y no espanta el Fuego, ni otra Muerte qualquiera que sia. En que toca su Intento, y que dezis que no tenemos comer, sabed que acà tenemos abundancia de Ladrillos, y sempre que à los Espanoles falta la Provision, con estos bien molidos nos sustentamos.

Gentlemen, who-ever ye be, we kiss your Hands (one and all) and thank ye a thousand and a thousand Times, for the handsome Offer you make us, and for your kind Intentions of delivering us from Death. As for surrendering ourselves and entering into the Service of the King of France, *He is too good a Prince ever to want Servants; and we are Subjects too loyal to ours, ever to swerve from our Duty through Fear of Death, either by Fire or otherwise. As for what you say about our being in Want of Provision, be pleased to know, that we have here abundance of Tiles, which, when beaten small, will serve to support Nature, and keep us from starving.*

M. de *Termes* very much commended their Speech and their Valour. But, having again laid before them their miserable Condition, they thought better of it, and surrendered. He treated them mercifully, and dismiss'd them safe and sound. It is not to be doubted but they did actually, at last, eat of those pounded Tiles, having continued so long without any Provision, and having, among other Military Virtues, such an entire Mastery of their Appetite: neither is it to be doubted, but that they had an Inclination to surrender; for they were quite spent: but they could not help making the above Rhodomontade,

montade, they are so accustomed to this Practice, and so national is their Humour of acting the Bravo as well in Adversity as Prosperity.

In this War, at the Battle of *Sienna*, between the Lord *Estrosse (Strozzi)* and the Marquess de *Marignan*, the *Spaniards* extolled to the Skies *Astolpho Baglion*,

Que tan grande Estrago en lo Enemigo hazia, que no Hombre topava con su Espada cortadora, que à la Dulçura de sus Hilos no dexassen la Vida en sus Manos.

Who, they said, *made so great a Slaughter of the Enemy, that he touch'd none with his Sword, but they left their Lives in his Hands, so delicate an Edge did it carry, and so Razor-like was his Dead-doing Weapon.*

They no less extoll'd for their Behaviour in that Battle,

Un Capitan Leon, & un Espinosa, de los quales era tanto el Estrago, que en los Enemigos hazian, que otra Cosa no hollavan entre sus Pies, sino Hombres muertos de una y otra Parte.

One Captain Leon, *and One other nam'd* Espinosa, *who did such Execution among the Enemy, that their Feet could find no Place to tread on, so incumbered was the Ground on every Side with the Heaps of Bodies they had un-soul'd and deprived of vital Air.*

A *Spanish* Soldier of the Prince of *Parma*'s Army, in the Time of these Wars, being taken Prisoner by some of our People, and ask'd by one of our Captains, Whether they had in their Troops any brave Officer that would come and take a Turn or two at Push-Pike with him, *for Love?* The Other answered;

Si, ay, juro à Dios, muchos, y mas que no

Yes, before G—d, is there many a one; nay,

ay Pelos en sus Barbas.	*more than you have Hairs in your Beard.*

Another, being taken on the Frontier of *Picardy*, and brought to the King, who was on his Return from *Franche-Comté*, after the Taking of *Cambray*, he ask'd what they said of him in his Army?

No otra Cosa, sino que por treynta mil Ducados que aveys ganado en la Franche-Comté, haveys perdido Cambray.	*Nothing*, reply'd he, *but that, for* 30000 *Ducats which you gain'd at* Franche-Comté, *you have lost* Cambray.

What this Fellow said, is not absolutely without Foundation; for, had not the King lost much Time in patrolling about *Franche-Comté*, he had not lost *Cambray*; for his Presence alone would have kept the Enemy in Awe. But if we were catch'd napping by *Philip* of *Spain*, in the Business of *Cambray*, it cannot but be own'd, we, before, took *Calais* and *Guynes*, under his very Nose. And as for *Cambray*, the King (*Henry* IV.) was by no means well-serv'd, neither was he minded to quit the Blockade of *la Fere*, which, at last, after two Months obstinate Resistance, yielded to the King's no less obstinate Resolution of Taking it.

When the Prince of *Parma* came to raise the Siege of *Paris*, by Command of his Master (*Philip* II. of *Spain*) who expresly gave that General his Orders in these very Words, *Don't fail to relieve My City of* Paris, looking upon it already as his own: He laid Siege to *Lagny*, in order to make our King (*Hen.*IV.) quit his Design on *Paris*, and to lure him on to a Battle; which the King really wish'd for, and the Other only pretended to do so. Here was a great Fault committed, in leaving a City of such Consequence as *Paris*, to go to the Relief of such a paltry Town as *Lagny*, and to quit so fair a Field, which he was in Possession of, to look out for Another 15 or 20 Miles off, to fight a Battle in. This

Prince

Prince (of *Parma*) therefore, being informed, that the King should say, he grasp'd at too much, to think to take a Town before his Face, and give him Battle too, as he boasted he would, he made this Answer to a *Frenchman* he had taken Prisoner, *Tell him I'll Take the Town*,

Aun que fuesse puesta en Cima de su Moustacha.	*Tho' it were placed on the Point of his Mustacho.*

The King ordered this Answer to be given him, That he would set against him so many Mountains of *Iron*, as should put a Stop to his Progress. The Prince reply'd;

Pluguisse à Dios que fuessen d'Oro, que seriamos mas ricos.	*Would to God those Mountains were of Gold instead of Iron; we should be so much the Richer.*

Meaning, that the Overthrow of those Mountains of Iron, who were the King's Soldiers, would prove rare Plunder for his own.

The Prince did not deceive himself, for he took the Town, without coming to a Battle, which redounded very much to his Honour, no less than what he did likewise at *Rouen*; for, the King, having Notice of his coming to relieve that City, sent him Word, he should account him the greatest General in the World, if he made him quit that Siege too, without giving him Battle. To which the Prince returned him this short Answer; *Bid him begin now to account me such; for, I'll raise the Siege, and yet will give no Battle.* And he was again as good as his Word, as I shall shew more at large in a Discourse on him *.

These were two glorious Atchievements. Such as love to criticise on Words, will tell ye, that what the Prince meant by the Word *Mustacha*, was not the Whiskers, or Hair of the King's upper Lip, but the Hair of his Head, which he wore very long and

* This Discourse never yet came to Light.

curl'd up at the End, and was imitated therein by many of his Subjects, but he afterwards had it cut shorter: for, say these Criticks, had the Prince meant the Mustachas of his Beard, or Whiskers, he would have used the proper *Spanish* Word, *las Bigotas* * *de sus Barbas.*

Of these two memorable Actions, the *Spaniards* are not a little proud, as well as of all the rest, wherein they have followed the Royal Standard, and been more than ordinary successful, and outshone all other Nations, as in their Valour, so particularly in their Military Discipline and Order of War. To which Purpose I have often heard them alledge a Multitude of Examples, and, among others, that of *Ferdinando Cortès:*

Digno (dizen ello por cierto) de poner lo entre los de la Fama; el quel, con menos de mil Infantes Espanoles, nueves y ochente Cavallos, prendiò dentro de Ciudad al gran Rey Monteçuna, y al fin con sola la buena Orden sujetò el Imperio Mexicano. Y en nuestros Dias, Hernan Alvarès de Toledo, aquel gran Capitan y Duque de Alva, con solos mil Harquebuzeros, y quinientos Musqueteres, y la buena Disciplina y Orden de Guerra, rompio y degollò en Friza, à la Ribera del Rio Amazio doze mil Hombres,

Worthy, they'll tell ye, to be rank'd amongst the most renowned Generals; who, with less than 1000 Spanish *Foot, and* 89 *Troopers, took the City of the Great King* Moutezuma; *and, at length, by mere good Order, reduced the whole Kingdom of* Mexico. *And, in our Time,* Ferdinand Alvarès *of* Toledo, *that Great Captain and Duke of* Alva, *with no more than* 1000 *Harquebussiers, and* 500 *Musketiers, and a good Discipline and Order of War, broke and put to the Sword, in* Frizeland, *on the Bank of the River* Ems, 12000 *Men,*

* *Bigotas* comes from the Oath *By God*; because the *Germans* and *Goths*, when they swore, took hold of their Whiskers.

con que el Conde Ludovico Nazao avia entrado en aquella Provinca.

Men, with whom Count Lewis *of* Nassau, *was enter'd into that Province.*

The *Spaniards* exaggerate the Account very much in this last Action; for the Duke of *Alva* had a great many more Men than they speak of: but the other, indeed, had double his Number, and particularly 8 or 900 *Frenchmen*, very brave Soldiers, who behaved exceeding well. I was then at Court, when this News came to the King, who thought this Defeat a very extraordinary Thing, considering how few there were against so great a Number.

Certainly the *Spanish* Discipline and Good Order is highly to be commended; therein resembling the brave *Romans* of old, who, by their Military Discipline, and not by a great Number of Men, master'd the whole World. But, pray, what is the Cause of this excellent Order of the *Spaniards*, and their admirable Discipline? Nothing but the handsome Entertainment the King of *Spain* gives his Men of War, and the noble Pay of the Soldiers, which they never fail to receive, tho' perhaps not so soon; but, however, they do not lose it, as our *French* Soldiers too often do: For, where-ever there is Money stirring, Order is there kept up; and where it is wanting, there is nothing but Confusion: And I have heard Great Captains say, that, at this Day, there is no Potentate, be he ever so Great, can shew such a thorough-train'd Army, so well disciplin'd, so regularly ordered, as the King of *Spain* has done ever since his Father resigned his Dominions to him. Then, again, he has such large Possessions in Land, and so prodigious a Revenue, that the *Romans* had nothing like it. To confirm this, let us a little consider the mighty Titles he bears in his Front, which, for Curiosity-sake, I'll here enumerate.

Don

Don PHILIPPE, por la Gracia de Dios, Rey de Castilla, de Leon, de Arragon, de las dos Sicilias, de Jerusalem, de Portugal, de Navarre, de Grenada, de Toledo, de Valencia, de Galicia, Mallorca, de Sevilla, de Cordova, de Zerdena, de Corsega, de Murcia, de Jaen, de los Algarves, de Alegezira, de Gibraltar, de las Islas de Canaria, de las Indias Orientales, Islas y la Tierra Firme del Mar Oceano, Archiduque de Austria, Ducque de Borgogna, Brabante, y Milan; Condè de Abspurg, de Flandes, y Tirol, y Barcelona; Senor de Biscaya, de Genova, y de Molina.

Don PHILIP, *by the Grace of God, King of* Castile, Leon, Arragon, *the Two* Sicilies, Jerusalem, Portugal, Navarre, Grenada, Toledo, Valencia, Galicia, Majorca, Seville, Cordova, Sardinia, Corsica, Murcia, Jaen, *the* Algarves, Algezira, Gibraltar, *the* Canary Islands, *the* East-Indies, *the* Isles *and* Terra Firma *of the Ocean*; *Arch-Duke of* Austria; *Duke of* Burgundy, Brabant *and* Milan; *Earl of* Abspurg, Flanders, Tyrol *and* Barcelona; *Lord of* Biscay, Genoa *and* Molina.

These are Titles which strike an Awe but to hear them nam'd, especially the *Indies*, *East* and *West*. It may, perhaps, be objected, that the Title of *Old* and *New Spain*, contains in it several petty Kingdoms, called after the Name of Cities; be it so, yet they are equivalent to good and large Kingdoms: Thus the *Dutchy of Milan*, bears its Name from a City, and not from a Country; but what a Dutchy is it? And how many Towns are there under it? The Kingdom of *Naples*, what a Kingdom is it? The like may be said of all the Kingdoms and Cities which are in *Spain*. To conclude, The King of *Spain* is a Great King, and that's enough: And I have been informed, that the *Romans* never had such an

an Extent of Land, or such Treasures of Wealth, as he has. This is easy to be known by any one that will compute and measure the Lands and Territories of the one and the other.

Tho' what I have been saying in Praise of the Military Discipline of the *Spaniards* be very true, yet is it as true, that they are very apt to mutiny, when they want their Pay, and hardly ever upon any other Occasion; for they don't love to be seditious for Sedition Sake, and it must be some more than ordinary Reason that induces them to it, whenever they happen to incline that Way. This has been their Custom of a long Time, and they have gone on in it, under the Great Marquess of *Pescayra*, under M. de *Bourbon*, and under the Duke of *Alva*, who, knowing their Humour, glutted them so with Plunder, that they could well enough stay for their Pay; which, however, they would not lose a Doit of upon that Account; witness the Sacking of *Rome*, which cramm'd 'em 'till they were ready to burst again, and yet the Pope was forced to find Money to pay them for all that.

Now, their Way of Mutiny, as I have been told by some among themselves, is this; They begin with complaining to one another, and then buzz about the Words *Motin*, *Motin*, i. e. *Mutiny*, *Mutiny*, and afterwards, from muttering, they proceed to bawling aloud,

A fuera, à fuera, los Gusmanes! Apartano se; porque nos querimos amotinar.	*Avaunt, avaunt, such of ye as are Gentlemen! out and away! for We are resolv'd upon a Mutiny.*

For, if there are *Gentlemen* among 'em, or *Gusmans*, as they call 'em (as there are a great many) they won't receive them into their Company; neither would such enter into it for the World; for they would be Dishonoured for ever; tho' some have not been

been so scrupulous, as I could shew Instances of, had I Time now to do it. The Captains, having a Scent of it, withdraw in good Time, as well for the Sake of their Lives as their Honour; for they would look upon themselves as disgraced for ever, and branded with indelible Infamy, should they be found concerned in their seditious Doings. Being joined together in a good Body, Great or Small, they Elect their Chief, one eminent for Parts and Prudence, above the rest, and him they call *Elegido*; that is to say, *Their Elect*, or *Chosen-one*. They force him to take that Office upon him; and there's no refusing it; for, should he do so, they'd certainly murder him. This done, they pay him the same Obedience as to their true and rightful Captain and Leader; reserving, however, a sort of a negative Voice among themselves. Then they do their Endeavour to seize upon some Towns by Surprize, to serve them for a Retreat: from whence they occasionally sally forth and commit a thousand Mischiefs and Robberies, and use all manner of Violence to extort Money for Ransoms, and the like.

One of the most considerable Mutinies, and which I have heard themselves tell of, was that they made in *Sicily* against *Ferdinand de Gonzaga*, the Vice-Roy there. The first Source of it sprung from *Gouletta*, and consisted of very near 4000 Mutineers. But *Bernardin de Mendoza*, General of the Gallies of *Sicily*, foreseeing the Danger, applied a Remedy to it in good Time; for, had they rallied together with the *Allarbes* and the *Moors*, *Gouletta*, *Tunis*, and all beyond, would have gone very ill for the Emperor. Wherefore, by giving them good Words, and fair Promises, he got them all on board the Gallies and Ships, and carried them into *Sicily*, where they thought they should receive Money, but did not touch a Two-penny Piece: and now it was worse than before; for they play'd strange Pranks,

Pranks, and committed innumerable Disorders: there was no Enormity that they were not guilty of; they took Towns, ranged the Fields, ransom'd or plundered every body. In short, they play'd the Devil. They had pitch'd upon one *Heredia* for their Chief, because he was a cunning, subtle Fellow, and, above all, a great Master of Language, a smooth, Silver-tongu'd Orator; for he had been, in his Time, a Preaching Friar, but had changed his Beads for a Blunderbuss, his Gown for a Gun. He had for a Companion one *Mont-dragon*, a *Navarrian*, who had greatly help'd to raise this Sedition. In short, they did so much Mischief, and were become so terrible, that *Ferdinand* (the Vice-Roy) did not well know which way to turn himself; for to use Force, and to go to work with them *Vi et Armis*, was not to be thought of, they were such desperate, bold, resolute Fellows; and withal, so expert at their Arms: So it was determined to cajole them with winning Words and alluring Promises. Accordingly, after several Goings and Comings to and fro, many Messages, and not a few Conferences, with *Alvare de Sando*, *Sancho Alarcon*, *Alphonso Vives*, and especially that honest old Man *Juan Varga*, whom the Mutineers lov'd, and call'd their Father, a Peace was concluded on: and to confirm the same, and render it durable and permanent, it was agreed, that at a certain Place where publick Mass should be said, all of them, on both Sides, at least the Chiefs, should take their Oaths on the Body of our Blessed Lord, at the Elevation thereof by the Priest, That they would keep the Peace, and no way infringe the same. When the Priest was got to that Part of the Ceremony, *Heredia*'s Deputies very readily lifted up their Right Hands. But one of them, named *Villalovo*, taking Notice that Don *Ferdinand* was backward in lifting up his Hand, he called out,

Senor Vi-Roy, alçad la Mano, si quizierdes, qu' al Cuerpo de Dios, que aqui vedes. Si no la alçays, luego nos apartamos del Juramento, y quebramos la Paz, y Guerra come adelante.

My Lord Vice-Roy, pray hold up your Hand, if you please. You see there the Body of God before your Eyes. If You won't do as We do, and hold up your Hand, to ratify the Peace, we'll immediately be gone without any more ado: We'll not stand to the Peace, but go on with the War, as before.

What a Rhodomontade! To talk thus to a General and a Vice Roy! as if he had been their Inferior instead of their Superior! But *Ferdinand* was forced to lift up his Hand, and put on one of his best Looks into the Bargain. However, he was afterwards even with them; for, when he had separated them, and disposed of them into Garrisons up and down, he ordered all the Ringleaders, in the first Place, to be hang'd, as likewise several Others: many were thrown into the Sea, and above 500 of their dead Bodies were floating at a Time near the Shore. Others he banish'd to the adjacent Islands, where most of them were starved to Death, as in the Isle of *Lipara*, than which, I never saw a more miserable Place to dwell in, for nothing grows there but Caper-Trees. Others were sent into *Spain*, to be made an ignominious Shew of, which made them say, when they were carry'd thither,

Que mas presto los hiziessen morir, que recebir tal Afrenta y Verguença, por ser trahidos al Esquernio de sus Parientes, Amigos y Compagneros.

They had rather, a thousand times, have been put to death, than to receive such an Affront and Disgrace, and to be exposed in that Manner to the Scorn of their Parents, Relations, Friends and Companions, or else to put 'em to the Blush for Them, and suffer Shame on Their Account.

To

To conclude: They were very rigorously chastized; which the Council of *Spain*, however, was much displeased at, and ordered a Process against Don *Ferdinand* for what he had done. I have been told some Particulars of the Pleadings, which were very fine, and not ill-grounded, and I would have inserted the same here, but that they would have too much exceeded the Bounds I prescribed to myself. I think to do it elsewhere. They ordered him to appear in Person, but the Emperor put a Stop to the Proceedings. It has been averred, and written by some, that the Emperor approved of the Severity and Punishment above-related; and even that he taxed *Ferdinand* with not having done enough. But it is all a Fiction; for I have been informed by several old *Spanish* Captains and Soldiers, whom I was acquainted with in *Sicily* and *Naples*, that he was very much dissatisfied with the Vice-Roy's Actings, and highly blam'd him for what he had done, tho' he was willing to let the Thing drop for that once: but so far was he from approving of it, that when Deputies came to him from *Milan* to complain of the Mischiefs done them by other Mutineers (headed by their Chief, *Sarmento*) and that if he did not see Justice done them, they should be obliged to do it Themselves, the Emperor severely frowned upon them, and was very angry, threatening what he would do to them if they ever talk'd to him in that Manner again; and even ordered his Chancellor *de Granville* to reprimand them in sharper Terms, and a more resentful and menacing Manner.

Now, the said *Ferdinand* having sent many of these poor Wretches into *Spain*, and they being seen there in that miserable Condition by all Sorts of People, nay, not a few being carried before the Council to be made, as it were, a Sight of, no Wonder if such a Spectacle raised an Abhorrence of *Ferdinand*'s Proceedings in every true *Spanish* Breast, and brought

upon him abundance of severe Reflections and opprobrious Language. They call'd him,

Vellaco Italiano, Enemigo del Nombre y Valor de los Espanoles, Trahidor, Perjuro, Burlador del Cuerpo sagrado de Nuestro Senor, Inganado de Fe, y Verdadero sangriento.

A Rascally Italian, *an Enemy to the Name and Valour of the* Spaniards, *Traitor, forsworn Monster, Despiser of the Sacred Body of* Jesus Christ, *Prevaricator and Impostor, False Deceiver, Infringer of a Sacred Promise, and a bloody Cut-throat.*

And a deal more of such injurious and foul-mouth'd Epithets; for the *Spaniards* know how to call Names as well as other Nations. Why did he not content himself to decimate them, said they, or let 'em cast Lots for their Lives, or only have punish'd some of the chief Ring-leaders? Had he done this, the Thing had been less execrable: Or else, added they, he might have sent them against the *Turks*, as the Marquess *del Guast* did those who mutiny'd in the *Dutchy of Milan*, under their Leader *Sarmento*. There were 3000 of them conveyed to *Dalmatia*, *Cataro*, and *Castro-novo*: where, indeed, they all perish'd, either by the Edge of the Sword, or under the Iron-Chain of *Barbarossa* and his People, suffering the Penalties and Pains due to the Enormities and Misdeeds committed by them in their Rebellion; but then again, to balance the Account, there fell by their Hands not a few of the Enemy likewise. Possibly the same, or better, Service had been done by those of *Ferdinand*, had he employed them in the same Manner; and thus so many *Turks* being knock'd o' the Head, there had been fewer Enemies left to infest the Christians.

Certainly there is no Occasion to be so rigid and cruel in executing this kind of Justice; for, sometimes, such Men, having been pardoned, and becoming

coming ſenſible of their Error, have repaired their Fault, and done good Service. I cannot produce a more notable nor a more gallant Example of this, than the Mutineers of the Town of *Aloſt* in *Flanders*, who, of their own Accord, ſuccoured ſo well and ſo valiantly, the Citadel of *Antwerp*, then beſieged by the States, and which I have taken Notice of elſewhere *. They have done the ſame in ſeveral other Places, and thereby reconciled themſelves to their lawful Superiors : I could tell whom, and where, but it would take up too much Time at preſent.

I would only be glad to know of ſome learned Doctor, whether *Ferdinand* ſhewed himſelf to be a Man of much Conſcience or Religion, in taking and breaking this Oath as he did, for all what ſome People urge, that he only made it with his *Mouth*, and not with his *Heart?* I would ask, I ſay, Whether That *can*, or *may*, be done, in the Preſence and Sight of the Body of our Lord and Saviour *Jeſus Chriſt*; and whether it is not offenſive to Him, and highly criminal, thus to abuſe His Sacrament and holy Myſtery? As for the Point of *Honour*, there is ſo much to be ſaid on both Sides, *pro* and *con*, that I turn the Reader over to Greater Captains, and Politer Gentlemen than myſelf, to be ſatisfy'd in that Matter. Yet this I will take upon me to ſay, That Commanders ought not (at leaſt in my Opinion) to be ſo ſevere to poor Soldiers, tho' they ſhould be guilty of theſe, or the like, Faults; for 'tis *They* that fight for the Chiefs; 'tis *They* that purchaſe them their Victories with their Blood and Sweat, while the Chiefs triumphantly enjoy the Honour and Profit of both. To which, *Scipio*, the *Roman* General, had a prudent Regard, with Reſpect to his Mutineers, who, not content with Revolting, aſſum'd to themſelves the Authority and Inſignia of the Conſuls. He puniſhed the Ringleaders, and ſome of the Soldiers; the reſt he pardoned;

* See Diſcourſe XLV. of Foreign Captains.

doned; and they performed afterwards excellent Service to Him and the Republick. These same mighty Punishers of Sedition would have their Soldiers make Bread of Stones, as the Devil would have had our Saviour in the Wilderness. But, being unable to work such Miracles, they must live some how; and they cannot, unless they are Paid, or allow'd to Rob and Plunder. And not being allow'd to rob and plunder, nor yet paid, what would you have them do? Great Captains and Generals of Armies, would do well to think a little of these Things, before they proceed to such severe Chastisements; for it is a Matter of Conscience, and they must certainly answer for it one Day——But here I break off, the Discourse being too long, and, perhaps, tedious and disagreable to some.

Not many Years ago, our King having recovered Possession of *Paris*, every-body knows how, the *Spaniards* within it (whom some, indeed, call'd *Neapolitans*, but there was an equal Number of each) were very much astonish'd at first; however, coming soon to themselves again, they resolved, one and all, to fight it out, and accordingly put themselves in a Posture of acting: But the King sent them Word, not to amuse themselves with any such Thoughts as battling it; for, if they did, they were lost Men; however, adding, That if they would acquiesce, and be quiet, they should have such good Treatment, according to the fair Usage of War, as to have no Occasion to complain; namely, their Lives granted them, as also, Bag and Baggage, a Soldier-like Retreat, and Safe-conduct. Their Maitre-de-Camp, who commanded them, with the other Officers, surpriz'd at our King's Generosity, broke forth into Exclamations of Wonder;

Mira qual Rey valeroso, el qual no se contenta de vencer los Hombres	*Behold*, said they, *and admire this generous King, who not only masters Mankind*

con las Armas, mas los vence y gana con todas Cortezias y Gentilessas.

kind with his Arms, but likewise conquers and wins them by all manner of Courtesies and Civilities.

So they accepted the Offer; and when they were marching off thro' the City, the King having a Mind to see them, the Officers, as they passed along, paid his Majesty their most respectful Salutes, and so did the common Soldiers, in the Manner that became them, which they full-well knew how to do. The King returned their Compliments, according to the Regard due to his Royal Grandeur, and caus'd them to be safely conducted to the Place of their Retreat. This was not done without speaking all the fine Things in the World of this great King, as, indeed, they had Reason; for, had he been cruelly inclin'd, they had been all cut to pieces.

Much such Speeches and Commendations were uttered by the poor *Spaniards* who were left in the Trenches before *Metz*, in Praise of the late Great M. *de Guise*, who finding them, at the raising the Siege, in a miserable Condition, sick, and dying with Hunger and Cold, had them removed to commodious Places, and there well-clothed and fed, and their Wounds dress'd, and then conveyed in Safety to *Thionville*. It was their Duty, in common Gratitude, to bless the Hand that procured them so much Good, and they did bless it a thousand and a thousand Times; and, among other their Encomiums on their Benefactor, this was one, which, tho' short, was pithy, and carried great Weight:

Queera justo Enemigo, y piadozo Vencedor.

That he was an Equitable Enemy, and a Generous Conqueror.

He did not serve them as the *Spaniards* did our *Frenchmen* and Foot-Soldiers, who were left in the Trenches before *Pampeluna*, when the Siege of that Place was discontinued by M. *d'Angouleme*, the King of

of *Navarre*, and M. *de la Palisse*. The *Spaniards* made them swear and promise,

Que, si sanassen, dè no recebir mas Sueldo de Rey de Francia, pues que contra la Eglezia se monstrava. A los, que esto creyan, y prometian, davan el *Corpus Christi*, y los otros Sacramentos de la Madre Santa Eglezia, y, si morian, Ecclesiastica Sepultura. Los qui eran interrogados por sus Confessores, que no querian reconciliar se, los dexavan alla morir: y, si morian, come Moros los enterravan; porque tal era Intention y la Bulla del Papa Julio.

If they recover'd of their Wounds or Sickness, never more to receive Pay from the King of France; *since he shewed himself to be against the Church. To such as Believed and Promised as above, they gave the* Body of our Lord, *and the other Sacraments of Holy Mother Church, and, if they died, they were buried according to the Ecclesiastical Rites and Ceremonies. Such as were interrogated by their Confessors, and would not reconcile themselves* (he means the Protestants) *they left them to die there; and, if they died, they buried them like* Moors; *for, such was the Intention, and the express Words, of Pope* Julius's *Bull.*

What a Bull of *Gold*, or a *Golden* Bull, was this!*

The *Spaniards* make great Boasting of all this. But, by what I have heard some old *French* Gentlemen and common Foot-Soldiers say, none of them were spared, reconciled or not reconciled, the one no more than the other; but they were all knock'd o' the Head, as those were by Friar *John*, in *Rabelais*, whom he found in the Close of the Vineyard. Not so acted M. *de Guise*; for, tho' there were abundance of Lansquenets (Foot-Soldiers) and other *Germans*, smelling strong of Protestantism, he ordered them

* *Brantome* writes like a Protestant, let his outward Profession be what it would.

them All to be taken care of, like good Christians and Catholicks, but not with so much Tenderness of Affection; referring himself to the Will of God, and not being desirous to be reputed a Cruel or Barbarous Man, since Man is made after the Image of God. But I submit all this to profess'd Theologues.

In the late War of *Grenada*, begun and ended by Don *John of Austria*, as I was riding Post, I accidentally met with a *Spanish* Captain. He was coming from *Spain*, in his Way to *Flanders*; and I was going from Court to my House. We fell into Conversation together concerning the War; of which he related to me abundance of Particulars, and extoll'd Don *John* to the Third Heavens, calling him no less than,

Sepultura de los Paganos; y que sus Obras y Valencias mas querrian ser vistas, para ser creydas, que no contadas.	*The Grave of the* Pagans; and added, *That his Prowess and Heroic Deeds required rather to be Seen than Told, in order to be Believed.*

When the Capitulation of *Amiens* was lately made, there was one of the Deputies from within, a *Spaniard*, who, finding his Majesty among some ruinous Outhouses, waiting for their coming out to finish the Articles, said, as he entered in, thinking to shew a Concern for the King's Life,

El Rey no està aqui bien Seguro de los Canonazzos:	*The King is not secure here from the Danger of the Cannon on the Ramparts:*

His Majesty hearing him, made answer, *The King is in more Security here, than You are in* Amiens.

Then, entering upon the Treaty, the *first* Thing they demanded,

Porque (*dirent-ils*) es Razon que las Cosas Celestiales vayan primeras,	*Because* (said they) *it is fit Cælestial Things should be* first *treated of*,

Was, That the Burial-place and Monument of Don *Hermandille* should not be so much as touch'd, much less broken down or demolished. The King answered as resolutely as pertinently; *It is fit Don* Hernandille's *Sepulchre should be Demolished and Broken down, since he had caused the Walls of my City of* Amiens *to be Demolished and Broken down.* They demanded, next, to have

El Saco de la Villa.	*The Plundering of the Place.*

A Demand, doubtless, most Unreasonable, and extremely Impudent, especially to such a King; who answered them very properly; *How! a Thing which you have already, and long since, plundered, Do ye now demand it?* They presently swore, they had not touch'd it. To which the King instantly and bravely reply'd; *Since, therefore, it has not been Plundered in my Absence, do you think I'll suffer it to be Plundered in my Presence?* I have mentioned these Three Articles, not for Bright Thoughts of the *Spaniards*, or great Rhodomontades (except the last about Plundering) but as so many Acute and Fine Answers of our King, who is very ready at them, and couches them in as few Words as ever Man did Things of so much Weight. I intend to give Instances of them, in his Life *. At last, the Capitulation was concluded, and punctually observed on our King's Part, and to his great Honour: And, had he not been of a magnanimous Disposition, and merciful withal, he might have taken their Lives; for, as the Cardinal of *Austria* had failed to come to their Relief, he had their Necks in an Halter.

Now let us take Notice of some agreable Passages and Rhodomontades concerning the LADIES. When the

* It was never printed.

the *Queen* came to *Bayonne*, of all the *Spanish* Ladies belonging to her Court, she took none with her but *Magdeleine de Giron*, Daughter to the Countess of *Traigne*, Lady of Honour to the said Queen. She likewise took with her Senora *Sofonisba*, an *Italian*, born at *Cremona*, a beautiful Lady, very good-natur'd, full of Virtue, and extremely well-skill'd in painting after the Life. The other young *Spanish* Ladies were highly dissatisfied at their being left behind, who had certainly been an Ornament to the Court; for some of them were very handsome, and particularly *Leonora de Toledo* was so to a very high Degree, and might, perhaps, have eclips'd the Lustre of the above-mentioned *Magdeleine de Giron*, who, for that Reason, was not at all sorry she was not one of the Party. I shall wave the Reasons why these pretty Ladies were overlook'd in this Journey, because it is foreign to our Story.

The above-mentioned *Magdeleine* was exceeding beautiful, and as proud as she was beautiful, for she was conscious of her Charms. Insomuch that, as I was one Day discoursing of her and her Beauty with a certain *Spanish* Gentleman, he said to me with an Air of Disdain and Indignation:

Dexad la, Senor, Juro à Dios, que es tan brava y orgullosa por su Beldad, que si el Cielo se abaxasse, y se arrodillasse adelante sus Pies, no degnaria dezirle que se levantasse, y se remetiesse en su Lugar.	*Talk no more of her, Sir. I swear by all that's Good, she is so proud because of her Beauty, that if the Gods themselves were to descend and kneel down to her, she would not vouchsafe to bid them rise and resume their Seats.*

Not much unlike this Hyperbolical Expression, was that of our *French* Gentlemen, who went into *Hungary* to support the *Hungarians* against the *Turks*, under that valiant Leader *John* Duke of *Burgundy*. These same Gentlemen, presuming too much upon

themselves, and being swollen with Pride, and in their hot boiling Blood, threatned every where what they would do; that their Lances were not only sufficient to defeat the *Turks*, and push them out of the Creation, but, if Heaven itself were to fall upon them by way of War, they would hinder it from descending with their erected Lances, and keep the Air in its wonted Place. But, however, their Misfortune was such, that their Rhodomontade miss'd Fire; for, without having to do with Heaven, they were discomfited and defeated by mere Men, as may be seen in our *French* Chronicles.

Just as vain was a *Spanish* Captain, who was going to Battle. The more to animate his Men by extolling their Strength,

Boto à Dios, que si el Cielo se cayesse, le havemos de tener con los Braços.	*I vow to God* (said he) *did Heaven itself threaten to fall on us, we could bear it up with our brawny Arms.*

Could this Bravo have done so, he would have been esteemed a second *Atlas*, who bore up the Skies with his Shoulders. What a Load, what a Burden, was this! Tho', upon second Thoughts, I have heard an old Dreaming Philosopher say, that the Air is very light, and that the Heavens, which partake thereof, are so too——But no more of this, lest, by aiming to soar too high, I get a Fall, as *Icarus* did. Such Matters I am an absolute Stranger to, and understand no more of them than I do of *Arabick*, neither did I ever desire to learn a Science of so abstruse a Nature, for My weak Brain could never attain to it.

To return to the beautiful *Magdeleine de Giron*; As lofty and high-spirited as she was, her Heart was no Enemy to Love; neither did she refuse to be *address'd* (for what Fine Lady does?) by many worthy Gentlemen, especially by Mons. *Damville*, now the

High

High Constable of *France*, then a young and a gallant Nobleman, who made his Addresses to her the whole Time of the Journey, and wore Yellow upon it. There was at that Time a *French* Gentleman, a well-bred gallant Man, who happened to be near her as she was walking in Procession on a *Corpus Christi-Day*, and she chanced to make a false Step, the Gentleman advanced forward to help her up, but she repuls'd him in a most disdainful Manner, with *Away with your* French *Courtesy!* The Queen hearing of this, reprimanded her for it. Some Time afterwards, she was marry'd to a Great *Spanish* Lord, whose Name I have forgot; but he was afterwards Vice-Roy in the *Indies*. As she was going thither to him with the usual Fleet, the Ship she was on Board of, with two others, being separated from the rest, and driven towards the *Isle of San-Domingo*, a *French* Gentleman, named *Landreau*, of a good Family, and a Man of the Sea, having fitted out some Ships for a Cruize, had like to have taken the Ship she was in, and actually fired several Broad-Sides at her; but she was succoured by two other Ships who gave Chace to the said *Landreau*, else he had certainly taken her, as he assured M. *Strozzi* and myself at his Return; adding, That if he had taken her, he would have given the Lady no dishonourable Usage, but still would have made her pay the Tribute of her former Arrogance.

'Tis certain, there are Ladies in *Spain* as arrogant as the Men to the full; the Air of the Country inclines them to it. Some Gentlemen love to be the humble Servants of Women of this Humour, whom they stile,

Bravas y Fieras come Toros.	*Stately, Stiff-neck'd and Fierce as Bulls.*

This confirms the Saying; Every one loves his Like. If they obtain the Victory over her, she is so much the more prized by them; and if they are

are Baffled by her, they glorify themselves never the less on that Account: as said a gallant Cavalier one Day, who wore for his Device a Branch of Laurel, with these Words,

Los unos l'an traydo, por ser Vencedores; Yo, por ser bien Vencido.	*Some wear it as Conquerors, and I wear it as Conquered.*

And thus these Blades please themselves in their Vain-Glory, and chuse to bestow their Hearts on the Scornful, Haughty Fair-ones, preferable to those of a milder Temper.

I remember to have heard them sing in *Spain* an old Song (one of those they call *Romances)* which was very pretty, and where a Lady is brought in grieving and lamenting for her Husband, who was a Prisoner in *England*, and could not obtain his Release by Ransom, or any other Way. Which made her write to the King of *England*, with her own Hand, to send her back her Husband safe and sound, otherwise she would make War upon him by Sea and Land, adding,

Que si me falta Capitan, yo mesma llevarè la Bandiera, y l'irè a posar hasta à las puertas de Londres; y tan bien, si mi falta Bombardier, yo mesma darè fuego à l'Artilleria, si que dirà toda la Gente, *Jesus! qual Muger Guerrera!*	*That if I can meet with no Captain, I'll take in Hand the Standard myself, and come and fix it on the Gates of* London; *and if I want Canoneers, I'll fire off the Artillery myself, so that the whole World shall say,* Jesus! what a Warlike Woman's this!

Here's a second *Marfisa*, or *Bradamante*, for ye! To head her Army herself, plant her Standard on the Wall, act the Gunner, and fire off her Artillery! To conclude; The Words of the Song are very pretty, the Tune pleasing, and the Whole merry to the last Degree.

This

This Lady was more Couragious than Another, who, in order to induce a certain Gentleman to call One to an Account for affronting her, used the following complaisant Language;

Bien creo yo, gentil Cavallero, que no os faltarà tanta Virtud, para hazer my Ruego, come os sobra de Bondad y Valor para haver la Victoria de su Persona.	*I am fully perswaded, noble Sir, you will grant my Request with as much Readiness and Generosity, as you have Fortitude and Valour to avenge me of my Enemy.*

Handsome Words these, both for praying and praising!

A beautiful young *Spanish* Lady, having been but a very little while married before her Apron began to be a good-deal too short, by the early Swell of what it covered, and who had all along carried herself very proudly, when a Maid, and held out against Marriage with a high Hand, as a Thing beneath her haughty Spirit, so much as to bestow a Thought of, and was wont to say;

Que no queria ser subjetta à ninguno, segun el Valor y Gloria de su Persona;	*She would never debase herself so much (not she!) as to subject* HER Person *to Any Man whatever:*

And that, should she be constrained to it, she would use her utmost Efforts to hinder her Husband from robbing her of her invaluable Virginity, and if he did get the better of her, he should find it a hard-fought Field, and gain the Victory Inch by Inch. But *Saying* and *Doing* are Two Things: *Promising*, is One-body's *Province*; and *Performing*, Another's. And so it prov'd in this Case. For, very soon after she was married, as I observed before, her Pregnancy became manifest, to Every-body's great Surprize, and her own Shame and Confusion, tho' she did all she could to hide it, and retard the

Visibility

Visibility of it as long as possible. But a certain Gentleman, who had made his Addresses to her in an Honourable Way, when a Maid, was very glad of this Opportunity to rally her; and accosting her one Day, he told her,

Que no fuesse avergonçada, porque todos bien sabian, que de semejantes Luchas, siempre resultan tales Caydas; y por esso no se maravillavan si era verguençada, porque en aquel Caso ella fuesse Novicia, y que sentia en si unos Mudamientos nunca por essa sentidos; y tales que, aunque su Effuerço, Virtud, y Gloria fuesse grande, no bastaria resistir las Inclinationes de la Naturaleza que era de Muger.

Not to be ashamed; for Every-body well knew that such Wrestlings always produced such Falls; yet again, that it was no Wonder to see her out of Countenance, because she was a Novice in that Affair, and she might feel in herself an Alteration to which she was quite a Stranger, and of such a Nature, that tho' her Spirit, her Virtue, and her Glory might be, and, to be sure, were very Great, yet were they not able to resist the Inclinations which Dame Nature has given the Fair Sex.

This Gentleman spoke pertinently to her, and judiciously reflected on her Vanity, her Boasting, her Guarding her Maidenhead, and the Frailty of her Sex, which the Ladies should not presume too much upon, or lift up their Crest on so precarious a Bottom.

By Chance, one of this Lady's Companions, who had never been married, being present when this happened, was minded to excuse her, and yet give her, withal, a gentle Rap of the Knuckles (as we say):

Come es possible, Senora, que tu generosa Virtud, Effuerço, y A-

How was it possible, Madam (said she) *that your Great Virtue, your Strug-*

nimo ſuperbo, no excuzaron de ſer herida de llaga que tantos Deſmayos os cauſa? Plegue à Dios, que no ſea mortal, come yo creo que no ſera, porque jamas d'eſtas Heridas no moriò ninguna Donzella.

Struggling, and your high Courage were ineffectual to hinder you from receiving a Wound which occaſions you ſo much Uneaſineſs? God grant it mayn't prove mortal, neither do I believe it will, for the Ladies never Die of ſuch Wounds.

Upon which the aforeſaid Gentleman, taking up the Cudgels again;

Ha! Senora, vos que eſſo certificays, haveys lo paſſado? —— Garde meDios (*reſpondit elle*) d'eſto Eſtrecho. No Senor; mas, he lo oydo certificar à Perſonas de grand Credito.

How! Madam, you have then experienced the Thing, you talk ſo confidently of it? Heaven preſerve me (anſwered ſhe) *from ſuch a Strait* (i. e. Misfortune) *But I have heard very Creditable People ſay ſo.*

There needed no very Creditable Perſons to vouch ſuch a Thing; for tho' the *Strait*, as ſhe called it, be as dangerous as that of *Gibraltar*, ſome Women paſs it ſafely, tho' others, indeed, do not.

A Lady, having loſt an humble Servant, whom ſhe had but newly made a Conqueſt of, and had kept but a little while, for he happened ſoon after to be killed in theWar; upon hearing theNews, ſhe ſaid;

Ah! Senor Cavallero, que ſi tan tarde me conociſtes, muy temprano me perdiſtes!

Ah! my Dear Chevalier, who knew me too late, and loſt me too ſoon!

Another Gentleman, ſeeing her grieve ſo, ſaid to a Companion of hers;

El Tiempo cura las Coſas; y no ay grave

Time cures Every Thing: There is no Grief ſo Vio-

Dolor que andando el Tiempo no se disminuye.

lent but wears off with Time.

A Lady * asked a Gentleman for a Book called, † *Celestina*; he answered her;

Por Dios, Senora, que me espanto de Vuestra Merced. Teniendo en Casa el Original, pedir el Traslado!

Z—ds, Madam, you amaze me! When you have the Original by you, to ask me for the Copy!

The *Spaniards* are very ready and acute at Repartee (*Motejar*, they call it) much given to Bantering, Jobing, Drolling, Jesting upon People, Rapping 'em over the Knuckles, or Reaching 'em o'er the Thumbs (as we say) (*Golpear*, they call it) Flouting, Scoffing, Deriding, turning into Ridicule, bitter Reflectings, Rallying, Stinging, Nipping, Cutting to the Quick, *&c. &c.*

Of which take three or four Instances. A Gentleman happening to meet, one Day, at a Fair, Three young Ladies, who were Sisters, and all of them of a very black Complexion, they would have borrowed a Ducat of him to buy Something, saying, they had forgot to bring Money with them. He told them, he had no Money about him, and that he was very sorry he could not accommodate them with what they wanted;

Come! Un Hombre tan Honrado no teneys un Ducado? Dixo el, Pues no, Cuerpo de tal? No ay entre vos-otras tres *una Blanca.*

How! (said they) *such a Fine Gentleman as You, without a Ducat? Why not*, said he, *since among all you Three, there's not One* Blank Anglicè White-*Farthing.*

The

* A Lady-Errant, I suppose, or, an Errant Lady.

† A Famous *Spanish* Tragi-Comedy, called *Celestina*, which represents a wicked Old Bawd, so called. It was the usual proper Name of a Woman, but little used since that Play was writ.

The Pun is not amiss; for, a *Blanca* is an old *Spanish* Piece of Money, worth about a Farthing. *Blanca* is also the Feminine of *Blanco*, *white*; so he alluded to 'em all Three, among whom there was not One *white*, either Woman or Farthing.

A *Spanish* Physician having received some Affront from a Widow Lady, he ordered a Horse-courser, one Day in her hearing, to go and get him

Una Mula, que fuesse Viuda:	*A Mule that was a Widow*:
	The Jocky answered;
Come, Cuerpo de tal! Vos burlays de my, Senor Doctor; Nunca fue Mula viuda.	*Gogs Heart! Master Doctor, do ye banter a Body? A Mule can never be a Widow*:
	The Physician reply'd;
Digo yo, que tenga tres Conditiones de una Viuda; que sia gorda, andadora, y comedora.	*I mean, let her have the Three Qualities of a Widow; let her be Fat, Rambling, and Gluttonous.*

It is said, that Widows, some of them at least, have these Three Conditions. As for Gadding and Cramming, I refer myself to those who have Experienced it, and have taken Notice of it. As for the Third Article, I have known abundance of People, and, in particular, one Person of very great Authority, as well as Wit, who was of that Opinion, and held it for a Maxim, that a Woman, as soon as she's a Widow, becomes very Fat and Jolly; which I have often observed and wonder'd at: For, some Women have I seen, who, when in the Hands of theirHusbands, were meager, dry, thin, and scraggy; their Skin wrapped about them like a Morning Gown; but so soon as ever they became Widows, they grew plump and fleshy, as does a lean, crestfal'n Horse newly put to Grass. From whence arose the Maxim, *He that wou'd make a married Woman Fat, must make her a Widow*; for That is the best

Way to Fatten her. Not but that the Husbands bestow upon 'em all the Fatning they well can, and let 'em want for Nothing in their Power; but, you'll say, they don't like this Provender so well, coming from their Husbands Hands, as when they're in a State of Widowhood, and can take it, here and there, of themselves, in a perfect Liberty and full Freedom of Will. I would fain ask some Good Physician the Reason of this: Perhaps, he would refer me to the Fable of the Ass and the Horse, in *Rabelais* *, and the Parley they held upon much the same Subject; where, at last, Mr. Ass concludes, There was nothing like the Freedom of the Field, where they might feed when they listed, tho' 'twere on Thistles, and *Stallionize* it too as often as they pleased, without being in Subjection to Another, as the Horse in the Stable is, tho' he be ever so well fed.

A Gentleman one Day making Love to a Woman who was grown into Years, but still very handsome, and very desirable,

Y come, Senor, me hable V. S. desta Cosa à mis Completas?

Lord! Sir, said she to him, *how can you talk to Me of such a Thing, when I'm at my* Complines? †

The Other made Answer;

Senora, sus *Completas* valen mas que las Horas de Prima de qualquier Otra.

Your Complines, *Madam, are perferable to any Other Woman's* Prime.**

A

* *Rabelais* his Works, Vol. V. Ch. VII. p. 22.

† Complines: The Last of the Seven Canonical Hours among the *Romanists*. The *Spaniards* and some others call 'em *Completes*: Being the closing or *completing* Prayers of the Evening. So this Joke, *à mis Completas*, may run in *English*, *When I'm at my last Prayers*.

** Prime: The First of the Canonical Hours.

A Pretty Allusion enough! I have made a Discourse elsewhere upon the same Subject, and that Many Old Women, are as beautiful and desirable as young * Ones? An Old Man, indeed, can't be so in the Eyes of the Women, unless, now and then, to chat with or so, and to crack a Jest, tho' he has not a Tooth to crack a Nut. As it was the Case, one Day, between an Old Cavalier and a Fine Lady, who reprimanded him, for offering her his Service. She was called Madame *de la Torre*, Madam *la Tour*; i. e. Mrs. *Towers*; he told her;

Tal Torre ha menester d' *una Barba-cana.*	*Such a* Tower *wanted a* Barbican.

This is a Good Pun, and carries in it these two Meanings. *First*, A *Barbican* signifies a Sort of Fortification, or, indeed, any Out-work belonging to a Great Building, and, *Secondly*, A *Grey Beard*, *Barba cana*, in *Spanish* (and in *Latin* too).

The like to this is, what a Gentleman said of a very Beautiful and Well-bred Lady, who, having got a sad, nasty, slovenly, ugly Fellow, for her Husband, yet was herself so far from partaking, in the least, with his Uglines, she not only retained her full Beauty, but burnished upon it Daily more and more. The above-mentioned Gentleman said;

Que no havia visto jamas Fruta en un tal Cesto, que tanto durasse, sin podrirse.	*He had never before seen Fruit continue so long in such a Basket, without tainting.*

I have seen a great many Women, in my Time, of the same Nature, not to spoil, nor corrupt, nor be at all impaired in their Beauty, for conversing with an odious, filthy, ill-favoured Copes-mate †.

Now

* In his *Dames Galantes*; or, Amorous Ladies.

† Tho' oftentimes the Husband, at Long-run, imprints his Likeness on his Wife, as the Seal does on the Wax when thoroughly pressed upon it.

Now let us wind up our Bottoms, and conclude with Three beautiful Princesses.

In the Journey and Interview of *Bayonne*, mentioned before, Madam *de Guise*, now Madam *de Nemours*, was of the Number, and appeared there in her Weeds, having newly lost her Spouse. She looked extremely well, and for Handsomness was second to no Lady of the whole Court. Now, indeed, she is what you may call an *Autumnal Beauty*: But even at that Time, tho' she was much Older than *Magdeleine de Giron*, she quite Eclipsed her. As she was one Day in the Queen's Chamber, a *Spanish* Cavalier, a well-dressed, genteel Man, asked me;

Senor, qual es esta linda Dama vestida da Luto? Senor, *luy respondis-je*, es Madama de Guyza, Muger de aquel grand Capitan Monsur de Guyza. Es Madama de Guyza? *dit-il.* Valame Dios, que linda Dama es, y de muy brava y alta Guyza! Ay me Dios! que bravo Trage tiene, y que es bien tallada, y de linda Catadura! *Es pues me redemanda.* Es tan buena Catholica, y Enemiga de los Luteranos, come su Marido? Si Senor, *luy repondis-je*, y mas; porque los Luteranos l'an matado.

Sir, who is that Lady in Mourning? Sir, reply'd I, *It is Madam* de Guise, *Relict of that Great Captain Monsieur* de Guise. *Bless me!* said he, *She's a most Beautiful Lady, and of a more than ordinary* Guise. * *Jesus! How well-fancied and pretty her Dress! How fine her Shape! How genteel her Person! How pleasing her Look! How charming her Appearance! —Is she as good a Catholick, and as great an Enemy to the Lutherans, as her Husband was? Yes, Sir*, answered I, *and even a greater; because the Lutherans killed him.* He

* *Guise*, i. e. Mien or Behaviour. It is a Word much used in Old Romances, and corresponds well enough to the Lady's Name, *Guise*.

He then enquired of me, Whether she had Children as Handsome as herself? I answered in the Affirmative, and shewed him her Son M. *de Guise*, and told him, She had Two more, at School at *Paris*, both of 'em like him. Then, pausing a while, and looking wishfully on the Lady, he broke forth into a Sort of an Exclamation;

O! bien aventurado Capitan, que tantos Hombres ennemigos de Dios peleastes y matastes en Campos y Villas! O! bien aventurado, otra vez, y mas, que con tantos Assaltos combatistes y venciste esta linda Dama en las Camas y Pavellones!

O! Thrice Happy Captain, who did'st fight with and kill so many Men, Enemies of God, in the open Field, and within the Cities! O! more than Thrice Happy Man, who didst in so many Attacks and Encounters with so Fine a Lady, engage and subdue her, within the Pavillions of thy Bed!

And this he uttered as in a Sort of an Amorous Vexation and Rage, that he could not have a Share of so Delicious a Morsel! As, in Truth, I don't think, there's any Thing in the World so grievous and mortifying to One that's in Love with a Fine Lady, to think that a Husband, or Another, is enjoying her, while *He* only eats his Bread in the Steam of the Feast, and, by the Force of simple Imagination alone. I have heard this Opinion maintained by a very great and gallant Prince that is dead, who one Day, in private Conversation, told me, that had he been a Monarch of some great Kingdom, he should never have play'd the Tyrant, except in One Thing; that he should have maintained the Laws in their full Vigour, kept up the Courts of Judicature, caused the Authority of all his Edicts and Ordinances to be strictly observed, done Wrong to No-body, preserved to all his Subjects their Civil and Religious Rights, caressed very much his Nobility, and never, in the least, been

oppressive

oppressive or burthensome to his People in imposing and levying of Taxes, Tributes and Subsidies upon them: But, if any Subject of his, great or small, had a Handsome Wife, with whom he should happen to be smitten, he should surely bid Adieu to all Restraint, and upon that Head extend his Prerogative a little, and play the Tyrant; but first he would try all the Gentle Methods that Love could inspire him with, and if they were like to prove tedious and troublesome, he would make short Work on't, and not stick to use Force: *For, where wou'd be the great Hurt*, added he, *for Her to be acquainted with a Brave King, and her Husband to be his Companion* (Brother-Starling) *on Whom, and on Her, he would heap Favours, and raise them Both to great Honours and Preferments, and would never be Ungrateful to them, nor (above all Things) scandalize them himself, or suffer any Body else to do it.*

To the best of my Remembrance, those were his very Words, and they were upon a very Handsome and very Great Subject, one whom such a Piece of Tyranny well deserved to be exercised upon.

The Queen of *Spain*, for whose Sake alone the above Voyage and Interview of *Bayonne* was made, appeared there also very Handsome; nor was there any *Frenchman*, that had seen her before she was married, but confessed she was extremely improved in Beauty, Genteelness of Person, and an Amiable, Noble Deportment, tho' she was, indeed, born with all these Advantages, but Age and Time performs abundance of fine and good Things, as well as of naughty and ugly ones. Thus, one Day, I was discoursing with a very honourable *Spanish* Gentleman (for, without boasting, My Company was sought after by Numbers of such, as well on Account of my having been acquainted with some of them at the Court of *Spain*, not having left it above six Months, as because I spoke their Language well)

He

He delivered himself to me in these very Terms, as we were upon the Topick of the Perfections of this Glorious Queen;

Que de veras, tan principal Reyna, y tan complida, parescia ser antes la Creation del Mondo quasi abscondida y cerrada en el Pensamiento de Dios, hasta que fuesse su Divina Voluntad, que se juntasse por santo Matrimonio con Rey Don Philipe; que siendo por sus buenos Hados tan grande tan poderoso Rey, y quasi tocando el Ciel con la Mano de su Grandezza y Pojança, era menester, y no otramente, que no espozasse otra sino aquella, que, por su gran Hermosura, su honrada Majestad, y sus Virtudes Claras y Nobles, semejava mas Divina y Celestial, que Humana.

Of a Truth (said he) *it looks as if this Great and Accomplish'd Queen had been hidden, as it were, and concealed within the Depth of the Almighty's Thoughts before the Creation of the World, until it was his Divine Will to join her, in Holy Matrimony, with the King Don* Philip; *who being, by the Felicity of his Fate, a King so mighty and so puissant, that he almost touches the Heavens with the Hand of his Grandeur and Power, it was absolutely and indispensably necessary, that he should marry no Other than Her, who, by her superlative Beauty, her supreme Majesty, and her rare and most exquisite Virtues, seem'd rather Divine and Celestial than Human and Mortal.*

These were great Encomiums on his King and Queen. I speak of her more largely in another Place, where I have written a Discourse upon Her alone, without mixing it with any Thing else *.

Now, if this excellent Queen of *Spain* has been extolled by her own Subjects, not only in the above-mentioned lofty Terms, but by a Million of other

Y Ex-

* The IVth Discourse of the Honourable and Illustrious Ladies (Dames Illustres.)

Expressions (for they all entirely lov'd her, nay ador'd her, as I have taken Notice of elsewhere) the Queen of *Navarre*, her Third Sister, hath been no less admired and praised by all that ever saw her, they unanimously setting her upon a Level with the Other Two. But, yet, the Youngest hath a little the Advantage of the Eldest, as we sometimes see in a Grove of Trees, a Sapling shooting up its beauteous Branches above another Tree that's older than it. But, however, they were Both extremely Beautiful, in a different Way; and had each of them an admirable and inexpressible Air peculiar to themselves alone.

You must know, that when this incomparable Queen of *Navarre* went to the *Spa* Baths, she passed thro' *Namur*, as I have said elsewhere, where she was honourably received by Don *John* of *Austria*, and seen with great Admiration by the *Spanish* Captains and Soldiers. Soon after, I met, in the Palace, at *Paris*, a *Spanish* Captain, whom I asked, if he had seen her in those Parts? He answered, he had, and that,

Por ser extremada de Beldad y bonas Gracias havia mas Priessa, quando salia fuera, por mirar la, que no à bever Agua de los Bagnos; y que por l'Arte de su Hermosura captivava las Personas con la Fama, y aun muy mayor con su Presentia: porque monstrava su Hermosura entre las Otras Damas, come el Sol entre las Estrallas. De sus otras illustres y claras Virtudes no hablo yo, porque, por ser tan her-

For the Extremeness of her Beauty, and fine Mien and Carriage, there was a far greater Resort of People to admire Her, when she went abroad, than there was to drink the Waters; and that for the compleater Adornment of her Perfections, as she had before captivated all Men by her Fame, so now she riveted their Chains by her Presence; because her Superior Charms made her appear among the other Ladies, just as the Sun among

mosa, ninguna Cosa le falta.

among the Stars. I omit to mention her other Qualifications, because she was all over Beautiful without a But.

Another Time I met, in the *Louvre*, another *Spanish* Captain, in his Way from *Spain* to *Flanders*, who, pitching upon Me above my Companions, as perceiving something of the *Spaniard* in me (as he told me afterwards) desired me to get him into the Great Ball-Room, one Grand Day, only to see the Fine Queen of *Navarre*,

La Fama volava por todo el Mondo, *me dit-il.*

Whose Fame (he said) *had flown throughout the World.*

I took him in with me; and, during the whole Time of the Ball, he said not a single Word, nor used any other Posture, but looking, with a fixed Regard, on the Queen, without casting so much as a Glance elsewhere, as I observed, and let him alone to do as he would, without drawing him off of his Contemplation. When the Ball was ended;

Y pues, Senor, que os paresce de nuestra Reyna de Navarra? Que me paresce, Senor? *me respondit-il*—Juro à Dios, me paresce tal, que si estuviesse en nuestra Corte de Madrid, como es en esta, el Camino seria tan poplado, para visitar y mirarla, que paresceria un Camino de Romeria, donde muchos Pardones se ganan: que aunque senalado Camino no uviera,

Well, Sir (said I to him) *What think ye of Our Queen of* Navarre? *What think I, Sir?* (answered he) *I vow to God, that to Me she seems to be such, that if she was at Our Court of* Madrid, *as she is in this here, the Road would be so crowded to see her and admire her, that it would look as they were going in Pilgrimage to gain a plenary Pardon of Sins; nay, if there were no heat-*

ſolamente baſtaria à ſeguir el Hilo de la Gente para mirar y adorar la, comeReyna de la Tierra, y la Generala de todas las Reynas y Damas las mas ſignaldas de la Europa, y pregonar la tal con juſto y honrado Titulo, por ſu Divina Beldad, Real Maeſtad, y buenas Gracias.

en Road, it were enough to follow the Stream of the People, to admire her and adore her as the Queen of the Earth, and the Firſt of all the Chief Queens and Ladies of Europe, *and to proclaim her for ſuch, by a moſt juſt and honourable Title, on Account of her Divine Beauty, her Royal Majeſty, and her excellent Graces and Qualifications.*

Certain it is, that this worthy Gentleman was in the Right to ſay what he did, for, in my Conſcience, the World never ſaw a more engaging Princeſs. I can ſafely aver this, having ſeen not a Few Beauties, both in *France* and foreign Countries. She wants but One Thing—She is not ſo Fortunate as ſhe deſerves to be, and as her moſt affectionateServants could wiſh. Of this, I can gueſs no other Reaſon, but that, Heaven, who formed her, will not, out of Jealouſy, have her to depend on any but Himſelf. However, ſhe is not at all anxious about Worldly Grandeur, which All, both Men and Women, ſo eagerly hunt after: Grounding herſelf upon a Reaſon, which is ſurely an excellent good one, as ſhe did me the Honour to tell me herſelf, not long ago, That it was Grandeur and Ambition enough for her to have come of ſo great a Race of Kings: So that ſhe might, at this Day, call herſelf the only remaining Branch of the Greateſt and moſt Illuſtrious Houſe in the World; and that there's no Kingdom, Empire, nor Monarchy, which can make her Greater than She is. Ambition is well enough for inferior ſecond-rate Princeſſes; but as for Her, Away, Away with Ambition! She is

ſatisfied

satisfied with being what she is, neither is it possible for Any to fly a higher Pitch than what she can on the strong and ample Wings of her Noble Family, and of her own Personal Virtues and Endowments, and that Pitch is as High as Heaven itself.

Here, therefore, let us Finish; having, elsewhere, treated this Subject at full Length in a Discourse by itself*.

* Discourse Vth of the *Honourable and Illustrious Ladies*.

The E N D.

A DIS-

A DISCOURSE ON SPANISH OATHS AND ASSEVERATIONS.

HAving given a Recital of ſome *Spaniſh Rhodomontades*, I thought it not impertinent to relate likewiſe ſome of their particular *Oaths and Aſſeverations*, which I have been an Ear-Witneſs to; and herein I think they abound beyond all other Nations, and have a greater Variety of them, and oftner invent New Ones than any People I know. The moſt uſual and ancient is,

1. JUro à Dios.

2. Si, Por aquella Senora, que naſciò preſervada de la Culpa Original.

3. Si, Por mis Pecados que confeſſé anteayer à los Pies del Confeſſor.

4. Si, Por el ſanto Voto que hize Saliendo de las Galeras de los Renegados.

1. BY G—d. Then theſe which follow.

2. *Yes, By that Lady who was born without original Sin.*

3. *Yes, By my Sins which I Yeſterday Confeſt at the Feet of my Confeſſarius.*

4. *Yes, By the Holy Vow which I made when I was freed from the Gallies of the Infidels.*

5.

5. Si, Por la Casa santa de Hierusalem.	5. *Yes, By the Holy House of* Jerusalem.
6. Si, Por la Incarnation del Verbo Divino.	6. *Yes, By the Incarnation of the Holy Word.*
7. Si, Por la Veronica Santa de Jahen.	7. *Yes, By the Holy* Veronica * *at* Jaen.
8. Si, Por los Corporales Santos de Daroca.	8. *Yes, By the Sacramental Cloth of* Daroca.
9. Si, Por Nuestra Senora de Mont-Serrat.	9. *Yes, By our Lady of* Mont-Serrat.
10. Si, Por la Alma de mi Madre qui està en Parayso.	10. *Yes, By the Soul of my Mother who is in* Paradice.

You may be sure he had an authentick Certificate of the Thing.

11. Si, Por las Revelationes de San Juan.	11. *Yes, By the Revelations of St.* John.
12. Si, Por la Purification de Nuestra Senora.	12. *Yes, By the Purification of our Lady.*
13. Si, Por la Sagrada Natividad de Christo.	13. *Yes, By the Holy Nativity of Christ.*
14. Si, Por la Cinta de San Francesco.	14. *Yes, By St.* Francis's *Girdle.*
15. Si, Por la Vida de mi Padre, Hombre de Bien.	15. *Yes, By the Life of the Honest Man, my Father.*
16. Si, o Reniego aquel Puto de ruyn Ladron, que motejava Nuestro Senor en la Crux.	16. *Yes, as true as I renounce that Bug—g Dog, the Bad Thief that mock'd at Our Lord on the Cross.*
17. Si, Por la Letania de los Santos.	17. *Yes, By the Litany of the Saints.*
18. Si, Por la Madre Sin Manzilla.	18. *Yes, By the Mother without Spot or Blemish.*

19.

* *Veronica*, the Picture of Christ's Face, as it is said to have remained imprinted on a Cloth, or Handkerchief, with which a Woman wiped his Face as he was carrying the Cross. It is also the proper Name of a Woman, particularly of a Popish Saint so called, whose Life in *Portuguese*, tho' but a small Quarto, cost Archbishop *Tenison 7l. Sterl.* out of a Library in the University of *Conimbra* in *Portugal*. It is an Ecclesiastical Romance, written 200 Years ago, with a View to nip the Reformation in its Bud, and Certify'd by the Heads of that University to have been approved of by God, and Revis'd by the Angels. This Extraordinary Piece was, at the Archbishop's particular Recommendation just begun to be Translated by the late Dr. *Geddes*, but carried on and finish'd by Mr. *Ozell*, and Printed by Mr. *Watts* in Octavo. Price 2s.

19. Si, Por la Senora de la Coronada.

20. Si, Por los quatro Evangelios Santos.

19. *Yes, By our Lady of the Coronade.*

20. *Yes, By the Four Holy Gospels.*

And, thereupon, they must cross their Mouth, right and left Shoulder, and Breast.

21. Si, Por el Sepulcro Santo, en el qual Hijo de Dios fue Sepultado.

22. Si, Por las Novenas de la Senora Santa Elizabet.

23. Si, Por la Sagrada Escritura.

24. Por Nuestra Senora del Pilar de Saragoça te lo juro.

25. Si, o reniego de *las* que tengo en la Cara.

26. Si, o reniego los Pecados de los Muertos.

27. Si, Por la Incarnation de Christo.

28. Si, Por las Reliquias Santas de San Juan de Latran.

29. Si, Por toda la Perdition del Mundo te lo juro.

30. Si, Por la vera Crux de Caravaca.

31. Si, Por el Cuerpo de Santo Alfonço, qui esta en Zamora, te lo juro.

32. Si, Por el Apostel Divino Sant Jago.

33. Si, Por el Siglo de mis Finados.

34. Si, Por las Brazas de San Anton.

35. Si, Por el Sagrario de Nuestra Senora.

21. *Yes, By the Holy Sepulchre, wherein the Son of God was buried.*

22. *Yes, By the Nine-Days Devotion of the Lady St.* Elizabeth.

23. *Yes, By the Holy Scripture.*

24. *Yes; I swear it by Our Lady of the* Pillar of Saragoza.

25. *Yes, as True as* These *in my Face.*

He means the Gashes in his Face.

26. *It is true, or may the Sins of the Dead never be Pardon'd.*

27. *Yes, By the Incarnation of Christ.*

28. *Yes, By the Holy Relicks of St.* John de Lateran.

29. *Yes, 'Tis true, or may the Whole World be swallow'd up to quick Damnation.*

30. *Yes, By the True Cross of* Caravaca. *

31. *Yes, I swear by the Body of St.* Alfonso, *which reposes at* Zamora.

32. *Yes, By the Divine Apostle St.* James.

33. *Yes, So rest the Souls of my departed Parents.*

34. *Yes, By St.* Antony's *Fire.*

35. *Yes, By the Tabernacle† of our Lady.*

36.

* A Town in the Kingdom of *Murcia* in *Spain*, famous for a Miraculous Cross there, said to have been brought by an Angel.

† The Box on the Altar on which the Blessed Sacrament is kept.

36. Si, Por la Oreja Sagrada de Malchus, y Sanada por la Mano de Jesus.

36. *Yes, By* Malchus's *sanctified Ear, heal'd by the Hand of* Jesus Christ.

It might be indeed Sanctified by Our Saviour's touching it, not Otherwise.

37. Si, Por el buen Ladron, que Jesus Christo salvò moriendo con el.

37. *Yes, By the Good Thief to whom* Jesus Christ *promised Paradice when he Suffer'd with Him on the Cross.*

38. Si, Por los Libros de Maester Abraham.

38. *Yes, By the Books of Master* Abraham.

39. Si, o reniego los Infieles del Hijo de Dios.

39. *Yes, By the Hatred I bear to all Unbelievers.*

40. Si, o reniego los Moros, quando van descariados sin Rey.

40. *Yes, As sure as I abominate the* Moors *that wander up and down without a King.*

41. Si, Por mis Cuentas.

41. *Yes, By the Beads of my Chaplet.*

42 Si, Por la Virgen, que concibiò sin Dolor.

42. *Yes, By the Virgin that conceiv'd without Pain.*

43. Si, Por la Penitencia de Santa Maria Magdalena.

43. *Yes, By the Pennance of St.* Mary Magdelen.

44. Si, Por el Angel de la Pax.

44. *Yes, By the Angel of Peace.*

45. Si, Por el Senor, que padeciò en la Crux.

45. *Yes, By the Lord who Suffer'd on the Cross.*

46. Si, Por la Senora de los Campos.

46. *Yes, By Our Lady of the Fields.*

47. Si, Por les Reliquias di Roma.

47. *Yes, By the Relicks of* Rome.

48. Si, o reniego la que me pariò, si no es Verdad.

48. *Yes, I renounce her that bore me, if it is not true.*

49. Si, o reniego del Officio que quedò en Poder de Rapazes.

49. *Yes, Or may Children never be allow'd to chuse their Trades.*

50. Si, o reniego de la Puta mi Suegra.

50. *Yes, As sure as I detest the Whore my Step-Mother.*

51. Si, Por la Senora de las Huertas.

51. *Yes, By Our Lady of the Gardens.*

52. Si, Por la Passion de Hijo de Dios.

52. *Yes, By the Passion of the Son of God.*

53. Si, o reniego la Cosa abrazada del Pluton.

53. *Yes, As I wash my Hands of* Pluto's *flaming Mansion* (Hell)

54. Si, Por la Santa Trinidad.

54. *Yes, By the Holy Trinity.*

55. Si, o reniego la Ley de quel Puto Mahomet, y descreo de la Casa donde esta Sepultado.

56. En Verdad, lo Affirmo por los Santos de Dios.

57. Si; o reniego del Spiritu Maligno.

58. Si, Por las Romerias de Sant Jago.

59. Si, Por la Virgen del Remedio, te lo juro.

60. Si, Por Vida del Emperador Carlos.

61. Si, Por la Vida del Rey Don Phelipe.

62. Si, Por los Ojos de mi Dama.

63. Si, Por estas Barbas que nascieron à la Fumada de los Canones.

55. *Yes, As I abjure the Law of that Crupper-monger* Mahomet, *and abominate his Sepulchre.*

56. *Yes, By the Saints of* God, *I aver it.*

57. *Yes, As I deny and defy, with both my Hands, the Evil Spirit.*

58. *Yes, By St.* James's *Pilgrimages.*

59. *Yes, I affirm it, By the Virgin that Cures People of all Distempers.*

60. *Yes, By the Life of Emperor* Charles.

61. *Yes, By the Life of King* Philip.

62. *Yes, By my Mistress's bright Eyes.*

63. *Yes, By these Whiskers, which owe their Growth to Cannon Smoak.*

Some of their Oaths are quite Execrable, such as I heard one Day utter'd by a Musketeer, near *Narbonne*, who swore,

Por los Higados de Dios.

By the Entrails and Liver of G—d.

A vile Wretch as he was!

I saw a Soldier at *Naples*, where an Order had been published against Soldiers Swearing, having lost all his Money in the *Corps de Garde*, said only,

Bezo las Manos, Senor Pilato:

I kiss your Hands, Signior Pilate:

One of his Companions asking him, What he meant by That? He reply'd, He return'd Thanks to *Pilate*, and own'd himself oblig'd to him, for Sentencing Our Saviour to Die. A sad Dog this, and ought to have been burnt alive!

Another

Another Soldier, going, one Day, into the House of a Woman, where he lodged, and who had three or four young Children about her, who did nothing but cry and were very troublesome;

Que no vive aun el Rey Don Herodes para vengarme d'estos Ninos.	*Wou'd to God*, said he, Herod *was alive, to deliver me from these squawling Brats!*

A most Religious Person this!

Another, recovering out of a Burning Fever, went to Church to return God Thanks, which he did in the following Terms;

Bezo las Manos, Senor Jesus: y tan bien à vos, San Pablo, y San Pedro, y à todos Vos Otros Apostoles y Santos de Vida Eternal!	*I kiss your Hands, Master* Jesus; *and yours too, St.* Paul, *St.* Peter, *and all the other Apostles and Saints of Eternal Life!*

And then turning towards St. *Antony*, who was pictured there with his huge white Beard, he said;

Y no à vos, Barba blanca, que tan mal tu Fuego me tratò, y me quemò en mis Calenturas.	*But I con You no Thanks, Master Grey-Beard, whose Fire has treated me so roughly, and burnt me so cruelly during my Fever.*

The brave Monsieur *de Bayard* did not act in that Manner. We are told, in his Life, that being taken ill of a Violent Fever, he implored Monsieur St. *Antony*, in the following Prayer; *O! Monsieur St.* Antony, *my Good Saint and Lord, I beg you wou'd Remember the Time when We*, Frenchmen, *went and threw ourselves into* Parma, *which the* Imperialists *were going to besiege. All the Dwelling-Houses and Churches in the Suburbs were ordered to be burnt or pulled down. I never wou'd give my Consent for Your's to be demolished, or, in the least defaced, tho' it was a Thing of the utmost Importance; but I went into it Myself with my whole Company: So that I secured it from*

Violation, and it continued untouch'd, and as entire as it was before. This Prayer being made, in a Week's Time M. *de Bayard* was perfectly recovered of his Illness.

Now I'm upon the Article of *Hand-kissing*; a Preaching-Fryar in *Spain*, preaching the First Sunday in *Lent*, the Gospel for the Day being relative to *Satan*'s Tempting our Lord, and bidding him cast himself down from the Pinnacle of the Temple, for that, since he was the Son of God, the Angels would bear him up in their Hands that he should take no Hurt: Hereupon the Preacher used these very Words;

Jesus, come Cavallero muy bien creado, respondio assi: *Beso las Manos, Senor Satan. Tengo Otra Escalera para abaxar.*	Jesus, *like a well-bred Gentleman, answered*; I kiss your Hands, Signior *Satan*: There's another-guise Pair of Stairs than That to go down by.

I knew a very great Prelate, who (unwittingly) fell into a Fault, not unlike this, and I heard it myself: This Man, preaching the same Day at *Fountainbleau*, before the King and Queen, and the whole Court, there being likewise 2 or 300 *Huguenots*, and touching upon the same Point of Our Saviour's being Tempted, he said; *Prithee, Friend* Satan, *What have I done to You, that You should tempt me thus?* This Word was no sooner said, but most of the Auditory, especially the *Huguenots*, fell to tittering and laughing, which he taking Notice of, asked some of his Friends, when the Service was over, what made them laugh; they told him, Because he had called the Devil *His Friend*. At which he was so ashamed, that he declared, he had rather have given a 1000 Crowns than have said such a Thing. And, indeed, the *Huguenots* roasted him for't ever after sufficiently.

And

And here it must be noted, that some *Spaniards* are so fond of their Jokes, that they spare neither Religion, nor Religious, neither Person nor Thing, whatsoever.

I was going, one Day, to *Naples* with the * *Procace*, who takes in all Sorts of People, rough as they run, without any Distinction. There happen'd to be with us a Serjeant-Major of *Naples*, whose Name was *Caravajal*, a clever Sort of a Man. You need not ask whether we were well or ill used by the Procace. After we had din'd, in a Town called *Bellistre*, † as ill as possible, upon Meat no better than Carrion: They set before us, for a Desert, Two Dishes of Sallad, consisting of wild and bitter Herbs, such as *Old Nick* himself would not have touch'd with a Pitch-Fork. In two other Dishes a-part, was a very small *Modicum* of Vinegar, and anOcean of Oil, with which they abound in those Parts, but are very little Lovers of Vinegar. *Caravajal*, seeing this fine second Course, with this huge Quantity of Oil, cry'd aloud, from the Upper-end of the Table, where he was, and myself next him;

Senores, quien quiere morir de vos otros, qu' aqui està la *Extrem-Unction.*	*Gentlemen, such of ye as have a Mind to Die, here's* Extreme Unction *for ye!*

Because Oil is used in Extreme-Unction.

We

* The Ordinary Post, or Carrier, that goes Weekly between *Rome* and *Naples*. Also (says *Torriano*) the Messenger, or he that travels from one Great City to another in *France*, and conducts their Natives or Strangers, bearing their Charges at a set Rate. *Procace*, in *Italian*, likewise means *sauey*, *foul-mouth'd*, *shameless in asking*, *impudent*, &c. from the *Latin Procax*.

† I can't find by *Veneroni*'s Dictionary, there's any such Town in the Kingdom of *Naples*, or elsewhere in *Italy*. *Belicastro* there is. I suspect it to be some poor Beggarly Place upon the Road between *Rome* and *Naples*, and Nick-named *Bellistre* by our Author, for *Bellistre*, in *French*, means a *Poor Knave*, a *Rogue*, a *Scrub*.

We all fell a laughing, except one Monk who was present, and said;

Senor Capitan, estas Palabras no son buenas à dezir:	*Master Captain, those Words are not fit to speak:*

The Captain reply'd;

Senor Frayle, estas Yervas no son buenas à comer. Tomad este Azeyte, y llevalo al Vicario.	*Master-Monk, these Herbs are not fit to eat. Take therefore this Oil, and carry it to your Vicar.*

The poor Monk was quite amazed, but he was forced to put up the Affront, for the other did not much value him.

A poor Man, one Day, asking Alms of a Soldier, and adding, that he would pray to God for him, the Soldier pulling out his Purse, gave him a Real (Six-pence);

Tomad, que yo no presto à Uzura.	*There*, said he, *I give it you freely. I don't put Money out to Use.*

Another asking Alms of the same Person, and saying, he would pray to God for Him likewise; the Soldier gave him Nothing, but said;

Ruegados por vos, que teneys harto Menester de tus Ruegarias para sus Pecados, sin gastar las por los Otros.	*Pray for yourself: You have need enough of Prayers for your own Sins, without lavishing them away for Others.*

This was not so Courteous an Answer as the preceding.

Another Beggar, asking Alms of a Gentleman, and hoping he would not refuse him, because

Pues que era su Hermano.	*He was his Brother*, he said.

The other, somewhat surprized, asked him, how he was his Brother; he reply'd,

Be-

Porque todos eſtamos de un meſmo Padre, Adam:	*Becauſe we all ſprung from the ſame Father and Mother*, Adam *and* Eve:

The other drawing out his Purſe, gave a *Blanca* (*i. e.* the Third-part of our Farthing). Upon which the Beggar reply'd, That was but a very little for a Brother. The Gentleman, puſhing him away, told him;

Si cada uno de tus Hermanos te dieſſe Otro tanto, no hauria Principe tan rico come tu.	*If every one of Your Brothers gives ye as much, there would be no Prince in* Europe *ſo Rich as You.*

A *Spaniſh* Cavalier ſeeing, one Day, His Miſtreſs courted and made Love to, by Another, who was as ugly and black as the Devil himſelf, came up to him, and ſaid;

Vade retro, Satanas: no tentays my Senora.	*Get thee behind me*, Satan, *and tempt not thus my Miſtreſs.*

Another Spark that was over Head and Ears in Love, contemplating, in a Picture, the Myſteries of Our Lord's Paſſion, as they are repreſented by the Painters, he ſaid;

Ygalar otros Martyrios à eſtos, ſeria gran Deſvario; mas, grandes ſon los mios.	*It were an idle and an impious Thing, to compare Any Sufferings to Theſe of Our Saviour; but, however, Mine are very Great.*

This Compariſon, tho' a tacit one, ought by no Means to have been made. Tallying with this, or rather worſe, was one made by a certain *Franciſcan* Fryar, whoſe Story I'm going to relate. He was one of the Preachers and Confeſſors belonging to Queen *Anne* of *Bretagne*. I know not whether it was Fryar *John Bourgeois*, very famous at that Time, or Another. Among the Queen's *Maids* was one named *Bourdeille*, eldeſt Siſter to my deceaſed Father, and ſo my Aunt, God-daughter to King *Louis* XII.

and

and from him called *Louisa de Bourdeille* *. The King had her brought to Court at six Years of Age, and, for the most Part, had her to dine with him (at the lower End of the Table) being a Girl of uncommon Wit for her Age, and of a prattling merry Behaviour, and gave a Pleasure to everybody that heard her talk. But when she grew to be eleven or twelve Years old, the Queen took her to herself, and put her to Table with the rest of her Companions. At Fifteen, she was termed the *Angel of the Court* for her Beauty, which was so great as to captivate the Hearts of Abundance of those who attended the Court, and, among the rest, the above Franciscan Fryar (for, beneath St. *Francis*'s Girdle, *Cupid* plies his Wings, as well as elsewhere.

In those Days the Franciscan Fryars were so little distrusted, that they were admitted every where, even into the Queen's Bed-Chamber, to *Confess, Exhort*, and the like. He was very assiduous about this Aunt of mine, and from the Topicks of the Love of God, and of Charity, he always let fall some Words of his *own* Love; insomuch that my Aunt having two or three Times express'd a great Dislike to such Discourse, and he not desisting from it, she acquainted the Governante (Mother of the Maids) who told the Queen of it. Her Majesty seemed not to believe it, but chid her, and call'd her naughty Girl, for that the Father was a very Holy Good Man. This continued some time, till on a *Good-Friday* he was to Preach on the Crucifixion, in the Great Hall at *Blois*, before Queen *Anne*, her Maids of Honour, and her whole Court. He fell directly upon the Subject of Love, and began his Sermon with these very Words; *For Thee and for Thy Sake, Sweet Human-Nature, did I suffer, as on this Day, said Our Lord*

* See Vol. I. of the Lives of Hon. and Illustrious Ladies.

Lord Jesus Christ. Then launching further out into the Subject, he goes on so dexterously and subtilly, turning and winding his whole Text, and the Circumstances of the *Passion*, and artfully applying it to *That* himself laboured under for the Sake of that Sweet Human-Nature, that Beauteous Flesh and Blood, which stood before his Pulpit, and on whom he was continually casting a Sheep's Eye, counterfeiting the Sad, the Dolourous and Piercing Pains of Our Saviour, which he still converted to his own, and made them all center there. Few, or None, had any Suspicion of the Thing, except the Queen a little, who, not trusting to her own Judgment, after the Sermon, resolved to speak with our Spark, in the Presence of Two of her Doctors, who had heard the Sermon; to whom the Queen having communicated her Doubt, they began likewise to entertain the same Suspicion, and repeated to her most of the Passages, as well True as Feign'd, the Good as well as Bad ones, which our Gentleman had been urging and quoting in his Sermon. In short, they found there was Roguery in the Thing, and thereupon being call'd before the Queen and the Doctors, and convicted of the Crime (tho' not without defending himself boldly) the Queen is said to have ordered him to be Whipped in her Kitchin. But that was not true; for she did not love Scandal: so she turn'd him over to his Provincial, with admirable Recommendations, to be sure, which he remembered as long as he lived: and thus was my Aunt rid of a troublesome Companion, and the Queen satisfied she had not wrongfully accused him, and the Truth of the Matter made fully appear; for which the Queen lov'd her the more, and so did the King her Godfather: but she did not long enjoy these Advantages, for she died before she was Sixteen: And great Pity it was for so fine a Flower to be

cut off in the very Spring of Life. She was much lamented by the King, Queen, and all the Court, and very Honourably Buried in the Cordeliers Church, near the High Altar on the Left Hand. Before the Church was burnt, about 16 or 17 Years ago *, her Epitaph, in Brass, was to be seen fasten'd to a Pillar, which, with many more, was melted down, so fierce was the Fire, and so impossible to be remedy'd. I owe this Account to my late Mother, and honest M. *de Pons*, who was told it by his Mother Madam *de Pons*, Governante to Madame *Renée* of *France*, since Dutchess of *Ferrara*. I believe, if Madam *de Nemours*, her Daughter, would recollect herself, she could confirm the Truth of it; and now this Story is ended, let us proceed to others.

There have been, and still are, among these same Franciscans, as boon Companions, and as merry Mortals, as in any Society whatever. I knew a *Spanish* Monk, nam'd *Ignatius (Inigo)* who walking one Day in a Street of *Toledo*, behind some Ladies who raised a great Dust with the Tails of their Gowns trailing along the Ground; they taking Notice how offensive the Dust was to him, stopp'd short (for they had a great Respect for him) and said, very courteously;

Passa Vuestra Reverencia, porque no le demos Polvo.	*Will your Reverence please to walk before, that we may not incommode you with the Dust we make.*
	He drew back, and said,
Bezo las Manos, Senoras. Vayan se Vuessas Mercedes: que el Polvo de las Ovejas no lo aboresce el Lobo.	*I kiss your Hands, Ladies: Pray don't stop on My Account. The Wolf never dislikes the Dust which the Sheep make.*

What

* In 1580. See the Journal of *Hen.* III. under that Year.

What a crafty Wolf was this! not to dislike the Dust of these Fine Ladies! Neither would he have disliked the Flesh, any more than the Four-footed Wolf does that of the Sheep; tho' he wore some-times a Sanctify'd Look, and some-times a most Prelatical one, for he aspired to a Mitre: Which made one of his Companions say to him, out of Envy;

Quitad esta vana Gloria de ti: que aun que lliove Mytras, nunca cayerì una en su Cabeça.	*Lay aside that vain Imagination of thine: For should it rain Mitres, not one of them would ever fall upon Thy Head.*

One may be allowed some-times to break a Jest on these Gentry, since they make a Mock of one another, as a Franciscan Fryar one Day did by a Jacobin. These two travelling together, came to a Brook, where was neither Plank nor Bridge; the Jacobin desired the Other, as he was bare-footed and bare-legg'd, that he would take him on his Shoulders and carry him over the Water; which the Franciscan readily consented to; but, as soon as he was got half way thro', he look'd up, and ask'd the Jacobin, if he had any Money about him? The other reply'd, That he had about Six *Reals*; the Franciscan strait made answer;

Padre, perdonad me, que no puedo llevar comigo Dineros, porque assi lo mandò mi Regla. Y deziendo esso, luego lo hechò en el Rio, y si pensò ahogar.	*Excuse me, Father, I can carry no Money; it is contrary to the Rule of our Order; and saying so, he immediately let him drop into the Water, where he was like to have been drowned.*

The Franciscan, you may be sure, laugh'd to some Tune at the poor Jacobin.

A good Woman, being sick, sent for the Curate to come and confess her, and ordered a Hen to be given him for his Trouble, which he did not make any Refusal to accept of, but took it away along with him. When she was well again, forgetting the Gift she had made, she ask'd her Servant, what was become of her Hen? she answered, She had given it the Curate by her Order; upon which,

Vale me Dios! Infinitas Vezes que se me perdiò esta, la di al Diablo, y nunca la tomò: y una Vez, que la prometi al Cura la llevò luego.

Blessed God! (said she) *How often, when I have lost this Hen, have I given her to the Devil, and yet He never took her! and I did but once bid the Curate take her, and he carried her off immediately!*

A Jovial Blade had married a Handsome and Virtuous Wife; but proving a Bad Husband, he soon squandered away hers and his own Fortune too. Upon which she left him; but he being desirous to have her again, went to the Vicar and begg'd he would contrive Matters so as to bring them together again. The Vicar went to the Lawyer, and ask'd him,

Si havia consumido el Matrimonio?

If He had Consummated and Finish'd the Matrimony?

The Lawyer answered humorously enough,

Y aun el Patrimonio.

He had consummated and finish'd not only the Matrimony, *but the* Patrimony.

Another did much better, who, having likewise either eaten up, or drank down, his Estate (or Both) and being found by a Friend of his at Supper making merry, with a Wax Flambeau burning by him; his Friend began to expostulate with

with him, and ask'd him, since he had not wherewithal to supply such an Expence, why he did not content himself with a small Tallow-Candle, instead of a huge Wax-Flambeau? the other reply'd,

Senor, hago el Cabo de l'Ano de mi Hazienda.	*I am performing the Obsequies of my Defunct Estate.*

Did not I tell ye, these *Spaniards* will have their Joke, tho' the Devil stood at the Door?

I could relate a great many more, but I'm afraid of being thought tedious. However, I will trespass on your Patience for a Minute or two more.

The Queen of *Spain*, *Donna Isabelle* of *France*, walking one Day in a Procession at *Madrid*, with her Ladies and Maids of Honour behind her, all as handsome as herself; and the Governante, who came last of all, being both Old and Ugly, a Gentleman said,

Questa Dama paresce la Muerte en Cabo de un Rosario d'Oro o de Pedrerias.	*This Lady looks just like a Death's Head at the End of a Gold or Diamond Rosary* (Pair of Popish Beads).

You are to fancy you see a Fine Chaplet or Rosary of Gold, or Diamond Beads, of exquisite Workmanship, and inestimable Price; at the End whereof, is usually fastened a Death's Head for a *Memento Mori*.

A Captain of the Gallies, giving Chace to a Galliot of the *Moors*, made a Vow, that, could he but take her, he would give the Tythe of her to our Lady of *Guadalupe*. One of his Soldiers fell a laughing; and being ask'd why he laugh'd? he said,

That

Lo que a prometido el Capitan, agora es de los Moros; y si se gana, serà de nos otros Soldados: pues mira adonde se a de sacar el Diezmo por Nuestra Senora?

That which the Captain has promis'd, is, as yet, in the Possession of the Moors; *and if it is Taken, it will belong to us Soldiers. Judge you, therefore, where he will find a Tythe for our Lady?*

The Captain, to be sure, meant to take out his own and Soldiers Share first and foremost, before he bestowed any Part on our Lady.

One more and I have done. A merry Blade, or, to speak more properly, a wicked Wretch, being one Day sick of a violent Fever, which made him very Thirsty, he desired his Physician to let him have some Spring-Water to drink. He answered, It would do him Hurt, if he drank of it, and therefore he should have none. The other said,

Dad me dunque un poco de Agua bendita para bever, que Cosa tan bendita y sagrada no puede hazer Mal.

Give me then a little Holy-Water to drink: So Sacred, Hallowed and Blessed a Thing as that, sure, can do no Hurt.

The Physician answer'd,

O, Hijo de Puta, qu' aveys dicho? Den le quanta Agua quiziere.

O, Thou Son of a Whore! What hast Thou said? Here, Give him his Belly-full of Spring Water.

Thus the Doctor let him drink his Fill of other Water, but not touch Holy-Water, which has far other Virtues than to be Drank, as I am going to relate.

M. *de Grignaux*, a Gentleman of *Perigord*, as Gallant and Ingenious a Man as any of his Time, and Knight of Honour to Q. *Anne* of *Bretagne*, was once sent on an Embassy to Pope *Julius*, by his Master King *Louis* XII. Being one Day at St. *Peter's*

ter's Palace, and seeing 5 or 6 Cardinals hurrying out in great Haste to an Exorcism, that is, *to cast a Devil out of the Body of a Man*, he begged they would stay a little, till he had spoke one Word to his Holiness, and he would go along with them to see this *Mystery*, or Secret in Religion, which he had never seen in all his Life. They took him aside, and told him, he must not think of coming thither, because he was not *Confess'd*, nor in a proper State of Holiness, as They were, to defend him from the Assaults of the Devil; forasmuch as these Evil Spirits are wont, when they are driven out of one Body, to enter immediately into the next Man they meet with, who is not in such a Condition as a right-good Christian and Catholick ought to be; and thus the Evil Spirit, when expell'd out of this poor Man's Body, might enter into His, finding it altogether Defiled and Unclean. To which M. *de Grignaux* answered briskly, and without Ceremony, *Say ye me so, my Lords? Are ye thereabouts with your Bears! If you're upon that Lay, I have hit upon a good Remedy. I'll tell ye what I'll do: I'll go and throw myself, with my Shoes and Stockings and all my Clothes on, just as you see me, into the Great Holy-Water-Stock, and plunge into it up to my Throat. But first I'll take a good Mouth-full of Holy-Water; and, when you have done your Prayers, Imprecations and other Fooleries, and I perceive the Devil coming out of the Man, I'll spout my Holy-Water at him out of my Mouth, and continually ply him with it, till he makes his Way, either out of the Window, or into the Body of some one of You, who are not a Jot cleaner or better than I am, but rather worse; nay, fouler than the Devil himself: For, by G – d's Passover* (that was his Oath) *ye are All of ye, both you and your Master, a Pack of Rogues. and do nothing but trick, betray and impose upon the King my Master*; and, indeed, the Event, not long afterwards, justified his Words.

Words. Thus you ſee how M. *de Grignaux* provided againſt the Devil's entering into him, either at one Hole or the other, and convinced the whole Aſſembly of the Efficacy of his Remedy, and that he could ſee the whole *Myſtery*, without running any Risk, or expoſing himſelf to the leaſt Danger.

This Story I was told by an old Gentleman my Neighbour, who had it from the late M. *de Bourdeille* my Father, who was a near Kinſman, and very good Friend, of M. *de Grignaux*, and as good a Companion too as He was: Both of whom, not only in the *French*, but the *Italian* Wars, had play'd their Parts in their Time, tho' my Father was the younger Man of the Two: For, he was Page to Queen *Anne*, going always, on his Mule, immediately before her Litter, which was a great Honour in thoſe Days; and M. *de Grignaux* was, before that, Knight of Honour to the ſaid Queen, who, when my Father was out of his Page-ſhip, recommended him to the Care of M. *de Grignaux*, and to take him with him to the Wars of *Naples*. I have good Store of Tales concerning both of 'em; Tales no leſs true than odd and uncommon, and pretty withal; nay, ſome of them Excellent *, whereof I have produced Inſtances in another Place †.

Now, for all the Mirth and Ludicrouſneſs of this Story, it muſt be own'd and confeſs'd, that Holy-Water has very great Virtues and Properties,

* In the Original, *qui levent la Paille*; *ſuch as attract Straws*, that is, *Excellent*. The *French* ſpeaking of a Thing which they would praiſe, ſay, *qu'elle leve la Paille*; *it attracts or lifts up a Straw*: in Alluſion to what is done with Amber, which has the Virtue to *raiſe a Straw*. See *le Roux Dictionaire Comique*, *&c.* for this and Thouſands of other pretty Phraſes uſed by the beſt *French* Authors, both Ancient and Modern, and not to be found in *Boyer*, *Miege*, *Cotgrave*, *Howel*, &c. and yet abſolutely neceſſary, not only to Foreigners, but *Frenchmen* themſelves, for the underſtanding all Sorts of *French* Books; and no leſs pleaſant to read, than uſeful to turn to. I have good Part of it tranſlated by me.

† See Vol. I. of Illuſtrious Ladies.

ties, not only against Evil-Spirits, but likewise against Thunder and Lightning, Storms, Tempests, Fire, Burning of Houses, and, in short, a World of other Calamitous Cases, where it has visibly availed in a most miraculous Manner!

I did not think to have swell'd this Tract of *Oaths* with any Stories or Strictures of my own: But, as One Thing brings on Another, I went on insensibly, as it were, and before I was aware. Besides, it is better so, than to dwell on such Enormous Oaths and Blasphemies, which, in themselves, are extremely Scandalous, and very hurtful to the Soul, even more than can be imagined; and it affords just and great Matter of Wonder and Amazement, that People don't refrain more than they do, from prophaning God's Holy Name by such rash, vain and light Swearing, in their common Discourse. But, by what I have seen and observed, there is scarce any Nation whatever but is guilty of this wicked Practice, especially the People of *Italy*, with one of which Country, I shall wind up my Bottom. He was a *Genoese*, and a Captain of the Gallies. I shall forbear to name him, because he was a Retainer to the Grand-Prior of *France*, of the House of *Lorain*. Being upon the Sea, as we were just a going to pass the *Gulph of Leghorn*, which is very Dangerous, he being engaged with another at Dice, and having had an ill Run, at last, he cry'd out three Times, with his Eyes turn'd up to Heaven! *If I lose this Throw*, Misser Domine Dio, *thou loseſt a Christian Soul.* In which last, likewise being disappointed, as he had been before in all the rest, he redoubled his execrable Blasphemies, and said the following Words (in *Italian*)

Yo so bien, que Misser Domine Dio mi vol dar hoggi qualche Estretta:	*I see plainly God has a Mind to throw me headlong this Day into some*

ma, tu mentirai, qu'io no jugarò più:	*Misfortune; but* (looking up to Heaven) *Thou shalt not have Thy Will, for I'll play no more:*

And having said so, he took the Dice and flung them into the Sea, after losing 300 Crowns. This Blasphemous Speech was followed by the greatest Danger that can be imagined. Of the 16 Gallies which the Grand-Prior had with him, there was not one, but was within a Hair's Breadth of sinking. The Grand-Prior being afterwards informed of this Captain's Blasphemous Expressions, rattled him severely, and told him, if ever he was guilty of the like again, he should pass his Time very ill, and so left him, seeing him full of Contrition and Repentance, and far more fearful than any of the rest, during the whole Storm; and, indeed, not without Reason; for he had provoked the Almighty to Anger, as it plainly did appear. Ever after this, he behaved less like a Devil, and more like a Christian, and would often say,

La Fortuna de Livorna mi fà encora Paura.	*The Danger of* Leghorn *still frightens me.*

It is necessary Heaven should sometimes, on a sudden, inflict its Chastisements on such execrable Swearers, for their own Amendment, and the Terror of Others; for, in short, it is only a Custom easy to break oneself of, as I have seen done by several Persons in My Time.

The END.

A DIS-

A

DISCORUSE

ON THE

FINE RETREATS of the ARMIES of DIVERS NATIONS.

I Have heard it affirm'd by eminent Commanders and Generals of Armies, That a Fine Retreat and the Bringing off an Army without Fighting, deſerves full as much Commendation as the Execution of a Battle: No one Thing being ſo difficult in War as the former. And the Captain who brings off his Men well before his Enemy's Face, is no leſs to be valu'd than he that fights well: Becauſe, ſay they, the leaſt Captain who has Courage, may fight Well, but not retire Well. Of which we have an infinite Number of Examples, both Ancient and Modern: But as I have declar'd I wou'd produce none of the Ancient Inſtances, being too commonly known, I ſhall content myſelf with Modern Ones; and for the Firſt, I ſhall fix upon the Marqueſs *de Peſcayra*, *Don Ferdinando d'Avalos*. This glorious Marqueſs then, having drove the *French* out of the Dutchy of *Milan*, in Conjunction with M. *de Bourbon*; and having been perſwaded, and moſt earneſtly preſs'd by him, to march into *France*, he led his Army into *Provence*, very much againſt his Will, and in his own Deſpight as it were:

Porque ſabia bien, dezia el, que la Naturalezza de todos los Deſterrados e tal, que combidados de una muy pequena Eſperança, facilmente ſe embuelven en qualquiera Difficultad; y que, en los Principios de las Coſas, no miden ningun Peligro con la Razon; y que mayor Locura no podia ſer, que con un Capitan deſterrado, que en publico Juyzio avia ſido condenado por Traydor, y con tan poco Exercito, emprender de Combatir un Reyno riquiſſimo, en donde los Franceſes, afectionados al Nombre Real avian acoſtrumbado, no Solamente por Amor natural, pero quaſi per Servil Mandamiento, à ſer le fieles, y aun quaſi adorar el Roſtro de ſu Rey, como ſi fueſſe una gran Deidad oculta; abominando grandemente el Nombre de Traydor.

Becauſe, ſaid he, *the Nature of all Men who are Baniſh'd their Country is ſuch, that upon the leaſt Proſpect of Succeſs, they readily involve themſelves in any Difficulty, be it ever ſo great, and never, beforehand, weigh the Danger in the Scale of Reaſon: And that there can't be a greater Inſtance of Folly ſhewn, than to join with a declar'd Traitor and his ſmall Force, in making War, in* France *particularly, where the People are ſo affectionately devoted to the Royal Name, and not only by a natural Love, but by a Sort of ſervile Cuſtom, are fond of being thought Loyal, nay, adore the very Face of their King, as of ſome occult Deity; utterly deteſting the baſe Name of Traitor; there having been no ſuch Thing known in* France *as a Rebel to his lawful King. However, the Marqueſs, relying on the Valour and Courage of his Soldiers, engaged in the War, and March'd into* France.

The Marqueſs and M. *de Bourbon* began with laying Siege to *Marſeilles*, which was ſo well defended by thoſe Within, that they Without paſs'd their Time but ſcurvily. However, as they perſisted

ſiſted in their Obſtinancy to puſh on the Siege, the King had Time to arm and march againſt them, making ſuch Haſte, and ſending M. *de Longueville* before, and himſelf following after, that M. *de Bourbon* and the Marqueſs were oblig'd to think of making their Retreat. This they did with ſuch large Strides (the King and his Forces vigorouſly purſuing them) that the like was never known to have been done before, over thoſe rugged and horrible high Mountains of the *Alps*.

De tal Manera, dizen los Eſpanoles, que los Soldados, en veynte y tres Dias de Vyage, hizieron Su Camino con tanta Preſtezza y Paciencia, que, eſtando quaſi todos ſin Zapatos, ſe cobrieron los Pies raçados con Cueros rezientes de Animales. Y, porque l'Artilleria non podia caminar, el Marques, con uno Fuego hizo romperla, y puzo los Pedaços del Metal en Beſtias de Carga: y por eſſo aunque trayeſſe con ſigo mas de doze mille Caruajes o Beſtias de Carga, non dexò un ſolo Bagage de Soldado in Camino tan largo y enojoſo; y aſſi todos ſanos y ſalvos llegaron à Pavia, Lugar de toda Sigurdad y paſſaron el Po.

So that, ſay the *Spaniards*, *the Soldiers*, *in Twenty-three Days*, *perform'd their March with a Diligence that Nothing cou'd equal but their Patience*; *for being almoſt all of them without Shoes*, *they were forced to cover their torn Feet with raw Hides and Skins of Beaſts juſt kill'd. And becauſe the Great Guns cou'd not follow over ſuch Heights*, *the Marqueſs had 'em all burſt aſunder with Gunpowder*, *and knock'd to Pieces*, *and the Metal pack'd up* * *and carried on the Backs of Beaſts of Burthen*; *of which*, *tho' there were no Fewer than Twelve Thouſand for Conveyance of what belong'd to the Army*; *yet was there not loſt*, *or left by the Way*, *ſo much as the Baggage of one ſingle Soldier*; *but All*, *and Every*

* In order to caſt 'em a-new afterwards; as I am told *Kouli Can* did in his late Expedition into *India* over the Mountains.

ry Thing, got safe and sound to Pavia; *a Place of perfect Security, and there passed the* Po.

This well-manag'd Retreat of the Marquess is never enough to be admir'd, considering how hard he was press'd and pursu'd by the King, insomuch that his Majesty enter'd *Milan* at one Gate, the very Moment his Enemy went out at the other. The Marquess was so conscious that what he had done was a Master-piece, and shew'd him to be Consummate in the Art of War, that the *Spaniards* themselves say, tho' he was Naturally not given to Boasting, yet he could not refrain from it on this Occasion.

Desta Hazana sola, y Retirada, que en ninguna Cosa fue Semejante à Huyda, de gran Admiracion dizen que acostombrava gloriarse el Marques de Pescaria, siendo en otra Manera muy comedido à blasonner de si mismo, callando con singular Modestia las Cosas que le traya Loor, dando à entender, que estava contento solo con aquel Fructo de Gloria que tenia puesto en la propria Conscientia, el qual Florescia dichosamente mas en Boca agena que en propria.

Of this sole Atchievement and Retreat, which no way resembled a Flight, the Marquess de Pescayra *is said to have been not a little proud: Being otherwise very reserved, and sparing to speak any Thing in his own Praise, but rather, under a modest Silence, he chose to bury his Military Exploits: Giving to understand, that he was abundantly and solely satisfy'd with the Fruit of that Glory which he enjoy'd in his own Conscience, and which flourish'd better and more happily in the Mouths of others than in his Own.*

And indeed nothing is more certain, than that the Marquess look'd upon this Retreat as a Great Performance, since he always conceal'd his Battles and Engagements with the utmost Taciturnity; but This Retreat he valu'd himself greatly upon, even

even to Oſtentation: Nor was he ſingular therein; for his very Enemies extoll'd it to the Skies, particularly the High Conſtable of *France*, * who was principally concern'd in the Purſuit of him.

Another Fine Retreat was made by the Brave *Philibert de Chalon*, Prince of *Orange*, the Noneſuch of *Flanders* in thoſe Days; when, after performing all the Functions of War Gallantly, he no leſs Gallantly Retreated, with a very ſmall Army, from the Sacking of *Rome*; for tho' his Army *went-in* Strong, it did not *come-out* the ſame; it being the Nature of Soldiers, when they have greatly enrich'd themſelves with Plunder, to leave their Colours and diſpoſe of themſelves Elſewhere. This Prince wou'd fain have drawn M. *de Lautrec*, tho' twice as ſtrong as himſelf, to a Battle, for the Prince wanted to get to *Naples*. But *Lautrec* had encamp'd himſelf full in his Teeth to prevent his getting thither. This he did at *Troye* in *Apulia*, and for all the Prince cou'd do, he wou'd not be drawn to Fight, tho' there was all the Likelihood in the World of his obtaining a Victory; but ſtill he cry'd: *I can't give them Battle without loſing Abundance of Brave Men; but I have their Necks in a Nooſe:* Foraſmuch as he expected every Moment to be join'd by *Horace Baglion*, at the Head of *John de Medicis* his old Black Bands, who were the Chief, yea, the whole Sinews and Strength of his Army. *Philibert* knowing this, in the Night-Time, between a *Friday* and *Saturday*, he order'd all the Mules Bells to be taken off and put up in Boxes and Trunks, and without Sound of Trumpet or Beat of Drum, broke up and march'd away thro' the Woods directly for *Naples*; and left M. *de Lautrec* faſt-fix'd in his Camp, curſing and

* M. *Montmorancy*.

and ſwearing, like a Devil, * the next Morning, at his Diſappointment. He did indeed ſend ſome Horſe after the Prince, who fell upon his Rear, but did him very little Damage. And thus *Lautrec*, tho' a Skilful and Able Commander, learn'd one Leſſon more of his Enemy the Prince of *Orange*, who, had he not foreſeen an Inclination to Mutiny amongſt his *Spaniards* for want of their Pay, as they actually did when they arriv'd at *Naples*, he wou'd have taken Another Reſolution; but poſſibly it had not been ſo Glorious, nor had he come off ſo well as by this Retreat.

I have heard ſome ancient People ſay, that when Admiral *Bonnivet* † was forced to abandon the whole Dutchy of *Milan*, having been very roughly handled there by Meſſieurs *de Bourbon*, and *de Peſcayra*, and the Imperial Soldiers under their Command: At the Retreat which (the ſaid Admiral being wounded) was left to the Care of Meſſieurs *Bayard* and *Vandeneſſe*; had the two laſt not been kill'd, the Retreat would have been one of the moſt Memorable that had been of a long Time. But, as ſoon as They were dead, every one loſt Heart, having loſt their Chief Supports, and all Things run into Diſorder and Confuſion. So that the *Imperialiſts* had them at their own Price; for, the *Spanairds* will tell ye, they took Seven Pieces of Cannon from them, which the Soldiers carry'd to *Milan*, cover'd with Green Boughs, as a Token of Great Triumph. So long as Meſſieurs *de Bayard* and *Vandeneſſe* were alive, All went well, and Our *Frenchmen* always made a Wolf's Retreat:

* *Lautrec* was infamous for Swearing. His uſual Oath was *Obé*; which I don't pretend to underſtand the Meaning of. I take it to be a *Gaſcoon* Word. He had many excellent Qualities; but they had been ne'er the leſs Excellent, had he Curs'd and Swore leſs, or even not at all.

† In 1524.

Retreat: * But, their Death brought on every Misfortune, and all manner of Calamity, Woe and Desolation. It is said, that the Admiral having committed this Retreat wholly to the Care of M. *de Bayard* (M. *de Bellay* joins M. *Saint-Pol* with him, but the *Spaniards* mention none but Messieurs *de Bayard* and *Vandenesse*) recommending to him above All Things, not to let the Artillery be taken: M. *de Bayard* made Answer, *I cou'd heartily wish, Sir, that the King and You had giv'n me this Charge in a more prosperous and happy Conjuncture than the present; but, however, let Fortune deal with me as She pleases, I shall manage Matters so, that while I have Breath, I shall defend it in such a Manner, that the Enemy shall have no Cause to Triumph.*

And as he said, so he did: For he always kept his Rear in close Order, and every now and then repuls'd the Enemy. But unfortunately receiving a Musket Shot in his Shoulder (others say in the Back-bone) the Pain whereof forced him to alight from his Horse: And being instantly surrounded by his own Men, who were for taking off his Armour, and bearing him on their Pikes (there not being a Soldier in the whole Army but lov'd and honour'd him more than the General himself) he desir'd them *to leave Him, and save themselves. For, for my Part,* added he, *I am determin'd to Die in the Field where I have Fought; neither does it well become a Soldier to Die otherwise than with his whole Armour on.*

And thus, when the *Spanish* Soldiers, pursuing their Victory, and seeing him stretch'd out, ask'd him who he was, and bidding him Surrender himhimself: *Yes,* said he, *I do Surrender myself to Mon-*

* I suppose he means *turn'd Head to fight.* Tho', by the way, that is but a sort of Forced Courage; for a Wolf never turns Head to fight, but when he can't run away with his Prey.

ſieur the Marqueſs of Peſcayra; for which all the *Spaniards* fell to commending him highly, ſaying,

Que ſe Maravillavan mucho del gran Juizio de tal Valeroſo Hombre, el qual Sabiendo muy bien que la Suprema Autoridad del Govierno eſtava al Poder de Don Carlos de Lanoy, y del Ducque de Bourbon, quiſieſſe antes rendirſe al Marques, que à ellos; dando à entender, que el Nombre de la Guerra ganado con Virtud verdadera, y con Hechos illuſtres, era muy mas noble y honrado, que no el que ſe gana con el Juego de la Fortuna amoroſa, y del Soperbio Favor de los Reyes del Mondo.

That they perfectly admired the Great Judgment of ſo valiant a Man, who well knowing that the ſupreme Command belong'd to Don Charles de Lanoy *and M.* de Bourbon; *yet choſe rather to Surrender himſelf to the Marqueſs than to the Others; being convinc'd that Military Honour, gain'd by True Virtue and Heroick Deeds, is far preferable to that gain'd by the ſportive Play of the Jilt Fortune, or by the ſuperb Favour of Kings.*

The Marqueſs likewiſe receiv'd him very Honourably, and aſſign'd him a Guard, becauſe of the High Eſteem he had for him:

Que non recibieſſe ninguna Fuerça ne Injuria de ninguno Soldado avariento, o ignorante, porque era meneſter que porſiquieſſe los Enemigos.

That he might receive no Violence or Injury from any Soldier, thro' Avarice, or Ignorance of the Art of War; becauſe he himſelf was oblig'd to purſue the Enemy.

The Marqueſs, when firſt he ſaw him in ſuch a Condition, cry'd aloud to his Soldiers: *The Victory is Ours, my Lads! ſince Captain* Bayard *is dead.* Nor indeed did the Marqueſs omit any Thing that cou'd teſtify how much he honour'd him, the few remaining Moments of his Life, having order'd a very

very noble Tent to be put up for him on the very Spot, and a Couch to repose himself on: And thus he Dy'd, without ever being strip'd of his Armour.

Y assi muriò armado en el Campo, come lo avia siempre desseado.	*And thus Dy'd M.* de Bayard, *compleatly arm'd, in the Field of Battle, as he had always wish'd to do.*

After his Death, the Marquess honour'd his Body with most magnificent Obsequies, and sent it back to his People in the handsomest Manner, and They carry'd it to *France*. It was at the Time of this Great Man's Misfortune, that he spoke those Beautiful Words to M. *de Bourbon*, as they are recorded in M. *de Bellay*'s *Memoirs*. For, as M. *de Bourbon* was pursuing the Enemy, and passing near the Place where M. *de Bayard* lay on the Ground, and seeing him in that pitious Condition, he said to him; *M.* de Bayard, *I have a most sincere and unfeigned Concern for you—And I for You*, reply'd M. *de Bayard—for You I say, M.* de Bourbon, *who are fighting against Your God, Your King and Your Country; whereas I Die with my Sword in my Hand, defending them all Three.*

If this Incident has carry'd me a little too far, no Body will think me impertinent, that considers the Great and Amiable Character of M. *de Bayard*, which must and will plead my Excuse for so long a Digression, if it is one.

To return to RETREATS of Armies—That of the late King *Francis*, before *Landrecy*, deserves to be taken particular Notice of. *Landrecy* was very furiously besieg'd by the Emperor (*Charles* V.) with no less a Force than 18,000 *Spanish Veteran* Foot, and 6000 *English*, pursuant to a Convention between Him and the King of that Nation, and 13,000 Horse of the Old Corps of *Naples*, the *Low-Countries* and *Cleves*. Notwithstanding this prodi-

gious Power with which the Place was invested, the King was resolv'd to succour those within it, who had behaved so well that Nothing was ever like it, both in Defending themselves and Offending the Assailants by frequent Sallies: They had, indeed, two excellent Commanders, Captain *la Lande* and M. *Desse*. He therefore gets together an Army, but not so strong a one as the Emperor's, and comes up to his very Beard to victual and reinforce the Place, and not without giving the Emperor Notice of it; for, the Day before, he gave a Volley with his whole Artillery, as a Signal to the Town that he was not far off, and to revive their Spirits. The next Day he approaches *Landrecy*, victuals it, reinforces it, does what he pleases, and then puts himself on his Retreat, leading himself the Van, and committing the Rear to his Son, the *Dauphin*, who, thinking Once to give Battle, as he heartily wish'd (for he was Mettle to the very Back) His Majesty suddenly turn'd his Bridle to succour him; but there was no great Occasion for it; for tho' the Emperor had detach'd *Ferdinande de Gouzaga*, his Lieutenant-General, to follow after with his whole Light-Horse, and some *Spanish* Harquebusiers, to hold them in Play till He himself brought up the Gross of the Army, it came to nothing but a small Skirmish, in which the Lord *d'Andouin*, a Favourite of the *Dauphin*'s, was kill'd, with some others, who inconsiderately expos'd themselves, as I was told lately by Monsieur the Admiral. In short, the King retreated thro' the Woods to *Guise*, having very happily executed his Design, without Any Loss. And the Emperor had nothing to do but retire into his Camp, and afterwards totally raise the Siege of *Landrecy*. In fine, the King reliev'd the Town, under the Nose of a Great Emperor, and afterwards brought off his Army with-

without a Battle, and made his Retreat, which redounded not a little to his Reputation, all Things weil conſider'd; and he was eſteem'd not only by his own Men, but Foreigners, who affirm'd it to be the moſt Glorious Action he ever perform'd.

In which we muſt obſerve one Thing of theſe Two Great Princes, wherein they deceiv'd all thoſe of their Army; for Both the One and the Other gave out among their own People, that they were determin'd to give Battle. The King had declar'd openly and loudly, that he wou'd ſee whether the Emperor, in Perſon, wou'd be as Fortunate in Battle, as he had been by his Lieutenants at *Bicoque* and *Pavia*; and that he wiſh'd for nothing more than to ſee him there, and to encounter him Hand to Hand, if they cou'd but meet one another. On the other Side, the Emperor, when he ſet out from *Guelderland*, had talk'd Big, and made great Boaſt that he wou'd go to *Paris* and ſee what was Doing there. But Neither of them Did what they ſaid they wou'd. See what Braggadochios Princes are! And all their oſtentatious Vapourings nothing but Froth and Air-Bubbles!

But then we are to take this along with us, and which I have heard ſeveral Eminent Commanders aver in Diſcourſe, *viz.* That it behoves thoſe we are ſpeaking of, in Point of Intereſt, to Look and Talk Big, tho' they Do Little, nay, ſometimes come home by Weeping-Croſs. For theſe Princes and Great Dons, in their Undertakings, are as often Baffled, and *ſet upon their Backſides* (according to the Vulgar Phraſe) as your little Folks; but what care they? So they do but gain their Ends at laſt, they don't value by what Means, whether with Honour or Diſhonour: Fair or Foul is alike to Them: For the Winner ſhall always be moſt Worſhip'd and Eſteem'd.

I have

I have it from very Good Hands, that the late High Constable had plann'd his Design of the Retreat at St. *Quintin* entirely on the King's Example just mention'd: But he put it in Execution not in the Night, but in the Day-Time, which was his Ruin, if we may take the Word of some very Great Commanders, and even of M. *de Montluc*, who has wrote a Good Treatise on that Subject: Where he holds it a Maxim, that the General or Captain, who retires in the Night-Time, is not upon that Account liable to Shame, but rather his Enemy, who, thinking to find him the next Morning, finds only the Nest (the Bird being flown) and thus he remains quite confounded and dash'd at his Disappointment. I have heard many People excuse the Constable in this Affair, and laying a great Blame on the Camp-Marshal (whom I will not name) for not posting 1000 or 1200 Harquebusiers in a certain Pass, which had put Count *d' Aiguemont* to his Trumps, who had only Cavalry, and (Pistoliers) such Horsemen as serve with a Pistol, who are afraid of the Harquebusiers, and which the Constable very much despis'd, tho' it was They who prov'd so very helpful and instrumental in Beating us. Had the Constable govern'd himself by the Example of King *Francis*, he had gain'd no less Praise, for bravely conveying Provisions into St. *Quintin*, under the Nose of a very numerous and powerful Army.

The Overthrow of Marshal *de Strozzi*, one of the Greatest Captains of Our Time, at *Sienna*, when he was making his Retreat, happen'd purely because he made it not in the Night, as M. *de Montluc* had very prudently advis'd him to do.

The Retreat of M. *de Montigan* and *de Boissy*, at *Brignolles*, for not having been well contriv'd, nor properly cemented, but like a Dry Wall of Stones with-

without any Mortar, came to Nothing; nay, was ruinous to All concern'd, and made them fall into the Hands of *Ferdinand de Gonzaga*, with infinte Shame and Loſs.

Admiral *d'Annebaut*, after he had thrown Proviſions into *Therouanne*, had perform'd a very Fine Thing, if the Young Giddy Courtiers he had brought with him had not been ſo curious and eager to ſee what the Enemy were doing in their Camp. Theſe Latter took to their Arms immediately, put them to Flight, and made M. *d'Annebaut*, and Others, Priſoners.

Long before this, ſuch a Thing happen'd, in the Reign of *Lewis* XII. at the very ſame Place * (*Therouanne*) and on the ſame Account of Victualling of it, which was very well done, and to the Content and Praiſe of All. But, mind the Upſhot; as they Retreated, thinking themſelves Invincible, and that the Enemy wou'd not dare to follow them, ſeeing what Valour they had ſhewn, and making Scorn of them, they began to break their Order, and retir'd in a very looſe Manner, ſinging, ranting and roaring all the Way, and as merry as ſo many Beggars, and alighting from their ſtrong Horſes, they got upon their Ambling Nags, forſooth, that they might travel more at Eaſe, having been fatigu'd with convoying the Proviſions. When behold! the Enemy fell on them ſo ſuddenly and fiercely, that they were ſoon put to Flight, and fled ſo faſt, that from thence it was call'd, *the Battle of the Spurs* (*la Journée des Eſperons*) for that they uſed more their Spurs in running away, than their Lances in fighting. In this Battle were taken Priſoners, M.de *Longueville* (call'd M. *de Dunois*) M.*de Bayard*, and

* Call'd *Terwin* in *Baker's* Chronicle, where ſee a good Account of this *Battle of the Spurs*, won by the *Engliſh* over the *French*, in *Henry* the VIIIth's Time.

and many other Great Captains, who had all forgot their Lessons, every Mother's Son of them. * M. *de Piennes*, Governor of *Picardy*, was the Person to whom the Charge of this Convoy was committed.

I can't help telling a pleasant Tale, while I think on't, tho' it is indeed Descending from the Major to the Minor. In the Time of Our Civil Wars, when *Poctiers* was besieg'd by the *Huguenot* Princes, and M. the Admiral, there was a certain young Gentleman, who shall be Nameless; for he's of a very good Family, and a near Relation of mine. In his younger Days he was very apt to be a little Foolish or so, nay sometimes wou'd be as much out of the Way, and shoot as wide of the Mark as Any Man, in that Cow-Country of his; but yet for all that, he was good Blood and fear'd Nothing. His Father had resign'd his Company to him, at least a Moiety of it. At his first entering into the Gendarmery, being willing to make himself be a little talk'd of, he ask'd Monsieur, the King's Brother, then Our General, to give him Leave to go as far as the Enemy's Camp, to take a View of them, and make some Prize. Monsieur, mistrusting some Touch of his Trade, gave him Leave. Away goes he, very Merry and Jocund, and actually made such Booty, and did so much Mischief, as alarm'd the whole *Huguenot* Camp, put them in Arms, and made them take Horse, and pursue him with a strong Body of *French* and *Reistres* (*German* Horse) but our Spark, instead of making a Fine Retreat, and Riding off Expeditiously, and in Good Order, sits himself down to Eat, and then to Sleep, only three small Leagues from the Camp, thinking

* Henry VIII. rubb'd up their Memory for them. Twelve-score were all brought to that King's Presence, with Six Standards that were likewise taken.

thinking he had done a Glorious Day's Work. The Purſuers having News ſo ſoon of him, thinking he might have puſh'd on a great way farther in that Time, ſeven or eight Leagues at leaſt, had him upon eaſy Terms, (Dog-cheap) for they took him a-bed, with all the Pleaſure in Life, at no greater a Diſtance than three Leagues off, which afforded Matter of much Laughter in Both Camps. And when he was ask'd what he thought to Do, he only anſwer'd, *I thought to do what I have done; and did not think they wou'd follow me above a League, having gone ſo near them as I did.* And yet I can aſſure ye, that this very Man afterwards became an excellent Soldier; for he was made of good Stuff. Here was a Fine Retreat, or rather Defeat!

Now, if we commend the Great Armies and Conductors thereof, for their Fine Retreats in the Groſs, we have ſome likewiſe to communicate by way of *Retail.* We will begin with a Handful of 7 or 800 *Spaniards*, who got off from the Battle of *Ravenna:* Theſe, after ſeeing the Total End of the Battle, to their very great Damage, reſolv'd to move off, and ſecure their Lives by a Retreat; and as they were marching away, in Good Order, reſolute and compact, M. *de Nemours*, who had not yet his Fill of the Feaſt he had all Day long been making on the reeking Blood of ſo many Enemies, ſeeing that the Deſert, or Second Courſe, of theſe *Spaniards* was going off untouch'd and untaſted, under his very Eyes, he deſperately and foolhardily ſets out againſt them with no more than 20 or 25, who were left about him; and tho' ſome of them cry'd out to him, *My Lord, Remember that your Good Captains, and other Officers, deſir'd of You, when they left You in order to purſue the Victory, That you wou'd ſtay till they came back, and not ſtir from the Camp, and that you ſolemnly promis'd*

so to do, nay, and confirm'd that Promise by a Sacred Oath; he wou'd not be rul'd by them, and paid no manner of Regard to their Remonstrances; but cry'd aloud, *He that loves me, let him follow me*, and so falls on. The *Spaniards* seeing him coming, cry'd out,

Ea! Monsenor. Estamos pobra Gente desbaratada. Dexad nos ir por nuestra mala Adventura, & se contente Vuestra Excellencia de la Victoria, que non sera mas illustre por nos perder y matar.

For God's Sake, my Lord! We are poor forlorn Wretches, quite disabled and without any Power! Leave us to our ill Fortune, we beseech Your Excellency, and be content with your Victory, which can receive no additional Glory, by Destroying and taking the Leaves of us miserable Men.

But M. *de Nemours*, without minding what they said, charges into the midst of them, where he was kill'd, and several of his own Men with him, and others, mortally wounded, and found among the Dead, as M. *de Lautrec* among the rest.

This done, the said *Spaniards*, without any Concern, or losing a Moment's Time, make the best of their Way off, and go along by the Side of a Great Canal, in very Good Order, and met with Messieurs *Lewis d'Ars* and *Bayard* returning from the Pursuit; who, being very weary, and knowing nothing of their General's Fate, march'd up to these *Spaniards*, with a pleasing Aspect: For they cou'd have done them no Great Harm, forasmuch as both They and their Horses were so jaded and spent with so long a Chace, that they were very Glad when some of the *Spanish* Captains came forward and spoke the same Words they had done to M. *de Nemours*, concealing however his Death. M. *de Bayard*, who spoke Good *Spanish*, and had long

long convers'd with them, and was the beſt natur'd Man in the World, ſaid to them: *Go your Ways, Gentlemen, in the Name of God. Only be ſo civil as to make a Surrender of yourſelves; then open your Ranks and let us paſs: But you muſt let us have your Colours*; which they immediately tender'd, and with an exceeding Great Joy. And thus they all paſſed thro' and ſaluted each other very civilly, bidding one another *Adieu*, and proceded Each on their own Way. But Ours arriving at the Field of Battle, and hearing of M. *de Nemours* being kill'd by the ſaid *Spaniards*, they ſorely repented of their Civility.

Notwithſtanding I had reſolved to ſay nothing of the Retreats of the Ancients; yet, ſince ſome of them were ſo Bravely perform'd, I ſhall here introduce one, becauſe it is not much unlike what I have been relating, and it was That of 6 or 7000 *Roman* Soldiers who had eſcap'd from the Bloody Battle of *Cannæ*. Theſe, after they had done their Duty to the utmoſt, and fought to the laſt Extremity, conſidering they were no longer fit for any Thing, but to add to the Number of the Dead, and to make the Field of Battle ſtill more Bloody, they reſolv'd to quit themſelves of the Fight, and retire where their better Fortune might lead them: Which they did, and in excellent Order, more like Conquerors than Conquered. This, however, the Citizens of *Rome* did not approve of, who having been remote from Blows, and ſitting in their Chimney-Corners, Judged at their Eaſe of Things Otherwiſe than they actually and viſibly were tranſacted: Like reſolute Cenſors, and moſt rigid Reformers, theſe Gentlemen made the ſaid poor Soldiers go thro' great Indignities, and inflicted on them, before they return'd to their Service again, more Penitential Severities than ever were undergone by the *Hermits* of *Mount Calvary*, *Spoleto*,

or *Mont-ſerrat*. And yet theſe prudent Soldiers were very much to be prais'd for Retreating as they did: Nor can any One doubt but that *Hannibal*, cou'd he have knock'd them all o' th' Head, wou'd have done it with a very good Will; but ſeeing them retreat in ſo excellent a Manner, ſuch regular Order, and with ſo calm and undiſturb'd a Countenance, and withal ſo reſolute, he let them alone: Poſſibly, had they gone off in Diſorder, he'd have fall'n on 'em and cut 'em all to Pieces.

In our Second Civil Wars, after the Battle of *Meaux*, which the *Huguenots* gave our King, and had thrown themſelves into St. *Denis*, His Majeſty order'd M. *de Strozzi*, Colonel of Ten Companies of the King's Guard (who were not, however, near his Perſon, but he had ſent them to the Frontiers of *Picardy* in Garriſon) to go and bring them to *Paris* (to his Aſſiſtance) where he was half-beſieg'd. M. *de Strozzi* went accordingly to fetch them; and theſe Ten Companies were the chief Strength of the King, and on which he moſt depended, becauſe of their being all veteran pick'd Soldiers, and moſt of them had, as it were, been in Command, or were worthy to Command, as almoſt all of them have done ſince. Monſieur the Prince, and Monſieur the Admiral, tho' they naturally lov'd M. *de Strozzi*, detach'd inſtantly M. *de Mouy* St. *Fal*, with 1200 Horſe, to go and cut them to Pieces, coſt what it wou'd; for it was a Dangerous Little Troop to them. M. *de Mouy* did not fail to go and meet them between *Abbeville* and *Amiens*: But finding them marching in a true Soldier-like Manner, cloſe and reſolute, and ſurrounded on every Side with good Waggons and Carriages, moving always in Form of a Barricade, he was afraid to attack them, or any how diſturb or break in upon them, tho' there was ſomewhat like a Skirmiſhing made by the *Huguenot* Horſe, in

order

order to draw them out of their Circle of Waggons. But these brave Captains and Soldiers still making a proper Fire from their Harquebusses, never ceas'd Marching, nor M. *de Mouy* dogging them, watching for an Opportunity to catch them ever so little disorder'd or confus'd. In short, M. *de Strozzi*, and his Captains and Soldiers made so good a Retreat, every now and then facing about valiantly for the Space of Eight Days, that when they drew near *Paris*, M. *de Mouy* was forced to leave them at Eight Leagues Distance from that City, and to give them to the Devil, and then went his Ways from them, and they proceded on their March to *Paris*, where they arriv'd, being no more than 500 in Number, at the Rate of 50 to each Company. M. *de Strozzi* told me, that a World of Soldiers in *Picardy* wou'd fain have joined themselves with his Troop, so that he might have swell'd it with above 1000 Men; but he wou'd not admit of it, because of the Reputation he had so much at Heart, of having so bravely passed on, and retreated with, so small a Body, and likewise, because he had so great a Confidence and Assurance as to the Valour of these 500 Soldiers, whom he accounted invincible, and did not think there was One Coward or Poltroon among them All, and that they wou'd have fought to the last Drop of their Blood. Whereas, had he taken-in any new ones, a Few Cowards or Poltroons had been enough to have spoil'd the Whole, and have brought all the good Ones into Uneasiness and Disorder, as hath been too often the Case. At last, as I said before, they reach'd *Paris*, which they enter'd by the New-Gate, to the Great Amazement of the King, his Court, his Army, and the whole City of *Paris*, who concluded them all defeated and destroy'd, according to the News which had been

spread

ſpread about to that Effect, and as it was well known, that a ſtrong Party of Soldiers had been ſent out againſt them, on purpoſe to intercept them, and diſpatch every Soul of them.

This was a very Fine Retreat, to be performed only by Harquebuſiers, and ſome few Halberdiers (for in theſe Days the Companies had ſuch among them) in the Deſpight of 1200 choſen Horſe, commanded by one of the beſt Soldiers in *France*, amidſt the open Plains of *Picardy*, which are favourable for the *Cavalry* to act in, but quite the Reverſe for the *Infantry*, continually watch'd as they were by Horſemen riding againſt them. It was Matter of very great Wonder, and no leſs Joy, to the King, who was deſirous to ſee them, and ſent for them to the *Louvre*, and honoured all of them with his Embraces, aſſigning them particular Lodgings of his own chuſing, and ordered they ſhould Refreſh and Repoſe themſelves for ſome Time; but, the very next Day they went to ſee the Enemy, who ſoon knew them, by the Sound and Noiſe of their good Harquebuſſes, and their Valour: And, three Days after, they departed from *St. Dennis*, ſteering their Courſe towards *Lorain*, and We followed them.

I have ſince heard M. *de Mouy* ſay, he never, in all his Life, had ſeen braver Officers, nor Men of a more undaunted Aſſurance, eſpecially M. *de Strozzi*, whom he never could have imagined in his younger Days, to have been capable of conducting ſuch a Retreat ſo well as he did. And now, ſince the Captains deſerve to be nam'd, known and recommended to Poſterity, I will hear name them. M. *de Strozzi*, Colonel; Captain *Bordas*, *de Dacs*, his Lieutenant; Captain *Charron*; Captain *Coſſeins*; Captain *Torcez*; Captain *Nevillian*; Captain *Gouas*, the Elder; Captain *Cadillan*; Captain *Gouas*, the Younger; all *Gaſcoons*: Captain *Cabanes*, of *Auvergne*;

vergne; and Captain *Hirromberry*, a *Biſcayner*, who, I believe, are all dead at this Time, except Captain *Bordas*.

In the Firſt Civil Wars, the Beſt Soldiers, for the moſt Part, ſided with the *Huguenots*, on account of ſome Order which was made at Court againſt the Captains, who demanded their Arrears, and clamour'd for a Reward of their paſt Services; ſo that, for a Time, they out-did us in Number of Old and Able Soldiers. From *Metz* departed, one Day, a Band of 50 Soldiers of the *Religion* * (for they flouriſhed there very much) with a Deſign and Reſolution to throw themſelves into *Orleans*, let what would happen. When they were near *Verdun*, M. *d'Eſpan* had Intelligence brought him, that 50 Soldiers were ſet out from *Metz*, and were coming into his Government; for he was the King's Lieutenant, in the Abſence of M. *de Nevers*, formerly Count *d'Eu*; and that they were making their Way to *Orleans*. He preſently got together what Men he could, in order to cut them all off. Theſe 50 poor Soldiers, having ſome how Notice of it, reſolved, at all Adventures, to purſue their Deſign, and paſs on; moving Night and Day, making long Marches, ſmall Repaſts, and ſhort Repoſes. M. *d'Eſpan* followed them ſo long, till, at laſt, he overtakes them. They, ſeeing him coming, take immediately to a Mill, which happily was in the Way (Fortune always favouring the Bold). Here they fortify themſelves, and make ſo great a Fire from their Harquebuſſes, that neither the Enemy's Harquebuſiers, nor their Cavalry, durſt come nigh them.

At laſt, Night comes on, and parts the Combatants. M. *d'Eſpan* withdrawing to a neighbouring Village to refreſh and reſt himſelf, leaves a ſorry Guard,

* The Proteſtant Religion: Call'd in *French*, *The Religion*, by Way of Excellence.

Guard, thinking himſelf ſure of them the next Morning. But, for all this, they ſally forth, Sword in Hand, cut their Paſſage thro', trample down the Guard, and march all Night. In the Morning, they meet ſome Peaſants in a Body with their Larum-Bells; theſe they mow down as a Storm of Hail, Rain, and Thunder ſweeps a Field of Corn. In fine, after ſome 30 or 40 Alarms, Obſtructions and Encounters, they reach *Orleans*, all ſafe and ſound, except three who were killed. They gave an Account of their Adventure to Monſieur the Prince, Meſſieurs l'Admiral, and *d' Andelot*, their Colonel, who were tranſported with Joy and Admiration at the marvellous Exploit of theſe Dextrous, Bold, Diligent and Succeſsful Men.

Being thus eſcaped, they were afterwards made ſo welcome, ſo courteouſly treated, and highly reſpected, that the late M. *de Teligny* told me, that one Day a Proclamation having been made againſt the Soldiers doing any more Damage to the Church of *St. Croſs*, which is a moſt admirable Fabrick, as M. *de Andelot* was going along, and heard a Noiſe as if ſome Perſons were at rough Work within, he entered the Church, found three Soldiers tearing, rending and demoliſhing all before them; at which, he fell into a Paſſion, and told them, he was amazed at their Inſolence, to act thus in Defiance of an expreſs Prohibition to the contrary, and ordered them all to be immediately Hang'd. When the Executioner was going to do his Office, Two of the Three ſaid to him, *Sir, pray ſpare our Lives, for we are Two of the Fifty Soldiers of* Metz, *who came to offer our Service to you, and have done and ſuffered ſo much for your Sakes!* Upon which, M. *d' Andelot* immediately ſaid, *Are you of that Number? I give you your Lives.* But the Third, not being ſo, was hang'd for an Example.

This

This was a fine Retreat, and attended with great Danger and Fatigue, considering how Few they were, and all of them common Soldiers, without any to command them, except a Corporal, whom they chose among themselves.

Not long ago, in this present War (of the League) when the Baron *Dhona* came into *France* with that huge Army, compos'd of 50000 Foreigners, as well *Germans* as *Swiss*, and Others (more than for a long Time had entered *France* at once) and some *French* among them, throwing out Menaces more than ever *Rhodomont* did when he pass'd from *Barbary* towards us; threatning the entire Subversion of *France*, and that they would not spare Man, Woman nor Child, nor leave one Stone on another; and they seemed, at first, to be as good as their Words, by the Devastations and Burnings which they committed in *Lorain* and *Burgundy*. But, however, they fell vastly short of their Hopes and furious Boastings; for the valiant M. *de Guise*, sometimes making Head against them, and sometimes keeping along-side of them, did so well manage and work them, what with harrassing them, and what with battling them, particularly at *Montargis* and *Auneau*, that all this mighty People, who were led by the aforesaid Lord, dwindled away to Nothing, and They, together with Messieurs *de Bouillon* and *de la Marche*, Brothers, were forced to make up Matters with the King, and move back to their own Country, after having submitted to very indifferent Terms, which his Majesty imposed on them. I knew a Man, who lived then with M. *de la Noue*, and who saw them come into *Geneva* with no more than 500 Horse, in a dismal shatter'd Condition, the broken Remains and Fragments of their Shipwreck'd Fortune.

Now M. *de Chastillon*, the Son of that Great Admiral, and who even then began to follow very

close his Father's Steps in the Road of Heroism, had he not been too soon cut off, by a Natural Death indeed, but, hasten'd-on by a Wound he receiv'd at the Siege of *Chartres*, this young Lord, I say, wou'd never give his Consent to the above Composition; nay, he was so violent against it, that he cou'd not forbear launching out into bitter Reproaches and Invectives against all that had a Hand in it, as I have heard those of their own Party say. He resolv'd to leave them to enjoy their Fill of their Composition, and to celebrate it with Feastings and Carousings in the King's Camp: For his Part, he takes with him about 100 Horse of his own People, whom he had brought from *Languedoc*, and as many Harquebusiers, puts himself on his Retreat, and bends his Way towards the *Loire*, fully determin'd to reach the Place he had set out from, notwithstanding he was warmly pursu'd, for they ow'd him a Grudge on his Father's Account. M. *de Mandelot*, Governor of *Lyons*, meets him on the Way, and falls upon him. M. *de Chastillon* stands the Onset, and fights so valiantly, that the Loss is greater of *Mandelot*'s Side than his; he crosses the River, and gets to his Journey's End, after having struggled with a world of Difficulties, a deal of bad Weather, and no less bad Roads, for the Space of 14 or 15 Days.

In good Truth I have heard very Considerable and very Eminent Commanders say, That this was one of the most Remarkable Retreats they ever heard of, and a manifest Proof, that the Son had studied the Life of the Admiral his Father, who, in so many Battles which, in our Civil Wars, he gave and lost, always made his Retreat in so Fine and so Distinguishing a Manner (and even in the Battle of *Montcontour*, wounded as he was) that, 'tis hard to say, which are most to be Prais'd, his Fine Exploits in Battle, or his Fine Retreats afterwards.

terwards. Thoſe who have ſeen the Retreats of *Dreux*, *Saint Denis*, *Jarnac*, and *Montcontour*, well know what Judgment to paſs on them; and that, if Fortune was unfavourable to him in Battle, ſhe at leaſt diſingag'd him out of it ſo well, and brought him off ſo honourably, that No-body cou'd reproach him with taking either Fright or Flight, as a great many Captains have done after the Loſs of a Battle; of which there are Inſtances enow to be found in Hiſtory, and Books innumerable fill'd with them. But this was ſo far from being His Caſe, that, after the Battle of *Dreux*, when We thought Every Thing Gain'd on *Our* Side, and Every Thing Loſt on *Theirs*, we ſaw Him and His making at Us again about Four o'Clock one Afternoon, a Week before *Chriſtmas*, with only 500 Horſe, and with ſuch ſtrong Spirits, that had it not been for M. *de Guiſe*'s Valour and wiſe Foreſight, I know not what might have come on't; ſome People had been ſcared out of their little Wits. But after the Admiral had found it wou'd not do, he retir'd, but not without ſome Damage, which he might thank himſelf for; yet it was a Noble Attempt, no Doubt, and I wonder the Hiſtorians of Our Time are ſo Diſingenuous or Ignorant, as not to take Notice of theſe Things.*

The Marſhal *de Bie* is greatly to be commended, who, when the *Engliſh* came out of *Boulogne* to give him Battle near the Fort of *Montreau*, had with him the Regiment of the *Comte Reingrave*, as alſo one of *French*, and another of *Italians*. The Enemy no ſooner charg'd our Cavalry, but they fell into Diſorder, and were put to the Rout. The Marſhal ſeeing his *Horſemen* behave ſo ill, runs

* It was becauſe the Admiral and his Party were Proteſtants.

N. B. M. *Ozell* is anſwerable for all theſe Notes, both Critical and Hiſtorical in this Vol. They being entirely his own, and not one of 'em in the Original.

ſtraitway to the *Foot*, and thus beſpeaks them : *O! my Friends! It is not with the Horſe I expect to win the Battle, but with You :* and immediately alighting, and taking a Pike from a Soldier, to whom he gave his Horſe, had his Spurs taken off, and begins his Retreat directly to *Ardelot*. The Enemy having driven the *French* Horſe clear off, and then turning themſelves to Him, he continued four Hours, or more, on his Retreat, having the *Engliſh* Cavalry one while before him, then again on the Side of him, and their Foot-Soldiers in his Rear. But they never once dared to break in upon him ; nor did he ever move 50 Paces, without Facing about, and making Head againſt the Enemy, tho' he was then 70 Years of Age.

That brave, valiant, and moſt accompliſh'd Prince in the World, M. *de Nemours*, did the ſame at the Battle of *Meaux*, where the King was attack'd by the Prince of *Conde*, and Monſieur the Admiral, *&c.* to the Tune of 1500 Horſe, ſtrong and well-choſen. M. *de Nemours* alighting off his Horſe, ſaid to the *Swiſſers* : *It's with you, my Friends, that I will fight and die. Come on! Let us march ; and let nothing trouble you. They are no Men for us ;* but we will retire in Spite of their Teeth, and ſave our King and Maſter.* Which they did, after the Fatigue of a whole Day together : But the Others never once dared to attack them, either Side-ways, or in Front, or Behind. They have ſince ſaid, they did not deſign it ; but ſo ſaid the Fox by the Hens : 'Tis certain, they were not there to String Pearls. And ſome of them have ſaid, that M. *de Nemours*'s Aſpect was what they did not like.

We have a very recent and brave Atchievement of the Prince of *Parma*. After he had rais'd the Siege of *Rouen*, and taken *Caudebec* (which I think to

* To fight with, I ſuppoſe he means.

to particularize in another Place †) there was not a Man of the King's Party, but ſaid, affirm'd and ſwore, that had his Majeſty collected all his Forces, which flock'd to him from all Parts, amounting to 9000 Horſe, the Prince of *Parma* had been ſet on his Breech, undone to all Intents and Purpoſes, and abſolutely reduc'd (with his Feet and Arms bound) to beg the King's Mercy, or Leave to move off. I have heard Multitudes talk thus, enough to make a Man mad: And it is the very Wonder of my Soul, that Thoſe who make Profeſſion of Arms, or know any Thing of Military Matters, ſhou'd be ſuch Chuckle-heads, as to entertain any ſuch Notion. Nay, did not the ſaid Prince's Proceedings afterwards ſufficiently confute this idle Fancy? He makes a Bridge of Boats over that Broad River (*Seyne*) which looks more like a little Sea than a River (Prodigious Act!) and croſſes over, He and his whole Army, and, full of Wounds as he was, he tetreats to *Paris*, with ſo excellent an Order and Diſpoſition of Battle, that no-body knew what to do with him, except falling upon his Rear a little, and defeating a few Horſe, and plundering ſome Baggage, which cou'd not keep up with the Camp. I know not what other Name we ought to call This by, than that of a very Fine Retreat of a Great General, and a moſt Laudable Performance. I cou'd give many more Inſtances upon this Head; but Time wou'd fail me to give them All.

Now to make a Fine End, and to crown it well, I ſhall conclude with a very Fine Retreat made by M. *de Guiſe*, at the entering the forementioned monſtrous Army into *France*, under Baron *Dhona*, who, for a Great Captain, as he was known to be, acted like a Great Blunderer: For Every Conqueror who enters a Country to conquer

† This Piece is not to be found.

conquer it, ought always, and by all means, to ſeek to Fight, and to offer Battle at any rate; and He that is upon the Defenſive, ought, by no means, to accept of it, even tho' he ſhou'd ſee he had a very good Game to play, unleſs thro' Conſtraint or Neceſſity, or a Proſpect of a Great Victory. Now M. *de Guiſe*, who was a Thorough Soldier, made the Other forget his Leſſon, as alſo all his Reyſters. *

This therefore was the Fact, in relation to M. *de Guiſe*. He, reſolving, coſt what it would, to take a View of their Army, and having ſent Meſſieurs *de Roſne* and *de la Route*, to go and charge ſome Reyſters who had paſs'd a Bridge, had a plain Sight, from the Top of a little Hill, of the Enemy's Army, and alſo of his own Men retreating, with an Appearance of their not being able to get eaſily off; and he was adviſed by all thoſe who were with him, to retire, as not having Forces enough to recover his aforeſaid Light Horſe, nor to ſuſtain ſo great a Work, not being Arm'd, nor well Mounted (for he was upon a little, low, Bobb-tail'd Horſe, and quite Unarm'd, in Danger of being loſt, two Leagues diſtant from his Army, which was left without a Leader) and that the Enemy would be upon hisArmy, and ready to charge 'em, ſooner than any Commands could reach 'em to put themſelves in Order. To all theſe Remonſtrances, he made anſwer, like a very brave Warrior, and a Man of an undaunted Reſolution: *I know*, ſaid he, directing his Speech to M. *de la Chaſtre, and am very ſenſible upon what Footing my Affairs ſtand; but it is not impoſſible to provide a Remedy, by acting Boldly and Prudently. I have a Fancy in my Head, which I will put in Execution. I will take upon me to make our Retreat; and do You go and give Order to the Army, and bring our Forces into that narrow*

* *German* Horſe.

narrow Paſs of the Bridge at St. Vincent, *and order the Army to expect and receive Me there, and the Enemy likewiſe, if they follow us thither.*

Now, it muſt be noted, that as it is a Cuſtom, eſpecially of the *French* more than of any other Nation, always to take a View looſe, ſtraggling and diſorderly, ſome on little Tits, ſome without Arms, there was then a good many who were like to have cauſed Confuſion and Diſorder; and, in Truth, had not M. *de Guiſe* been Preſent, there had been no Want of Confuſion and Diſorder in good Earneſt. But this Prince being no leſs Fortunate than Valiant, poſſeſs'd as He was with ſo great a Share of the Love and Affection of his People, preſented himſelf at the Head of his Light-Horſe, Sword-in-Hand, and in his Doublet, on his little Pony, ſpeaking to ſome in *Italian*, to others in *French*, calling the Captains by their Names, exhorting them not to be in a Flutter, and to believe that he wou'd preſerve them, or periſh with them, and that they wou'd only Do what he ſhou'd tell 'em.

His Preſence and Authority had ſo much Power over his whole Troop, that Each remain'd Firm without Fear of Danger, and attentive to his Commands, retiring near his Perſon to the Top of an Eminence, making Head towards the Enemy's Army, which was Filing over the Bridge of *Peligny*, and by putting ſo good a Face upon it, and looking Bold and Aſſur'd, they ſtruck an Awe into the Foremoſt of the Enemy, till he had made his Retreat, tho' puſh'd after by a large Body of ſeven Cornets of Reyſters, who march'd furiouſly, and before them 300 *French* Horſe, and ſix or ſeven Score of Harquebuſiers on Horſeback, who were beginning to mount the Hill, which was ſo ſteep, no Horſe cou'd trot it up, but he muſt be quite out of Breath, which gave M. *de Guiſe*

Guise Time and Leisure to effectuate the Design he had spoken of. Withdrawing himself some ten or a dozen Paces behind (the Enemy having lost Sight of him) and he just then taking the Opportunity in the Nick, turn'd short on his Left Hand, and, thro' a small Valley, reach'd a Ford of the River *Modon*, where stood a Mill, and so cross'd the River to the Side from whence the *Huguenot* Army came, their whole Cavalry having advanced so fast to succour their foremost Troops, that they left only some *Swissers* in the Rear, who cou'd neither Stop, nor Follow, nor Offend M. *de Guise*, who slipping along the River, pursu'd his Retreat with all the Ease and Pleasure in the World, repassing to his own People at another Ford 500 Paces off.

The *Huguenots* having gain'd the Top of the Hill, from whence M. *de Guise* had set out, and seeing this Cavalry of his so near Their *Swissers* on the farther Side of the River, from whence they came, were vastly amaz'd, and cou'd not *prima Facie* imagine 'em to be any but their own People. Nevertheless, they being soon sensible of the contrary, they fell to pursuing them; but, when they came to the Ford, where M. *de Guise* had passed over, there was ten or a dozen Harquebusiers which he had Posted in the Mill before-mention'd, who were of infinite Use and Service, by keeping Possession of it with such Obstinancy and Resolution, that having kill'd some Men who attempted to pass first, the others stopt short, and held-in their Horses, till their Harquebusiers came up, who, dismounting, forced the Mill, and took, or kill'd, all that were in it: And so Dy'd in the Bed of Honour (the Mill) those brave Soldiers, selling their Lives very dear to the Enemy, performing admirable Service, giving Leisure by Their Loss to the said M. *de Guise*, to gain more Way. If Monsieur the High Constable, in his

Retreat

Retreat at St. *Quintin*, had likewise put some Harquebusiers in a Mill, which stood hard-by, he had not been lost. It is a Thing which Great Captains are of Opinion ought to be done, *viz.* sometimes to lose and hazard *a Small* Troop, and not to spare them, in order to save *a Greater*.

And thus did M. *de Guise* (without going faster than a common Foot-pace) reach his Army, which was very well lodg'd in the narrow Pass mention'd before, between Vineyards and the River *Modon*, having the Lodge of the Bridge of St. *Vincent* at their Back. Here note, that the said M. *de Guise*'s Army did not exceed 6000 Men, having in their Front an Army of 50,000 Men to deal with! and in their Presence, and under their very Nose, so bravely to retire! In which we ought to admire the Undauntedness, the Judgment, the Resolution, the Courage, and the Conduct of this Great Captain, who had not then reach'd the Age of Forty Years. Cursed be the Wretched, the Detestable Hands that Murder'd him, and ravish'd him from Our *France!* For, had he liv'd, she would not have been a Prey to Foreigners, as Now She is, especially the *Germans*, whom he had so Often Swaddled, and so Heartily Bang'd!

But where shall we find or read of such a Retreat, executed in the very Midst of the Enemy? Tho' the late M. *de Guise*, his Father, made *almost* such a one before *Paris*, in the First Civil Wars, when the *Huguenots* came to besiege it in Form; and being willing to make before us a Parade of their Reysters, which M. *d'Andelot* had newly brought, commanded by Marshal *Daix*, M. *Genlys* was order'd to pick out 1500 of them, and go and attack some Companies of *Gendarmes*, who were then upon Guard, and some Harquebusiers and Light-Horse in the Fauxbourgs of St. *Marceau*, and St. *James*. I forbear naming the Companies;

they acted very ill, and run away very well, to the Great Regret and Vexation of M. *de Guise*, who, having put the *Swissers* in *Batalia*, beyond his Trenches lined with Harquebusiers, and leaving with them his Son, the Prince of *Joinville*, who was a mere Youth, but follow'd his Father every where (so much did he even then shew what he would one Day be) and going out of the Intrenchment, went a good Way round about, and taking the Enemy Behind, charg'd them with so much Fury, tho' he had with him no more than 200 Horse, made up of Gentlemen of the Court, his own Retinue, and his Cornette, that he foils them, opens them, disperses them, and passes thro' the Midst of them, and afterwards makes a Halt, and then very gravely retires, without the Others daring to rally to charge him, as he expected: And so he gently withdrew again to his Intrenchment, where he did not spare speaking to Messieurs the *Gendarmes*, and the Chevalier Run-a-ways; reproaching them bitterly with their Misbehaviour, and telling them aloud (for I was with him, and heard him) *You* Gendarmes *of* France, *Take the Distaff and Leave the Lance.*

He used to ride a *Black Neopolitan* Horse, and whenever he dismounted, would clap him on the Buttock, and say, that for a Day of Battle, he wou'd not desire a Better, nor any other. Which coming to the Enemy's Ear, they exerted their utmost Efforts, and contriv'd by all the Ways of Craft and Subtilty, to kill him at the Battle of *Dreux*: But he had chang'd his Mind; for he rode *the Bay Sampson*, a huge strong Horse, which had serv'd above three Years for a Stallion at *Escairon*, where his Stud was kept; and his Gentleman of the Horse, nam'd *Hespany*, rode the *Black* Horse, and being by that means taken for

M.

M. *de Guise* himself, he receiv'd above twenty Pistol Shot, of which he instantly Dy'd.

This Some may think a tedious impertinent Digression, and Others not: But I was not willing to omit any Circumstances, lest I should be thought an Imperfect Relator of Things. It was upon the Occasion above-mention'd, that he also said to the *Parisians*, who were somewhat frightned at seeing themselves half-besieg'd: *I will keep you, my Friends, from Harm: But, from Fear, I cannot*: Borrowing this Speech from King *Francis*, who said the same to the *Parisians*, when the Emperor *Charles* V. came and drew near them at *Chateau-Thierry*.

But to return to the late M. *de Guise*'s Retreat, whether he learn'd it from his Father, or contriv'd it of his own Head, it was the Finest that ever was, or, perhaps, will be. I believe it was the Product of his own Brain alone; for he had Wit and Judgment Enough and to spare, and of Courage too, of which I shall take Notice another Time. I therefore conclude, after having said, That, if I mistake not, at the Battle of *Trebia*, there were 10,000 *Roman* Soldiers, who, after the Battle was lost, pass'd thro' the Midst of their Enemies, Retreated Bravely in their very Presence, and got to *Placentia*. Possibly our Sieur *de Guise*, who was a Great Reader, might have remember'd that Story, or have newly read it, and it might have afforded a Seasonable Help to his Valour, his Conduct, his Fine Genius, and his Clear Courage.

Froissart, in his Relation of the Battle of *Nicopolis*, between the *Hungarians* and *French*, tells us, That among the Latter, there were two Squires of *Picardy* very Courageous, who, afterwards, might well be call'd *Knights*. They had been in Many Ingagements, and always came off with Honour. The Name of one of them was *William Den*, and

the other was call'd the *One-ey'd Motquel.* These Two, then, being warmly ingag'd in Fight, pass'd beyond the Field of Battle Twice, and return'd again most Valiantly, and perform'd Abundance of noble Exploits. But being desirous to Die in so Holy a Conflict, they persisted till They receiv'd their Deaths. It is to be presum'd, that, since they had thus Pass'd and Repass'd Twice, beyond the Field of Battle, Fighting like Heroes, they might as well have *Retreated* Honourably as have *Dy'd* there. In this Particular, those *Romans* were out-done by these Two *Frenchmen*, altho' the Former must be allow'd to deserve very Great Praise too.

And so much for this Time and Subject.

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